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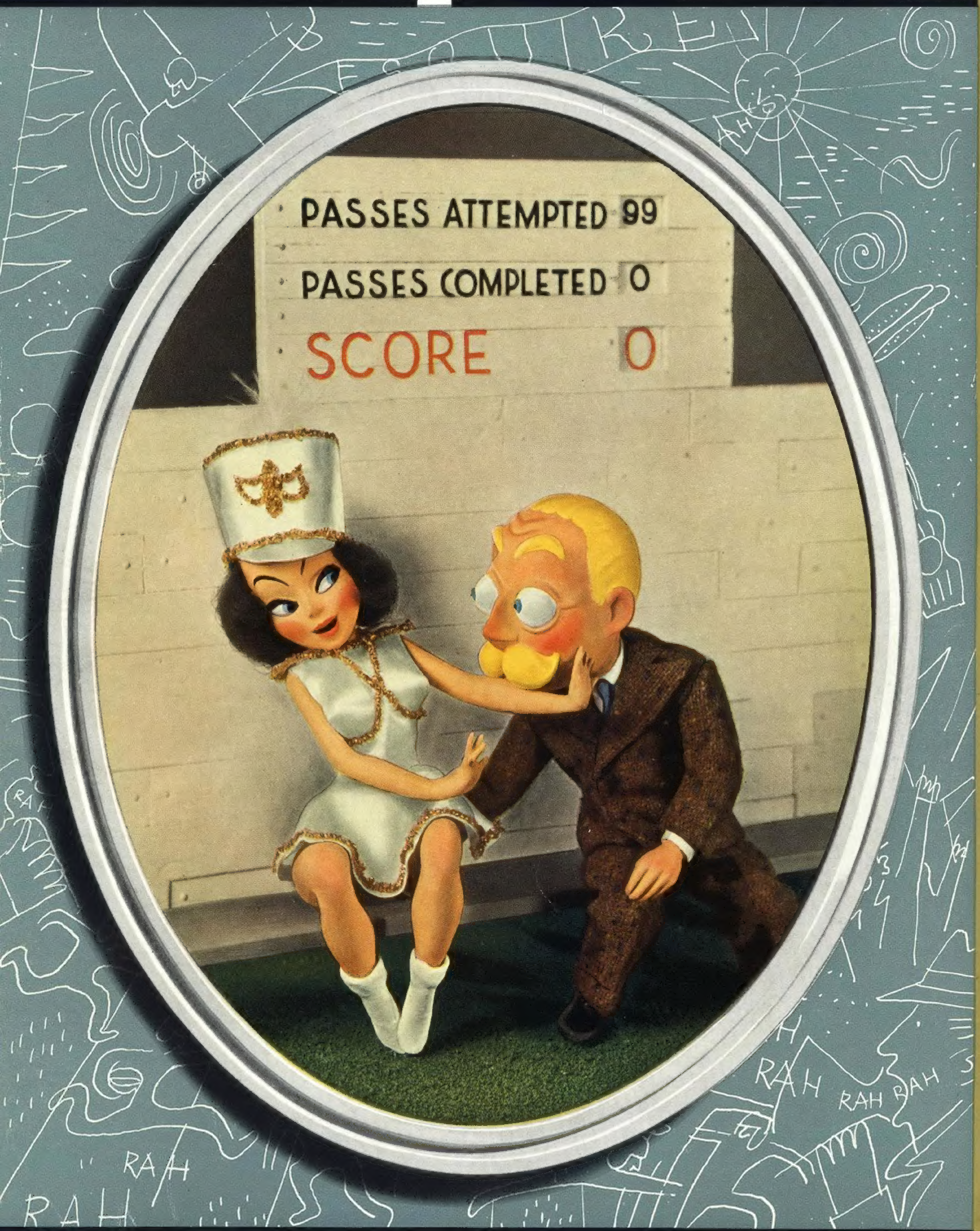
Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER
1940



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(COVER)

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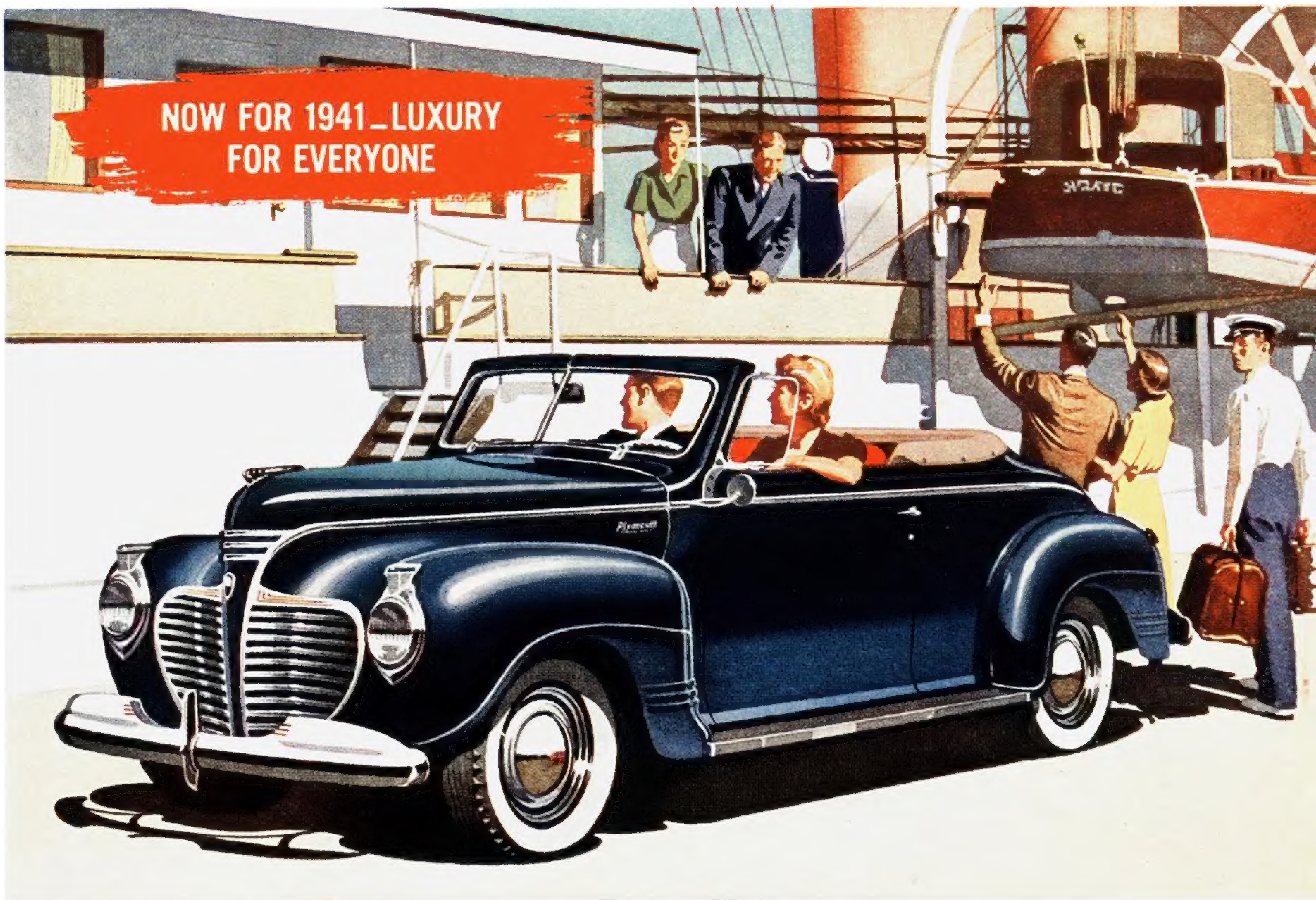
★ Plymouth presents its 1941 Sportsmen ★

Here they are—a glorious new Convertible Coupe and a handsome new Station Wagon...with new Power-matic Shifting...new 4-Way Step-Up in Performance...19 Important New Advancements! They're such big cars—so luxurious—you'll have to be reminded they're actually low-priced!

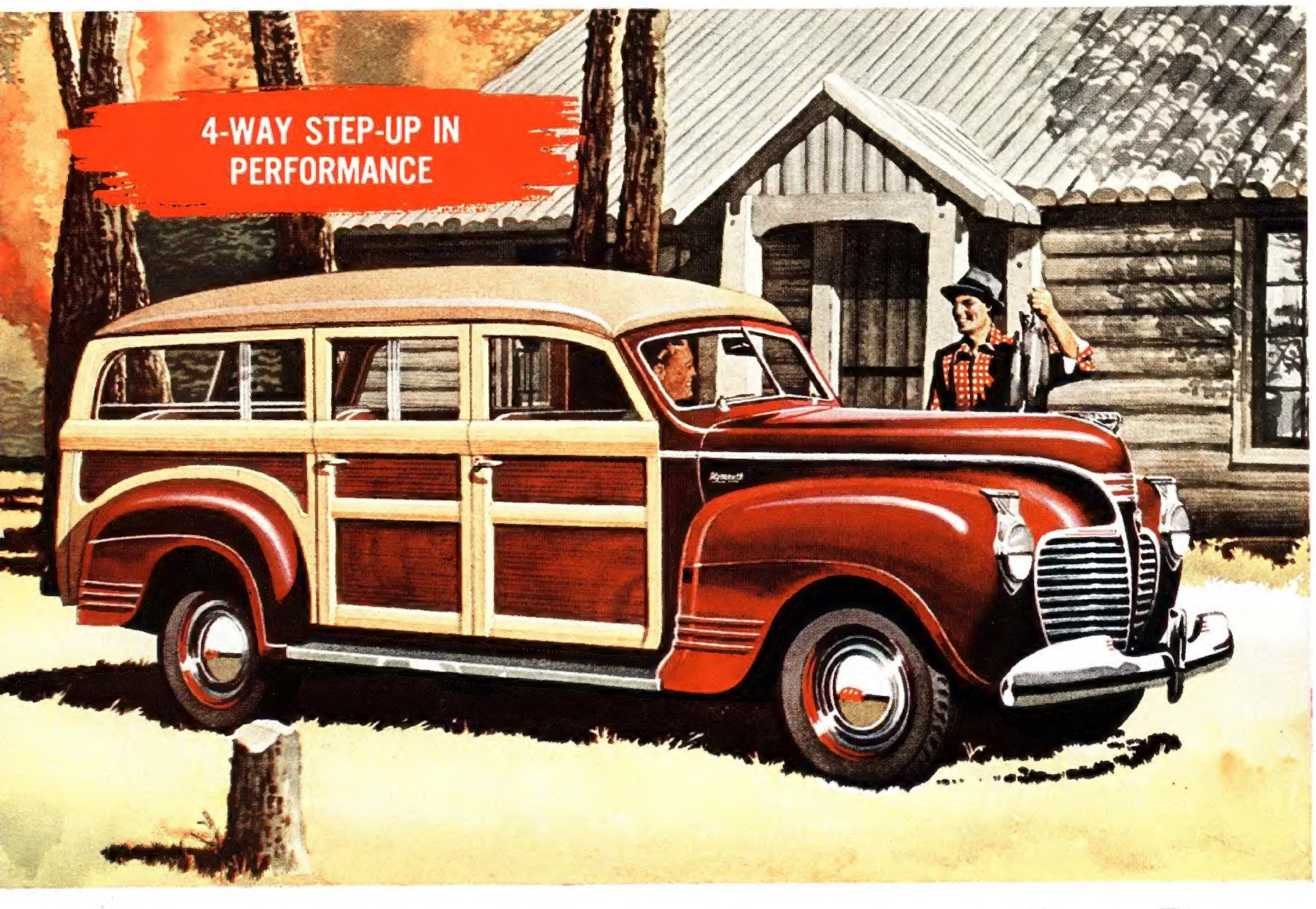

NOW FOR 1941—LUXURY FOR EVERYONE

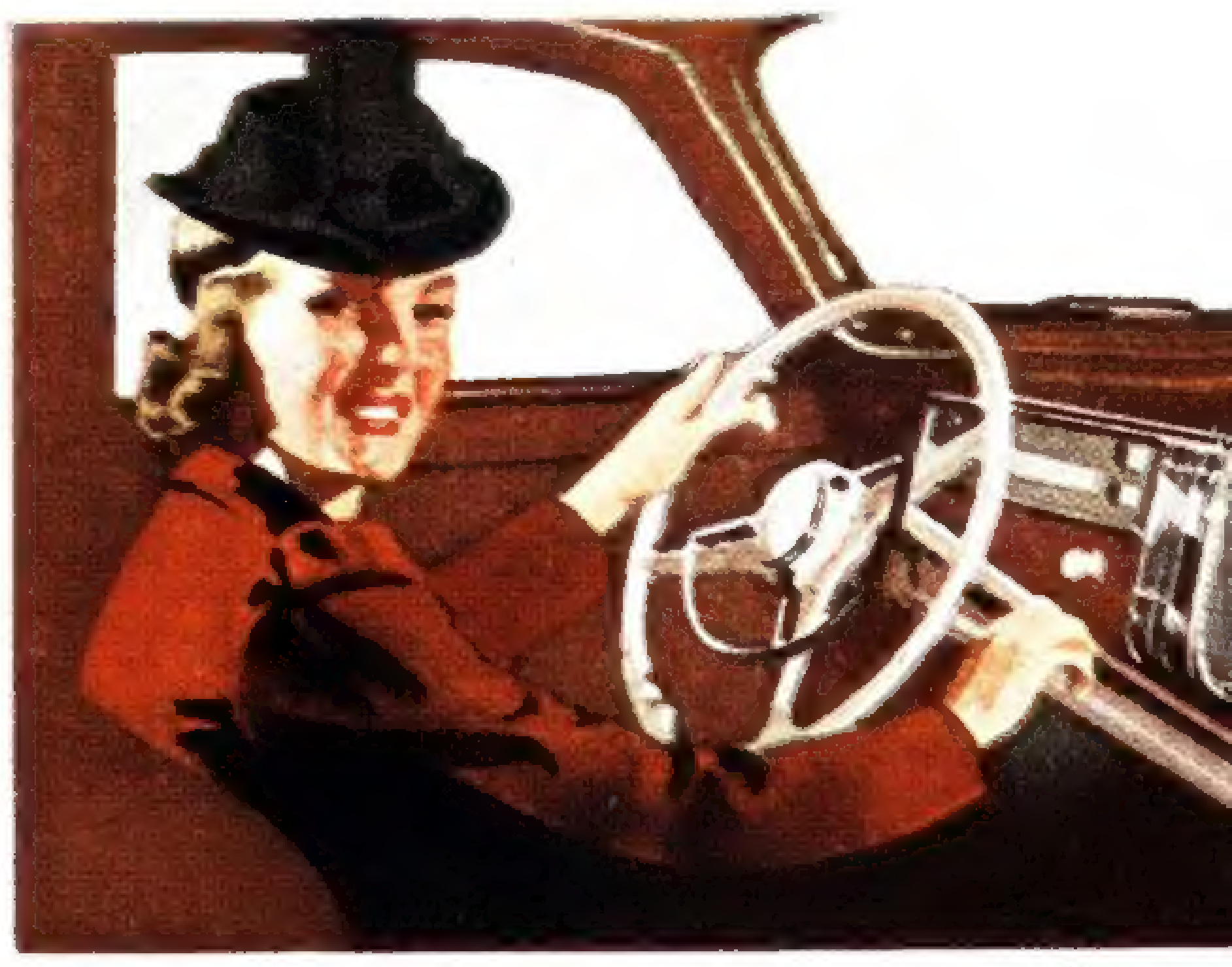
PLYMOUTH
THE "ONE" FOR '41

This year, step out in style—in one of these new Plymouth "Sportsmen"! Every inch of them sings *class*...yet they're *low-priced* cars!

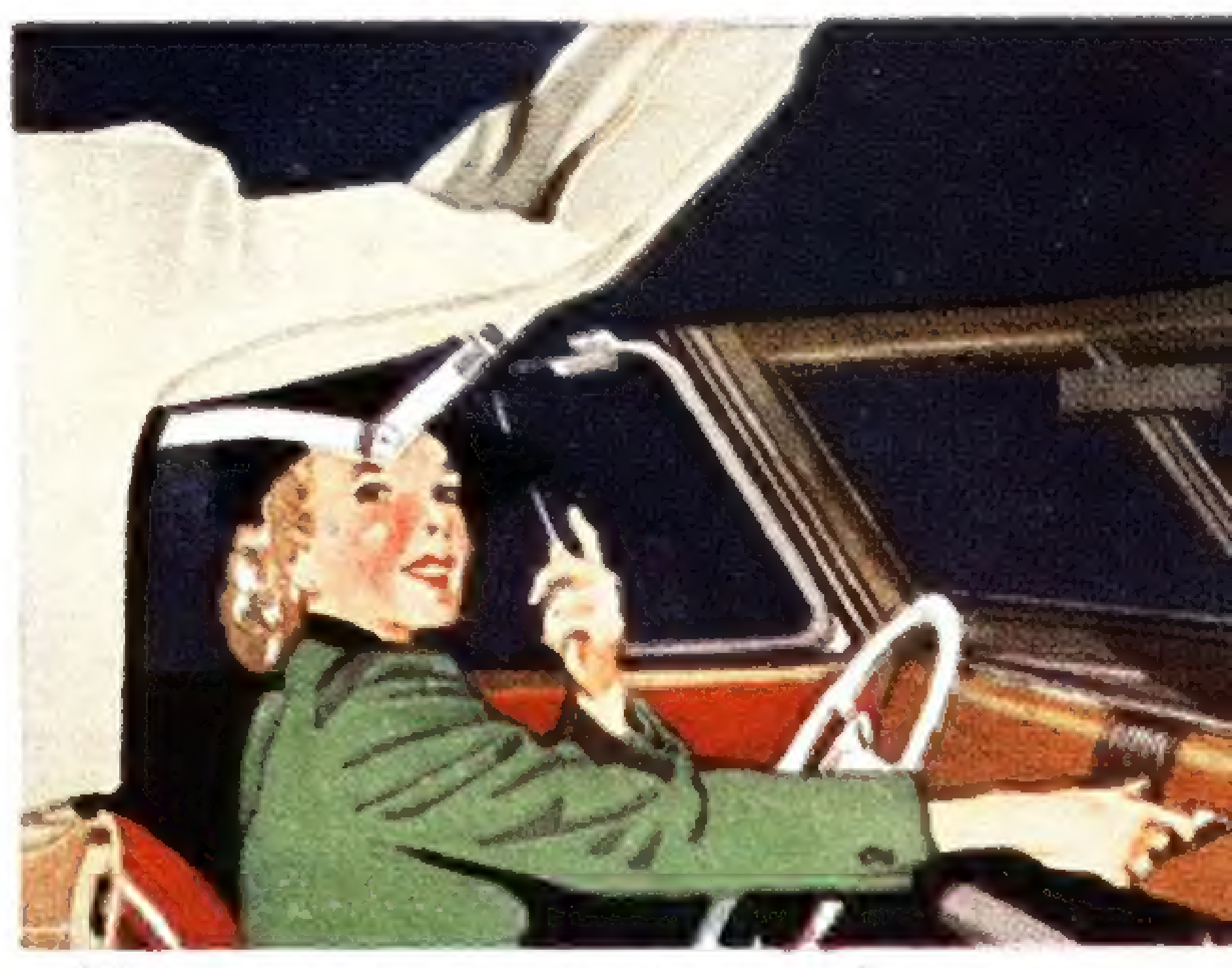
The beautiful new Convertible Coupe has Plymouth's famous power-operated top...red leather upholstery...and white sidewall tires are standard equipment! Increased horsepower and torque, a new transmission ratio and new rear axle ratio give you exciting new mastery of hills, distance, traffic!

The big new Station Wagon, built on the Special De Luxe Plymouth chassis, has a handsome, roomy ash body with mahogany or maple finished panels (mahogany illustrated). Windows are larger, auxiliary seats removable and interchangeable! Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.





Drive the Powermatic way . . . vastly easier—with actual elimination of certain shifting motions in normal driving.



You just flip a switch and presto—this Plymouth's famous power-operated top goes up or down *by itself!*

The 1941 Plymouth is America's Low-Priced Luxury Car!

GET THE DOUBLE PLEASURE OF RECORDS AND RADIO—*AT THEIR VERY BEST!*

Choose the instrument great artists choose

THE GENUINE *RCA Victrola*

COMBINES RECORD AND RADIO ENTERTAINMENT

GET *complete* entertainment for your home! Enjoy the daily thrills of radio, the endless joy of records—at a price you can easily afford!

How? With a new 1941 RCA Victrola. It's the instrument great artists like Eugene Ormandy choose. They do so because only the RCA Victrola reproduces every sound in finest detail. It brings you peerless performers *exactly as they are!*

Only RCA Victrola gives you *all* these extra value features!

1–Beautiful New Cabinets in Authentic Period Styles—in walnut or mahogany... *2*–Gentle Action Automatic Record Changer—for uninterrupted record concerts... *3*–Amazing New Tone Guard—traps out unwanted mechanical noise, makes purer, finer tone... *4*–New Supersensitive Speakers and Audio Systems—full, rich tone at any volume. Now for the first time records can be used for background music... *5*–New Home Recording—you can make your own records on many models... *6*–Built-In Magic Loop Antenna—plus separate short wave antenna... *7*–American and Foreign Radio Reception—with remarkable clarity and excellent volume... *8*–Stabilized Electric Tuning—push a button—there's your station... *9*–RCA Victor Preferred Type Tubes—for finer performance.

Discover the extra value and extra quality of the genuine RCA Victrola. Visit your RCA Victor dealer for a demonstration. You'll agree that this instrument is planned for *your* double pleasure!

A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

You can buy the RCA Victrola on C. I. T. Easy Payment Plan. Trademarks "Victor," "RCA Victor," "Victrola" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. by RCA Mfg. Co., Inc. *Prices f. o. b. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice.

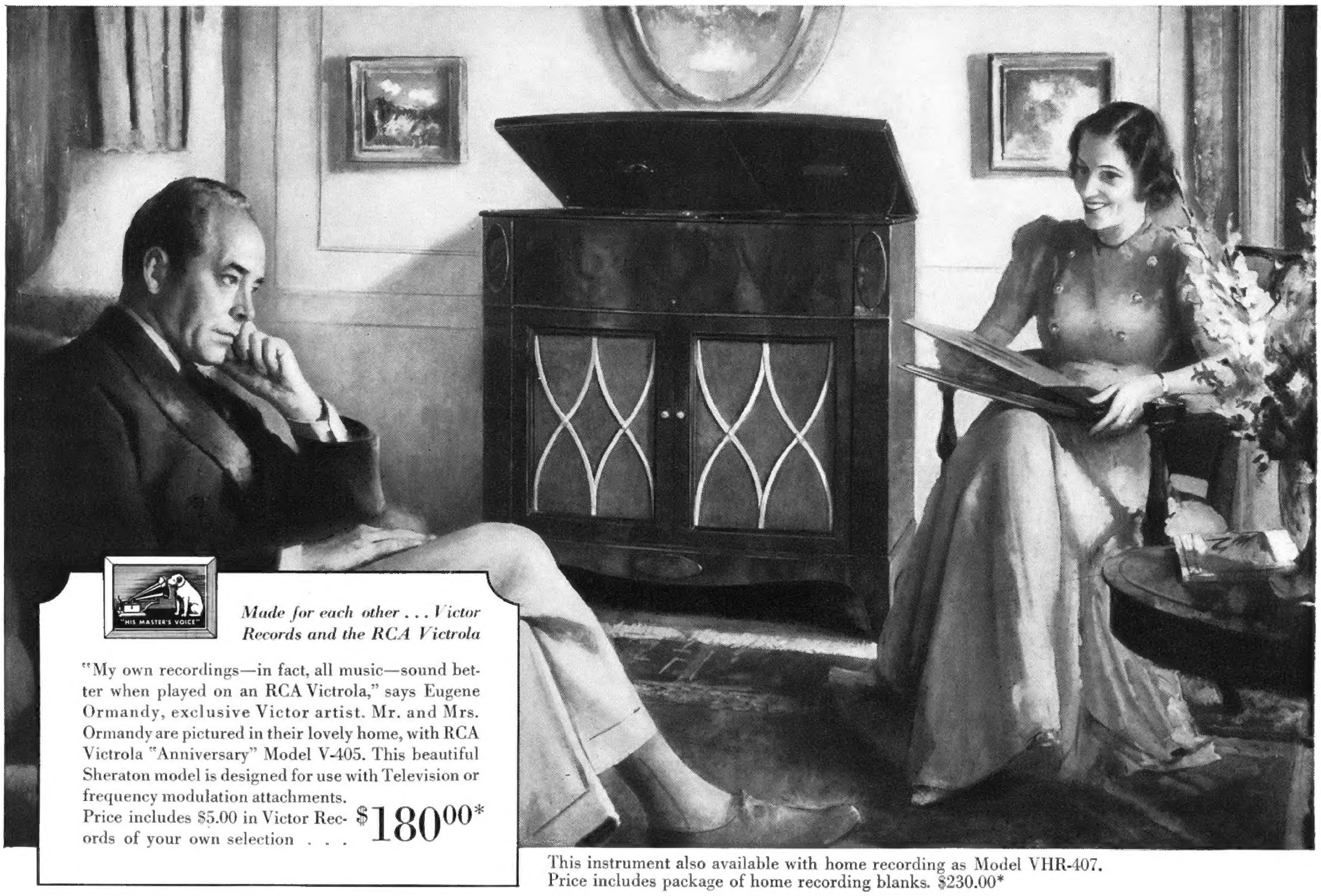
RCA VICTOR PREFERRED TYPE RADIO TUBES
For Finer Radio Performance

Only RCA Victrola offers you these proofs of unmatched quality!

1. The RCA Victor engineers who developed famous Victor higher fidelity *recording*, work closely with those responsible for the *reproducing* mechanism. Victor Records and the RCA Victrola are made for each other—all records sound better on this instrument.

2. For 42 years RCA Victrola has been the leader. None can compare with it for beauty and fidelity of tone, excellence of cabinetry, trouble-free service and reasonable price.

3. You may well be guided by the world's greatest artists—their choice of the RCA Victrola is prompted by the same confidence that inspires them to put their finest performances exclusively on Victor Records.

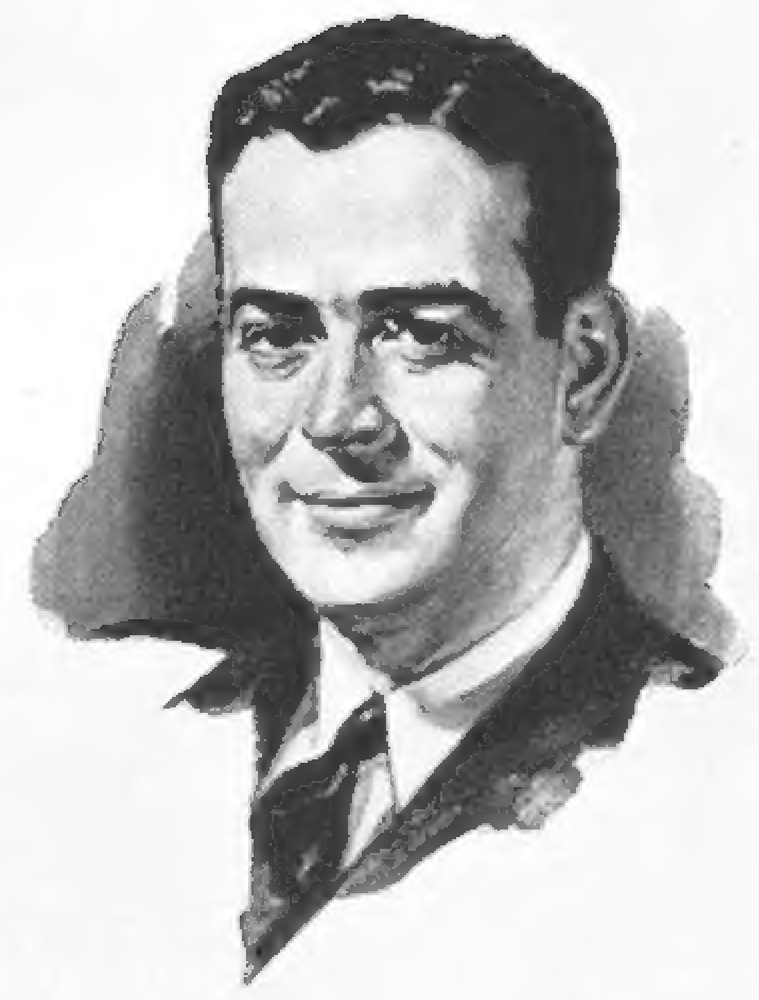


"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Made for each other . . . Victor Records and the RCA Victrola

"My own recordings—in fact, all music—sound better when played on an RCA Victrola," says Eugene Ormandy, exclusive Victor artist. Mr. and Mrs. Ormandy are pictured in their lovely home, with RCA Victrola "Anniversary" Model V-405. This beautiful Sheraton model is designed for use with Television or frequency modulation attachments.
Price includes $5.00 in Victor Records of your own selection . . . $180^00*

This instrument also available with home recording as Model VHR-407. Price includes package of home recording blanks. $230.00*



"I KNOW FINE LEATHER—AND FLORSHEIM

BRIAR CALF

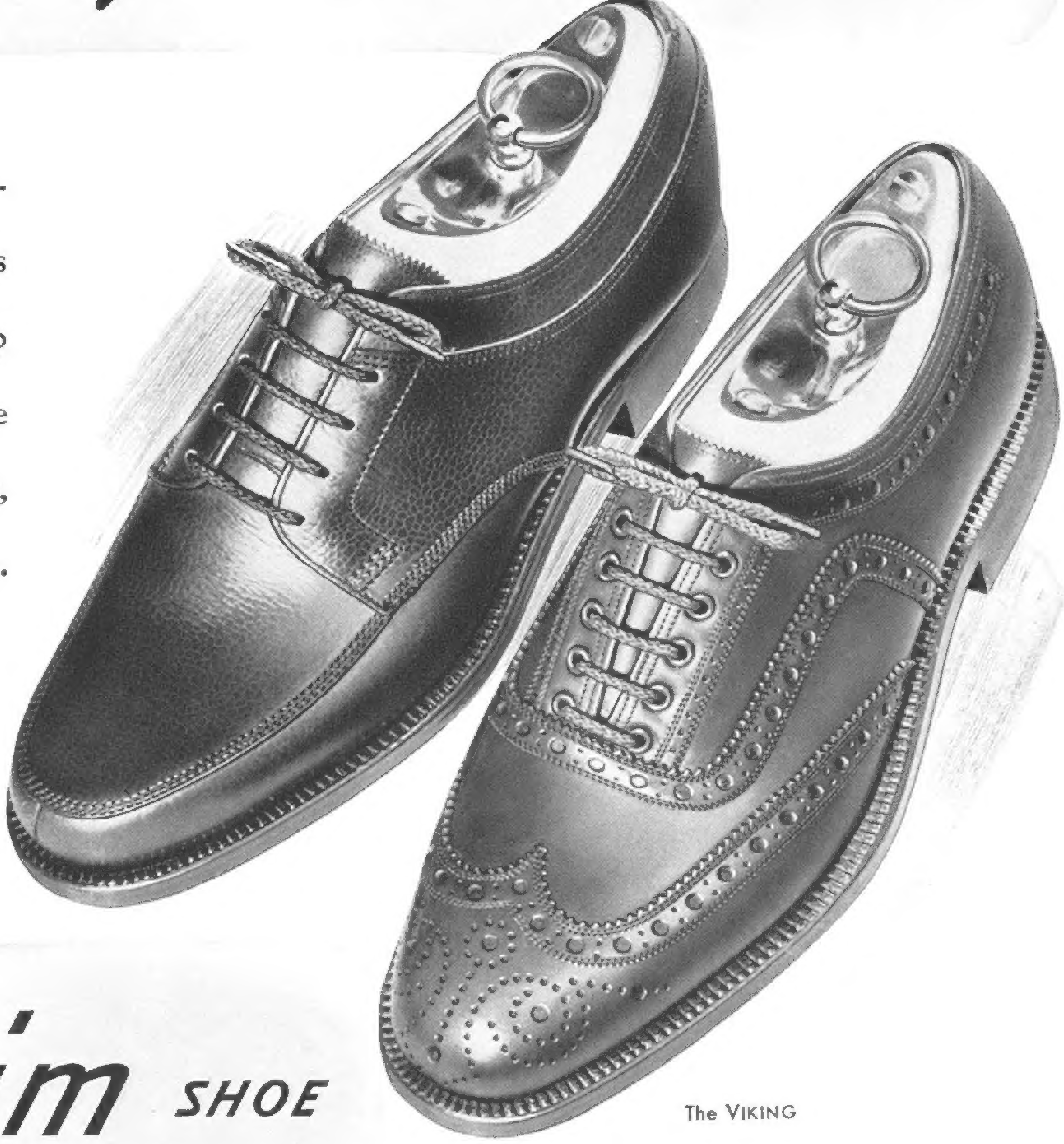
IS THE CHOICEST I'VE EVER SEEN"

"I've spent the major portion of my life handling leather . . . and know all the elbow-grease in the world won't turn cowhide into fine calfskin. That's just *one* reason why I feature Florsheim Shoes; I know every inch of Florsheim leather—like Briar Calf for example—is the finest the market produces."

Your Florsheim Dealer

Florsheim Briar Calf is a new exclusive leather with all the softness and mellowness of fine Morocco, *plus* a plump meaty texture that defies weather and wear. Made up into stout custom winterweight styles that, like your favorite briar, grow old gracefully.

Most Styles $8.95 *and* $10



The COASTER

The VIKING

THE *Florsheim* SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Edited
by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
DAVID A. SMART
WM. H. WEINTRAUB

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches .... *by* Fellows and Goodman, beginning on page 99

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

On that which is forever England

This issue contains one especially significant article. It is the one about the Coldstream Guards, by Pakenham and Bellah, beginning on page 67. We urge you to read it. In it there is one especially significant sentence. We urge you to read that sentence twice. In fact, to heighten the chances of your doing so, we will give it to you right here, so you can read it now before you even turn to page 67:

"A war is only a passing incident in the History of the Coldstream Guards."

That sentence goes far, we think, to explain why Hitler can never hope to beat the British Empire. The British can be knocked down, but not out.

At mid-September, as this is written, London is being bombed savagely, the invasion attempt that has so long been expected daily is now expected hourly, and the papers and the loudspeakers are filled with expert explanations of the almost utter hopelessness of Britain's effort to catch up with the Germans after granting them a seven-years' head start.

But what almost everybody seems to have forgotten, in preoccupation with the horror of this obviously awful moment, is that other larger hopelessness—the hopelessness of any German effort at this late date to catch up with the British after *their* head start of almost seven hundred years.

Hitler has the mastery of Europe now. Whether he adds to it the mastery of John Bull's own little island is not, in the long run, particularly important. What is important, and what seems to have been forgotten in the general anxiety over the outcome of the Battle of Britain, is that a man can be Europe's master and still be the world's prisoner.

England's Empire is world wide. Let the Empire stand and England itself cannot fall beyond hope of rising again. In other words, England could lose the Battle of Britain, that is raging as this is written, and still win the Battle of the Empire that has not yet begun.

That's why there's as much truth as there is monotony in that time-tattered bromide to the effect that "England always loses every battle but the last one."

An American, tired of being told that same thing after Norway, and the fall of the Low Countries and Dunkirk, and the Battle of France, stopped one Englishman in the middle of that same old phrase, with "Yeah, but what if you should lose the last one?"

The Englishman, who had obviously never thought of that, pondered it a moment without batting an eyebrow, and then with the air of explaining something to a not quite bright child said, "Well, you see, in such a case we'd simply have to go on with the dreary business until we came at last to a battle that we could win."

Throughout this past summer most Americans have hoped and wished that England might win, without really believing that she could, or at least without being able to see how.

They keep talking about England's back being to the wall. How could England ever hope to win back all that lost ground, even supposing for the sake of argument that she could hold off the Germans in the Battle of Britain? How, they want to know, could she ever get in, to drive the Germans back down out of Norway and back up out of France and Belgium and Holland?

Well, the answer to that one is easy. She couldn't. For England has even less chance, we should think, of beating the Germans now, militarily, than they have now or before or ever again of beating her economically.

But fortunately for England and for us, she doesn't have to.

That's the big point, that is unaffected by bombs on Buckingham Palace or anywhere else in the Island. England doesn't have to get into Europe again, to win this war. But Hitler has to get out. And battering Britain itself from now till doomsday would not alone be enough to turn that trick.

Duff Cooper realized that, when he went on the air during the depth of the darkest day in the Battle of Flanders, and reminded Englishmen everywhere that Hitler *had* to win that battle, whereas England could lose that one, and many more, and still win the war. Of course, Duff Cooper was speaking propaganda but it was good propaganda. It was the best. The truth.

Churchill knew it too, when he spoke on that other even blacker day, after the Battle of France had ended and the Battle of Britain seemed about to begin. He could offer nothing but blood and tears and toil and sweat, he said. But he must have done so knowing that they would be enough.

Put it this way. Europe is a cage that once held a lot of animals and now holds only the gorged tiger Hitler and his jackal bone-picker, Mussolini. England is the clawed keeper, locked in the cage. But the bars of the cage are the British Empire. And the key to the cage is the British Navy. Eating up the keeper would not, of itself, be enough to melt the bars or pick the lock.

All of this seems to have led us far from our starting point, which was merely to recommend to your attention Messrs. Pakenham and Bellah's article on the Coldstream Guards. Yet perhaps we have not really digressed at all. For our next point was going to be an explanation of why that article was written, to the *leitmotif* of "men die but the regiment lives on," after the vanishing of all European fronts on which English soldiers might see action, and put to press at a time when most people seem to feel that England's own days are numbered. And maybe all we've said above has advanced, however indirectly, toward that point.

For our point in printing this article now is just this. If, as we believe it will be, England is still standing up to Hitler by the time this sees print, then this story of the Coldstream Guards will make excellent reading as a sidelight on British morale, and hence as an explanation of why England was still standing firm long after many experts had finished the count over British hopes. But if, by what we believe to be both remote and unhappy chance, England should have lost the Battle of Britain by the time this appears, then we feel that the article will make even better reading, as a contribution to the understanding of British morale, that intangible thing by which, soon or late, the British have always won their wars and will, we firmly believe, win this one, however often they may appear to lose it in the meantime.

Morale may be better cited than defined. We are reminded, for instance, of a cartoon from *Sketch*, reproduced in a recent issue of *News Review*, showing a golfer of the Colonel Blimp type at the nineteenth hole in a monologue to this effect:

"There I was, sir, on the third green with this dashed difficult putt to make, when this blasted German plane swoops down and begins splattering bombs all over the place. By gad, sir, d'you know, I very nearly missed it!"

We've often said, and we now say again, that those people can't be beaten. Partly because they wouldn't know it if, temporarily, they were. But read the Pakenham-Bellah article on page 67 for a fuller explanation of the sort of thing we mean.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of none-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; in Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. XIV, No. 5
Whole No. 84
T. M.
Reg.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

BONNIE'S BACKER

I have been a subscriber for three years but if I have to read any more stupid slush by Carleton Smith in his avowed article on music, I quit.

He may be a capable musician (which I doubt) but when he picks on Bonnie Baker it's too much. It is the old familiar cry of the unfortunate who believes that every one is out of step but himself. If he really thinks that his *Esquire on the Record* is worth reading (or writing) he is an idiot of the first water.

The fact that she has reached such heights of popularity should be proof enough that this unwarranted and unprovoked attack is without justification and therefore in exceedingly poor taste.

I might add in closing that anyone to whom I have spoken re this article has asked "AND WHO THE HELL IS CARLETON SMITH?" This should prove to the powers that be that he had better be promoted to opening mail or something related. Anything in fact, that is better suited to his mentality.

Yours for more and more of
BONNIE BAKER.
New York, N.Y. CLIFF ANDERSON

SMITH'S SECOND

Carleton Smith has a second. I could use a choice list of terms not found in the dictionary to express my opinion of the Tucker-Baker combine, but even ESKY has a limit.

The first time I heard Tucker I tuned in during a number. A short time elapsed before Dad and I exchanged disgusted glances, said in unison "God, that band stinks" and dialed to something bearable. The fiftieth time we were able to say "Jeez, there's clothespin-nose Baker and Tucker's amateurs."

When you listen to a real outfit like Matty Malneck's Sophisticates that is composed wholly of top-notch men or some name bands with good, versatile, solid men augmented by a few outstanding instrumentalists, you wonder how a crummy bunch like Tucker's with no good men, no arrangements, no good vocalists, no nothing, can get people to pay to listen to them.

I think an ideal torture would be a small room where Bonnie could bounce her nasal twang off the ceiling into Orrin's ears and he would reciprocate with his unmusical shouting till both went nuts like the people that have to listen to them.

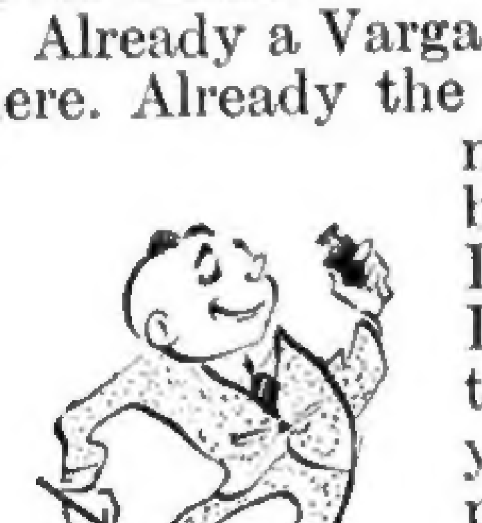
At any rate C.S. deserves applause for being man enough to say he didn't like something when the rest of the drooling, apparently sex-thwarted jitterbugs insist that Bonnie and Orrin are the nuts—at that they are—The Nuts of the Nation . . .

I hope you can print this.

Sincerely,
Chicago, Ill. FRANK C. BYRNES

VARGA SIDESHOW

That Varga Girl propaganda—who in the world is that fellow who wrote it, the subtle, insidious, stirrer-upper of those subconscious, heroic and great lover instincts of men.



Already a Varga Girl club is formed here. Already the wives club is planning counter attacks but that is not what I want to talk about. I want to nominate this copywriter of yours for the chief propaganda minister of the Western Hemisphere and put him to work right away. With his scintillating pen and fluid imagination he makes Goebbels look like a piker.

He could whip up the fighting spirit of this country overnight if and when it ever becomes necessary. Why not call F. D. R.'s and Wendell's attention to him?

Yours truly,
Wynne, Ark. H. K. BARWICK, Jr.

CONTINUED CATACLYSM

Although I appreciate masculine "leg art" as much as Miss Josephine V. B., I beg you, please do not give us this man in bathing trunks. How disillusioning it would be to find that part of the bulk, is not "he."

On the other hand, if it is all brawn, anything so virile is bound to have hair on its chest, and the suit is prettier.

Incidentally, who is he?

Oklahoma City, Okla. (MISS) I. M.

Aside to Miss V. B.: I'm thrown together more like a cross between Mae West and the Dead End Kids, but I know the exact counterpart of "He lives, he breathes," and it *IS* cataclysmic.

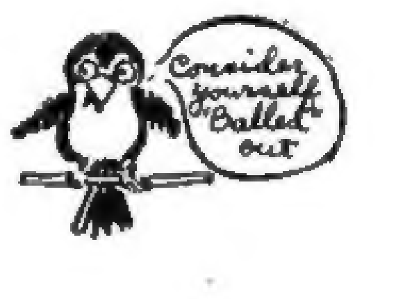
GOODY GOODY ESKY

Well I see you are going to make a Sunday school magazine out of ESQUIRE. One of your best authors has decided to go biblical and next you will be publishing articles on "How We Men Can Resist the Evils Of Drink and Women."

Then too you might put a few drapes on the sculpture and have the Esky cover man don a halo. Instead of satire let us have a dash of the weekly Sunday school lesson and a spot of good old Louisa May Alcott among the story material. Add to this some spicy bits from the *Ladies' Home Journal*, a dash of "What Every Young Man Should Know" and flavor well with some pictures of the 1864 model bathing girls and you will have a magazine that should be a sellout. Joking aside, what has happened to those tasty little tales ESQUIRE used to run as reading matter for the tired business man? Just a few more issues like that "sportsmans" issue and you can take my subscription and give it to some old lady. If I want sports I will subscribe to the *Hunting and Fishing* Magazine and really get some first hand sport stuff.

Aren't you ashamed of yourself, giving us the old goody-goody act after all these years? We know you too well for the devil you are, Esky, so do not try to hide under a halo. Give us a little more of your real self and leave the angelics to the church publications. They are out of place next to E. Simms Campbell anyhow.

Hoping you will be natural from now on, I am very truly yours, an ESQUIRE reader from scratch who is itching for a good old time copy of ESQUIRE.



WESLEY SANFORD BIRD
Columbus, Ohio

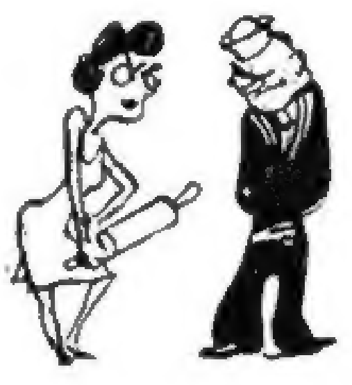
AFFIRMATION

I want to tell you that I am sincerely thankful to you for the stories of Sandor Hunyady which to me are unusually interesting and beautiful.

Very truly,
Indian Head, Md. CHARLES TUPPER

INDIGNANT'S LAST WORD

Spooner and Abbott are quite right in saying that the letter from "Indignant" was both illogical and feline. I noticed that myself when I saw it in print. My only excuse is that it was written not as emotion remembered in tranquillity, but right in the heat of emotion.



Do the boys think they have any corner on logic? For instance, probably women of all shapes and sizes read ESQUIRE. Does that mean all women are vulgar?

In regard to their not liking women of the "milk-bottle" figure, I can't see that that proves anything except the old platitude that tastes differ.

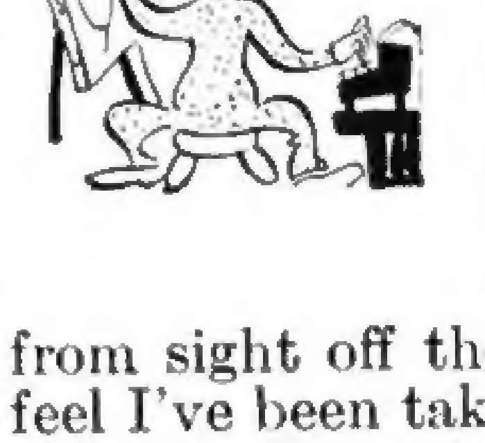
Personally, I never felt particularly drawn toward sailors, and never knew anybody that was, at least anybody that admitted it. But I know that doesn't prove a thing except that evidently they and I move in circles that are mutually exclusive (a term used in logic).

I still think Nostradamus is the bunk, but the pictures are pretty, so what of it.

Though this is written not so much in anger as in sorrow, I still sign as
New York, N.Y. INDIGNANT

CHEAP AT HALF THE PRICE

Let's see, if I have sent you, say, around seventy-five manuscripts at the average rate of eighteen cents a round trip, that means I have thrown at least $13.50 to the winds—besides the fifty cents monthly I have handed out just to see what Komroff, Paul, and Cummings have that I have not. No fooling, there are times when Cummings literally smells—and not of printer's ink!



It would help no end on those too, too clever gatefolds if you'd raise the entire business about an eighth of an inch so we could make out the punch line underneath. I always feel I've been taken in when I get a mere squint at the tops of words just slinking from sight off the page. Sometimes I feel I've been taken in, anyway.

Today I received my first copy of ESQUIRE as a subscriber . . . along with a back number (August) which I had already purchased at Walgreen's. And rivalling my joy at welcoming Billy Phelps to the fold was the exhilarating discovery, at last, of some real art in your periodical in the form of two illustrations for *Lord and Ladies.*

Being a display man and commercial artist, I know something of art myself; and those unconventional (to use the conservative) nudes you sprawl across valuable pages, which you could be using to print my stuff, are not at all alluring to me. For the most part, they are quite repulsive.

Item: You never should have done away with the movie reviews. I would much rather have bade a fond (?) farewell to Seldes, who, I was a bit piqued to hear, is with us to stay. He's all right, of course, when he has something meaty to write about—but just when is that?

Item: How dare you allow W.L.P., in his first appearance as an ESQUIRE critic, to come right out boldly and declare Boswell's *Life of Johnson* the best bedtime book when you have just published *The Bedside Esquire* which, I am sorry to say after the way you thumb your nose at my manuscripts, I am enjoying immensely?

Item: I must say, however, that Phelps reads well and I like his personal approach. I thought that your former reviewer tried to cover a few too many books per issue; but I was sorry to see him go.

Thought in passing: I am told that some aspiring scribes glue pages seven and eight of their manuscripts together just to see if they're pulled apart for reading before catching the return train. I think I'll try that on my next one to you. Maybe I can at least cause you to break your nails for your stubbornness.

And, by the way, don't return this letter. Print it! It's free! And if even one reader writes in and says he likes my style, let me know. I'll do an article just for him and let you publish it. We'll discuss terms later.

Indiscreetly yours,
Muskegon, Mich. BILLY L. BENNETT

WHAT A GOLF WIDOW WONDERS

Until your September issue arrived with a sports article, *Dub, Dub, Toil, and Trouble,* all I knew about golf was just what most golf widows know of the game. Now, I know even less.

For many years I have been of the opinion that my husband played golf because it was beneficial to mind, body, and soul; gave him relaxation, took inches from his tummy, and afforded him an opportunity to mingle with good fellows.

But, your Mr. Anonymous has cast aside this illusion. Now I know why the accompanying picture—which I took one evening when he dragged in from the golf course—depicts a man, thoroughly whipped, physically, mentally, and psychologically.

That pained expression, which I worried about, no doubt came from the loss of a nickel; that dazed, blank, hurt look from playing with "cheating partners," or a pull too long at the 19th hole jug.

There are a few things Mr. Anonymous did not clear up for me, which I suppose I shall always wonder about. Why is it if my husband is always winning "cats," doesn't he bring some of the poor things home? He must drown them, and I like cats.

Why, if he can play a quarter Nassau, doesn't he take *me* there sometime? I especially want to go since the Duke and Duchess have moved in.

Another thing. He speaks of breaking, "pa." I don't think it's nice to brag about ruining his old man.

Maybe I am a Dub too.

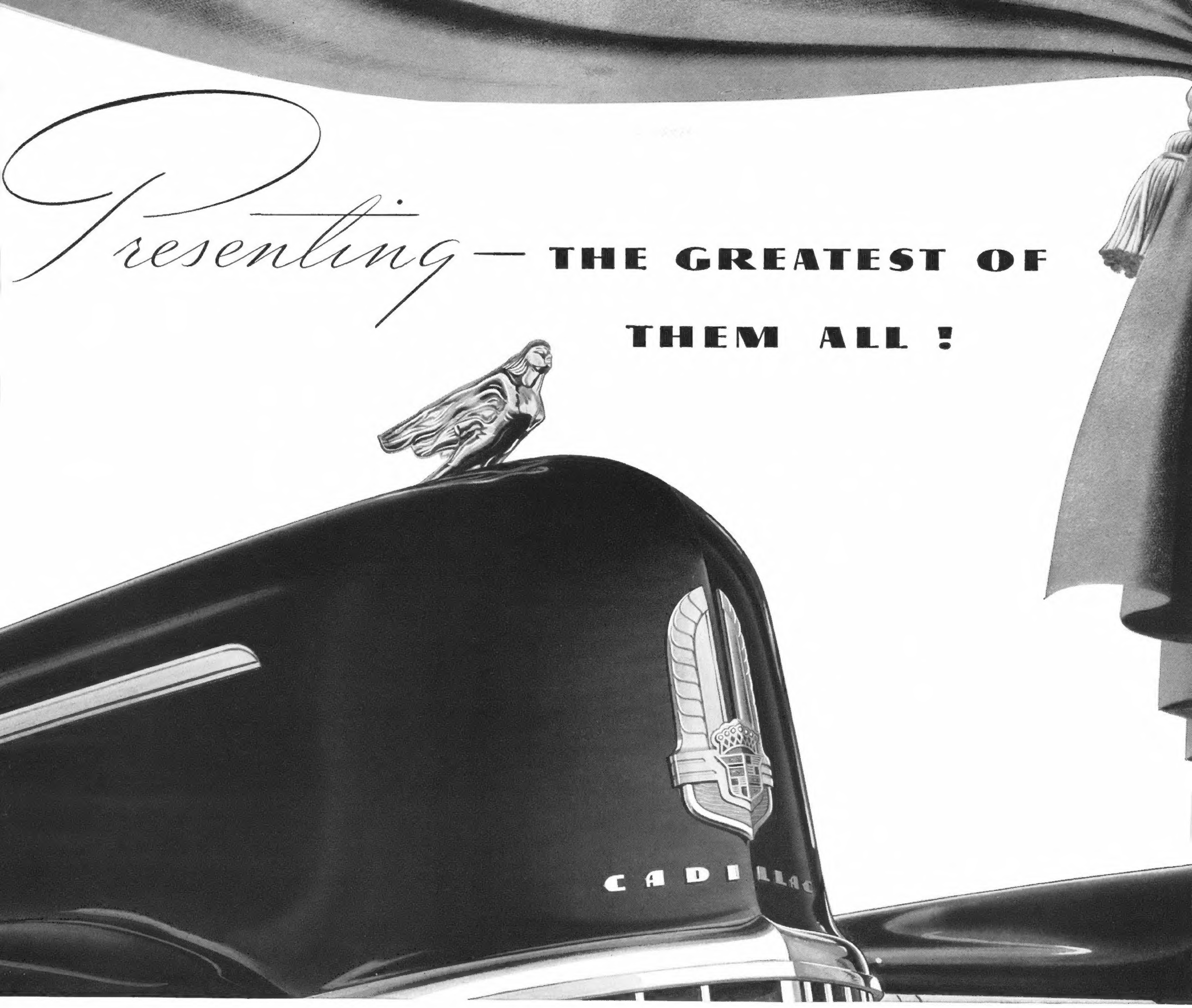
Cordially yours,
Burlington, N.C. MARION BROWN

SELF-PORTRAIT AND CRITIQUE

Pardon if I speak too plain
But Mr. Peet's article
gives me a pain,
And he'd have more
"Listeners" than
"Readers" today—
If he honest-to-God
had
Something to say!

(MISS) CAMERENE STICHER
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Continued on page 150



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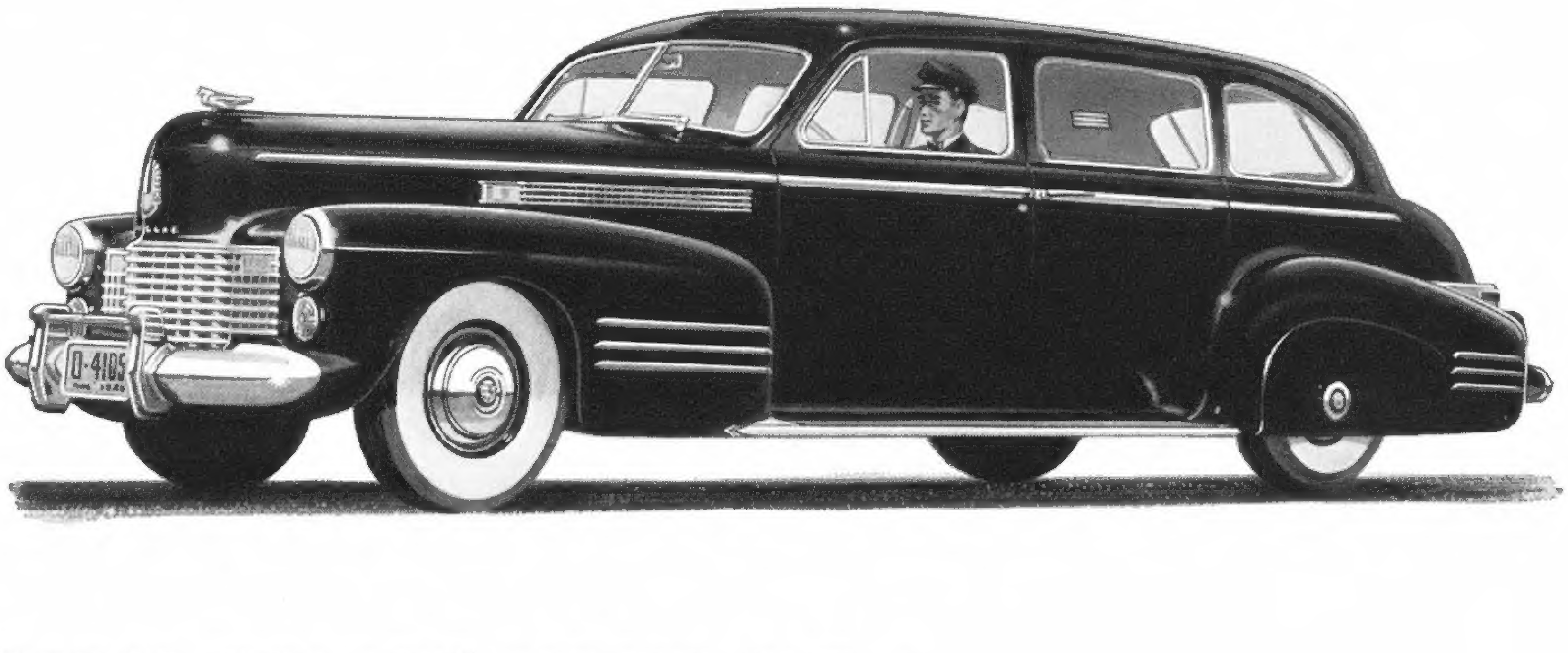

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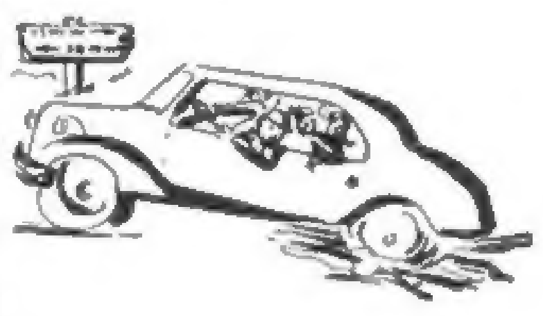
QUACK
QUACK

MATCH PLAY. Gift possibilities are burgeoning out these days in the erstwhile prosaic matchbook. You can now procure them with a favorite snapshot reproduced on the cover. It's an original way to commemorate an honest sentiment for house, horse, or helpmate, or for parents to exhibit pictures of their young. Dig up a clear print or a negative. Photo matches cast a new light on lighting up.

AUTO RAFT. Nothing but a good, firm footing will rescue your machine when it's mired in choice oaths and mud. Here's a firm footing you can keep in a compact suede bag in the back of the car. It's made of small logs interspersed with sections of rubber hose. Rolls up into practically nothing. Spread it out with the tire fitting into the curved indentation at one end. Start the motor—you'll see what Walter Raleigh tactics can do in our machine age.



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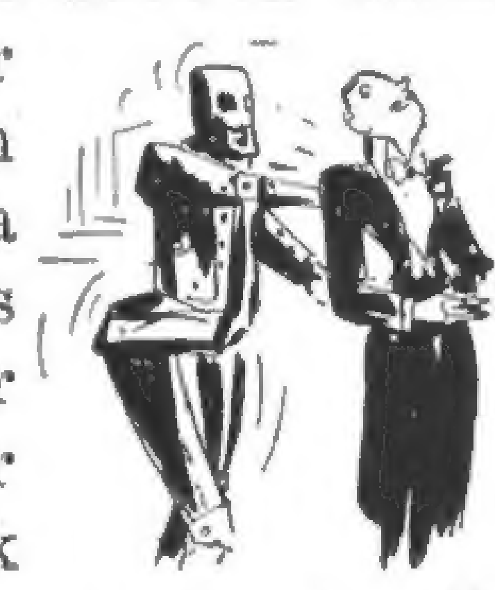

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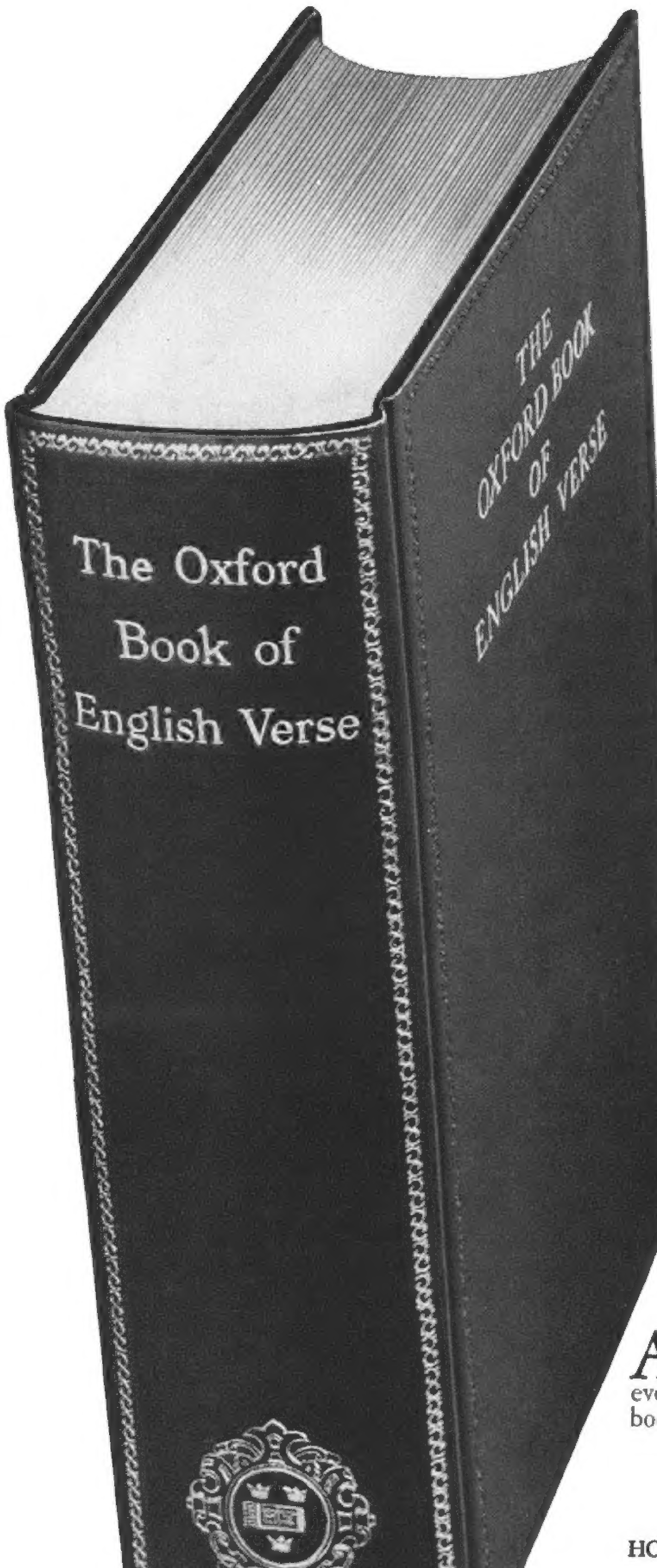
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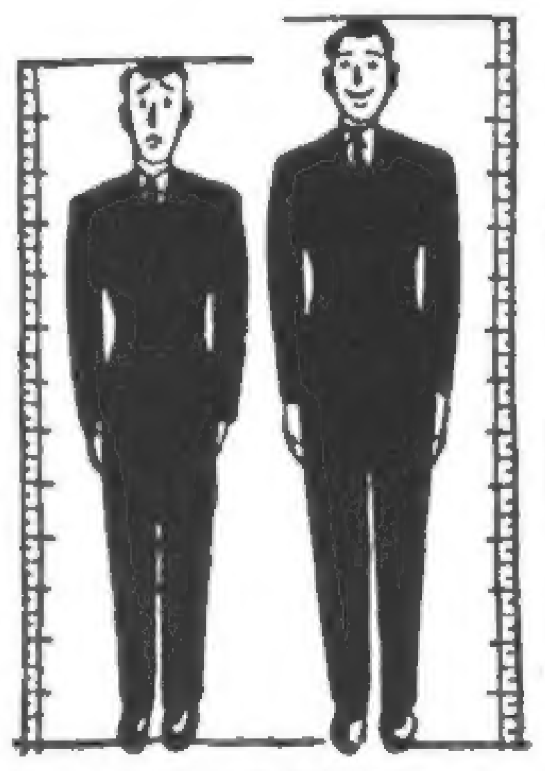
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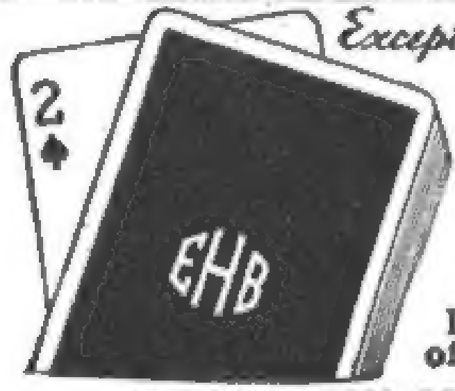
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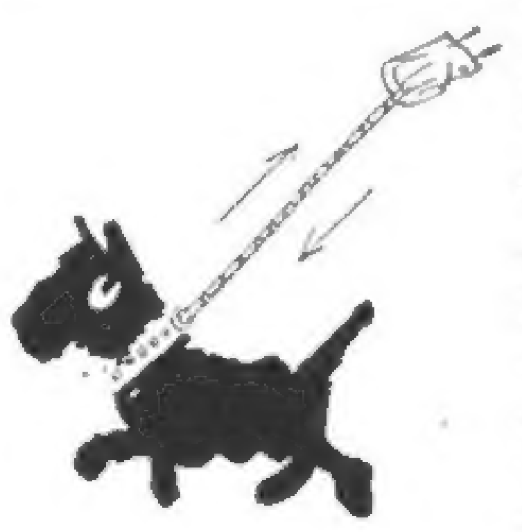
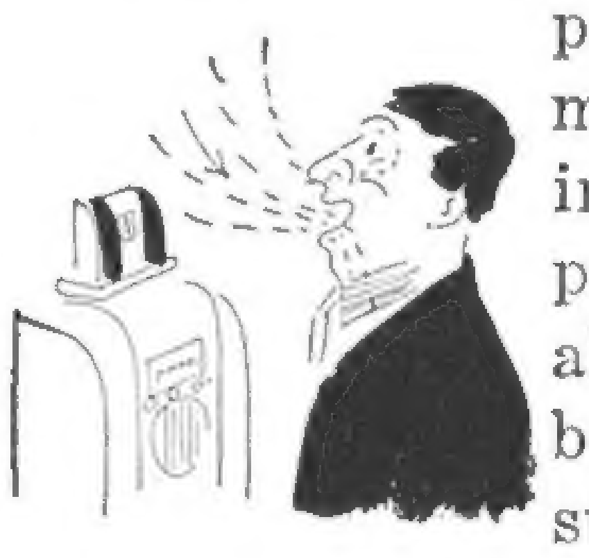
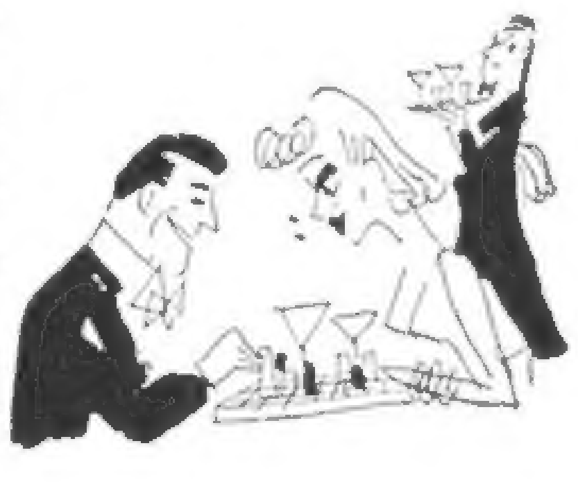


ON THE LINE. That chronic complaint of city dog-walkers—leash trouble—is another one of life's little problems dispensed with recently. There's a new, automatic type of leash that gives you complete control over the footage your dog has to play with. Its length can be shortened or lengthened instantly by means of a small control unit held in the hand. The leash is six feet of braided leatherette with a tough fish twine center; the control unit is tenite. Its safety factor is, of course, all-important.

PITY THE PATCHER. Whoever patches up the holes in your socks undoubtedly doesn't like it. Their burden, and their questionable sentiments toward you, can be considerably brightened by a fine, new machine which mends socks electrically without darning. A heater plate fuses a patch over the hole in a very smooth, neat manner, minus the customary lumping of non-expert darning operations. These repairs are waterproof and resist laundering. Patches of all colors come with the machine.

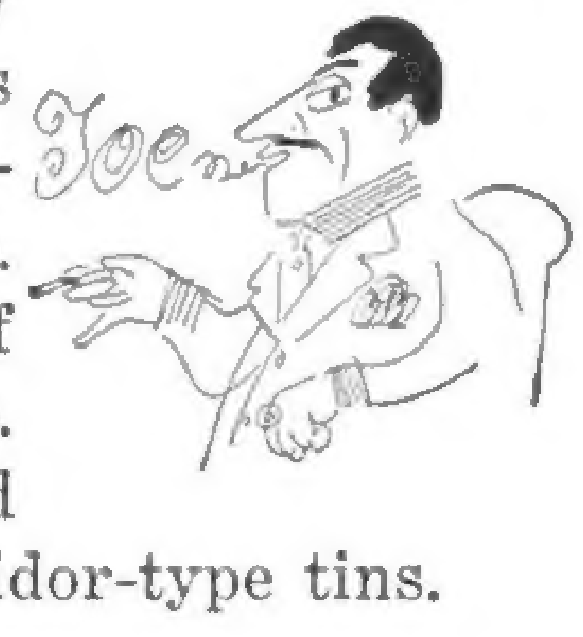


IT'S NOT THE HEAT. That old wheeze about "it's not the heat, it's the humidity" tells only half of a very important story. It's the proper relationship between the two—temperature and moisture—that produces the most healthful conditions. A new recording instrument indicates not only temperature and humidity on drum dials but also shows when a healthful balance exists between the two. Calibrations for the instrument's "comfort zone" were calculated from an accepted psychrometric chart. The case is hand-rubbed American walnut and maple.



GAME NEWS—CITADEL. Built along chess lines but simplified and accelerated in action, the new game, Citadel, is rapidly heading toward top-rung popularity on the adult game list. Played on a board marked out with squares similar to checkers, it's easy to learn but demands a goodly amount of brain-work in playing. Concentration and advance planning of moves tell the story. Citadel rooms set up in several New York night clubs and hotels are doing an SRO business.

PROCESS FROM VIENNA. This is a tough one to tell you about—the taste only describes it—a new type of chocolate that's frozen when made. When you bite into it, it's crisp and icy-cold and tastes very, very good. Possessing a low melting point (they melt to a liquid at about 80°), they always keep cold and fresh. They're made from fine Swiss, processed chocolate and other ingredients are all of the purest.



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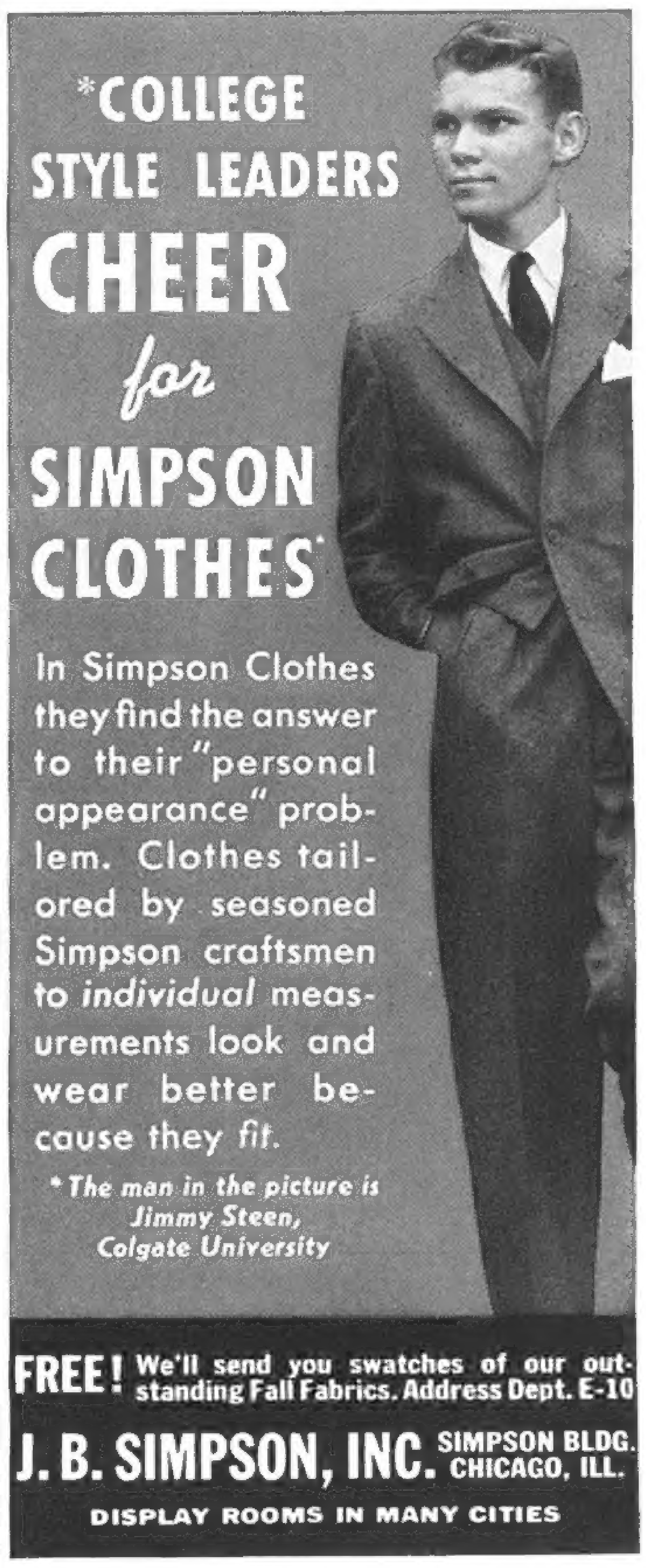
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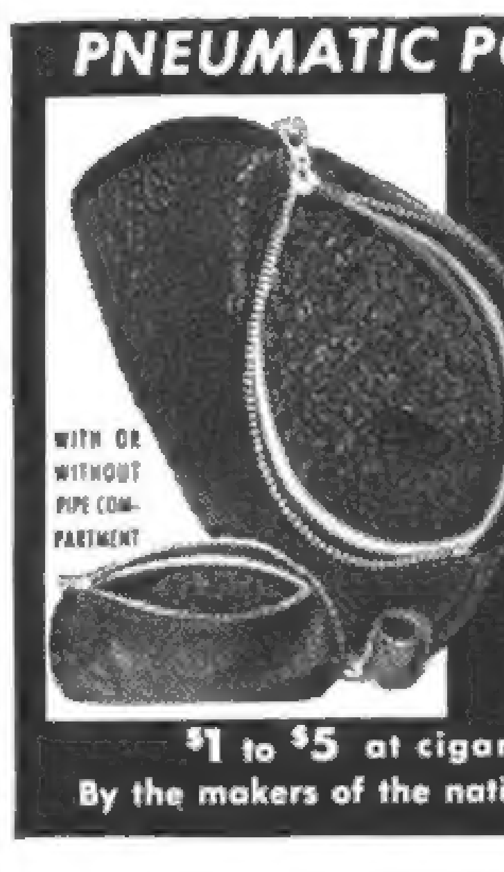

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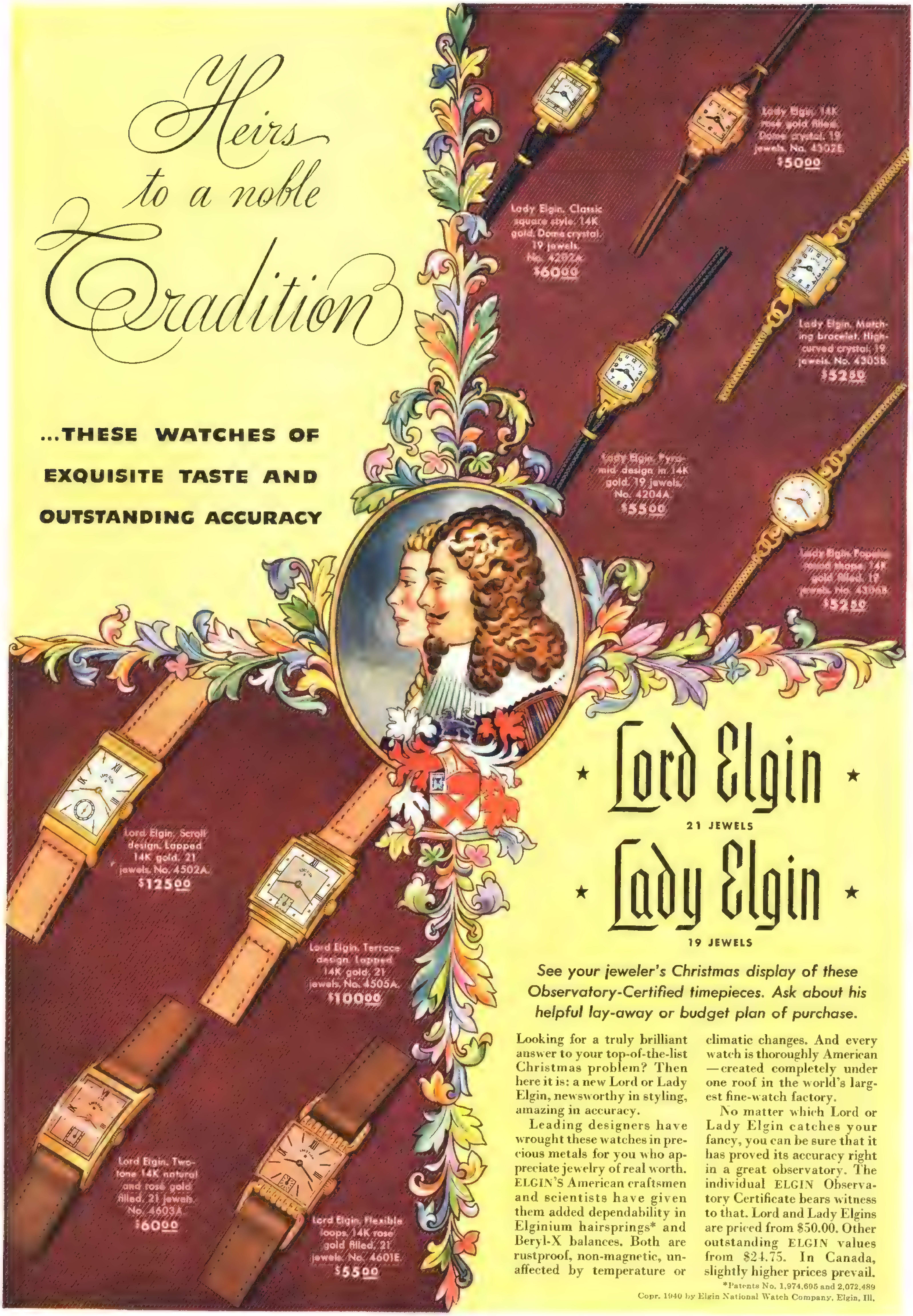

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21 JEWELS

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Looking for a truly brilliant answer to your top-of-the-list Christmas problem? Then here it is: a new Lord or Lady Elgin, newsworthy in styling, amazing in accuracy.

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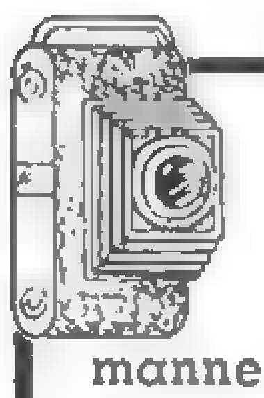
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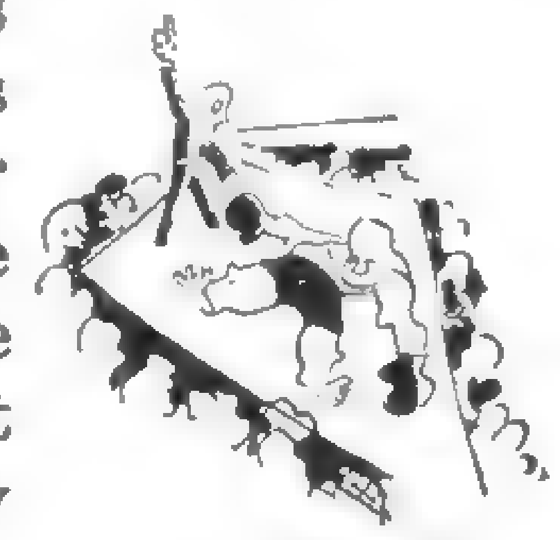

FILES FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Attractive and inexpensive are the new negative and print files which you'll like, gentle reader, if you are addicted to photography. Built for easy filing, full protection and quick finding, they're neatly bound to resemble books and will hold their own in any book case. There's one each for movie reels, miniature negatives (20 full rolls of 35 mm), flat negatives and a loose-leaf album for mounting prints. They come in several good colors.

UTILITY IN THE PANTRY. And, may we add, in the domestic bar. It's the factotum of openers, prepared to uncork all the bottles, containers, jars and so forth that have to be coped with in the course of a day. There's quite a list, too—screw caps, bottle caps, pry-up caps, friction caps and many more. A time and trouble saver, it's streamlined in the modern kitchen manner. Colors likewise.

BACK IN A FLASH. If you're beset by any strong desire to turn your happy home into a broadcasting station, the procedure for fulfillment of same is very simple. Via a new type of microphone, plugged into an electric socket, you can talk through any radio in the building. The idea is that the mike has its spot on your radio dial as has any radio station. A small degree of fiddling lines the two up and you blast away. There are no connections to make and once the setting has been made, the mike can be taken from room to room, to the certain edification of all within earshot.

DO AWAY WITH DRIBBLE. Good furniture merits the best sort of care you can give it and—after a summer of dribbled drinks and general kicking about—probably needs it. An ex-London firm has the answer, a triple threat tonic that removes spots, cleans and polishes. It takes good care of liquor, perfume, heat and water marks and is a fine general cleaner for varnish, shellac and lacquer surfaces. Easy to work with, the shining faces it confers to your table tops will keep the spillings of winter festivities well under control.

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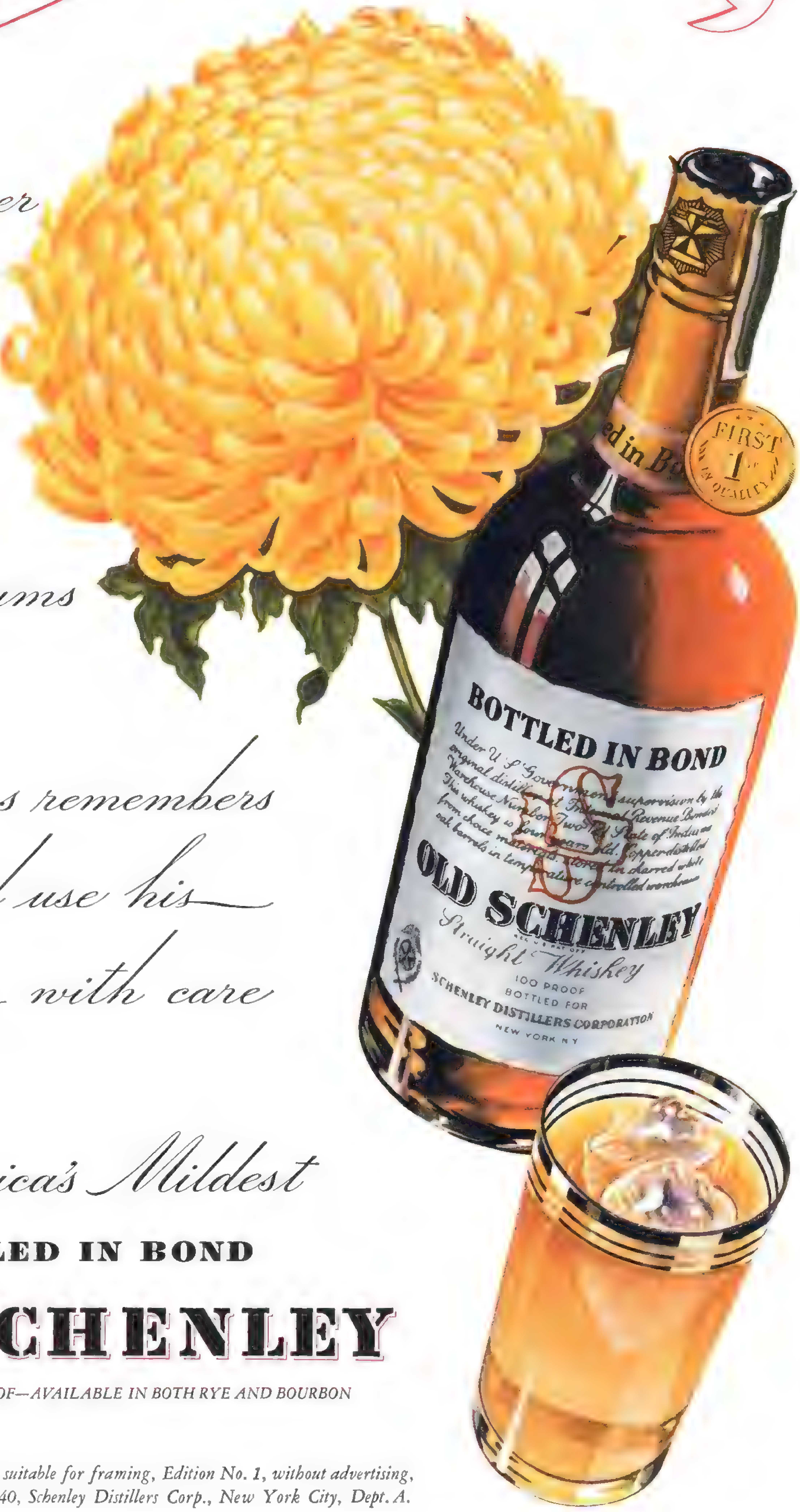
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AROUND THE YEAR WITH THE Varga GIRL

or A YARDSTICK FOR LIVING . . .

Nature, as Mr. Oscar Wilde once pointed out, always strives to imitate art—for Art is Nature idealized to the penult. The Duchess of Alba always wanted to be as succulently made as Goya painted her; and Venus for several thousand years has been hell bent on crouching as invitingly as she seemed to crouch when Praxiteles chiseled her.

In other words, Art doesn't hold the mirror up to Nature—but to Nature's nature.

Well, the imaginative and gifted Varga, whose art captures the lost hopes and unexpressed hungers of men, has set an all-time set of measures for the shaping and design of women. He has assembled for your gentle wayfarings of the imagination such women as would make the fabulous seraglio of Haroun-al-Raschid look like a Model-T harem.

These girls, whose aspects paralyze men's reason, and whose subtle gestures inflict never-closing wounds on the tissue of dreams, have been carefully collected, examined, unveiled, and tattooed for your express pleasure. They have even been classified, in a rough way, according to the season.

And now, to the soft strumming of the tambours, and the gentle tinkling of the sensuous sistra, we invite you to review your past life, and measure the future, in terms of the zesty procession of the Zodiac which we have dubbed "The Varga Calendar."

Designed in rare disarray for no other purpose than to bring the highest quality to your moments, as they pass, "and simply for those moments' sake," these worldly nymphs offer you a yardstick for living. For "from such women," as Goethe once put it, "one learns nothing; but one becomes *something*."

The Varga Calendar will take you into those secret rooms of the imagination where the purdah of other men's lives is discreetly lifted, where the pomegranates of love float in the Champagne of possession, and where women of flawless mien play battledore with your sense of proportion.

All of which is to say that in the December *Esquire* we extend to you this full-blooded and twelve-paged invitation to living—an authenticated card of admission to the year's Bacchanals, Saturnalias, Black Masses, and Witches' Sabbaths, and to those finely-drawn phantasies which are more real and more satisfying than life itself.

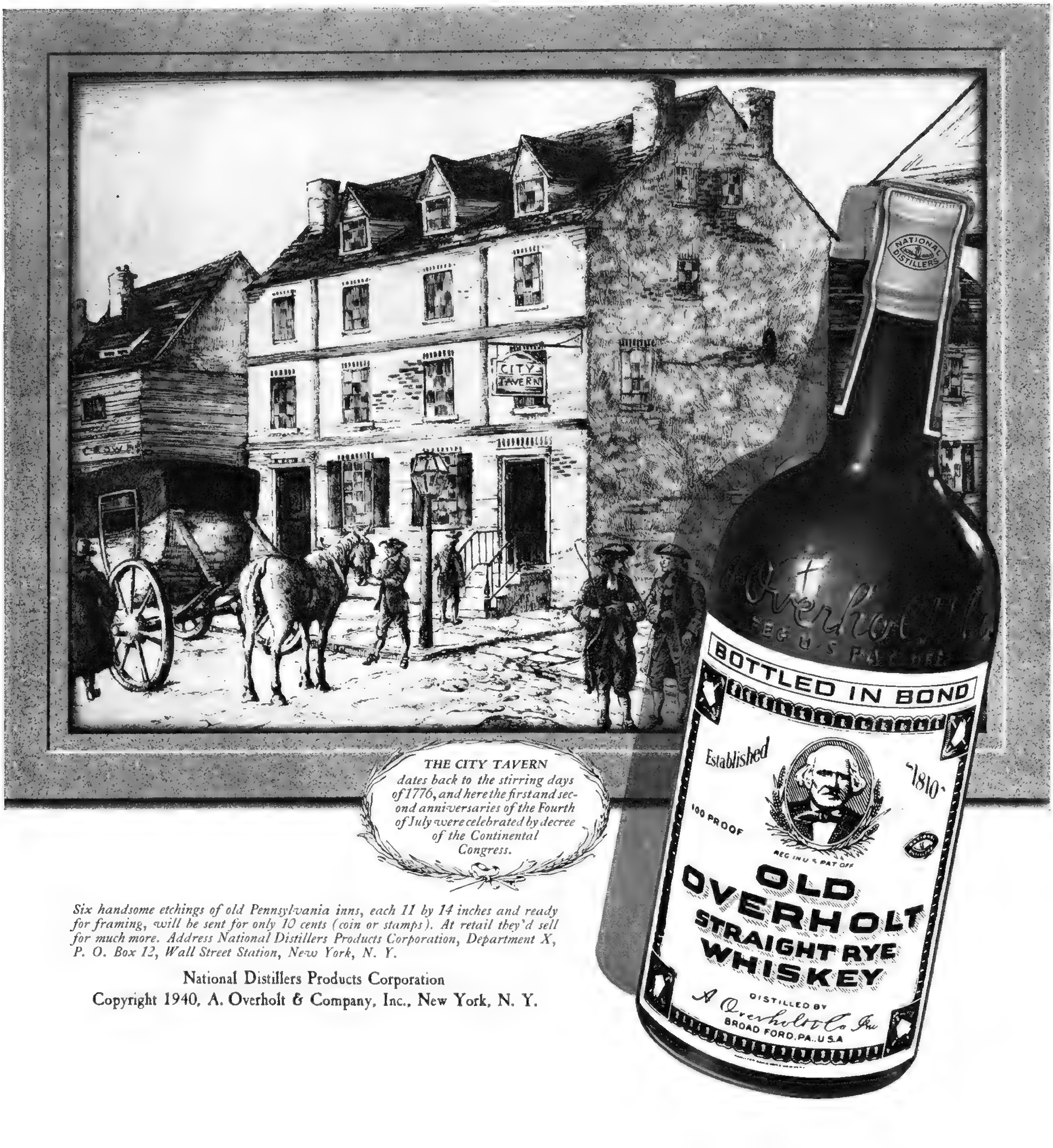
IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE

These old inns have left you *a rich heritage... in Old Overholt*

As far back as 1810, Old Overholt was the pride of Pennsylvania's historic taverns, where this superb rye was served and widely praised.

And today, this mellow and richly flavored whiskey is America's most popular U. S. bottled in bond rye.

None but a wonderfully fine whiskey could enjoy such continued favor as this, but for all its goodness, Old Overholt today is most modestly priced.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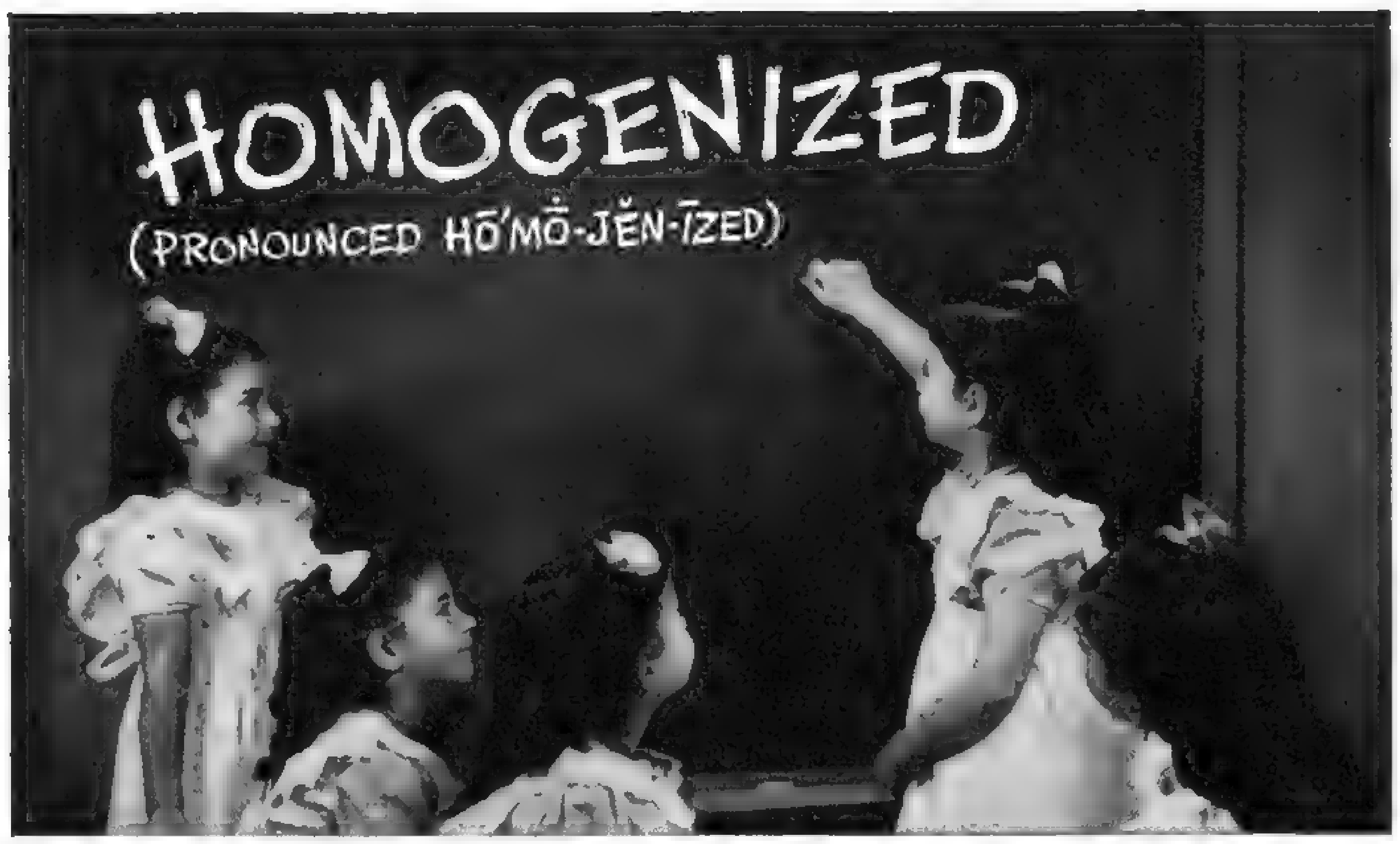

The Dionne Quintuplets drink Borden's Golden Crest Homogenized Vitamin D bottled milk daily

For you and your children

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Because, by this same process those essential vitamins present in the cream—"D" to build strong bones, teeth and bodies, "A" to build resistance to colds—are also distributed throughout each quart of milk.

Because Golden Crest Homogenized Milk is easier to digest—many infants, invalids, and folks who find it difficult to digest regular milk now enjoy and thrive on Homogenized Milk.

We urge you to try this better milk . . . so much better for you in every way. Just ask your Borden Man.

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

HOLLYWOOD IN THE HUNTING COUNTRY

"Location" trips out of Hollywood mean extended budgets and long expense accounts to the front office. The histrionics department usually finds them tedious, and understandably has that swimming pool back home more or less constantly on its mind. But to the studio publicity staff, a location is a bonanza. The explanation is very simple.

Hollywood, of course, has long realized that honest and authentic backgrounds for a story's action and good, extensive publicity are two vital components in the success of any picture. As a combination they are practically unbeatable. A location trip, ipso facto, provides the first, and the second is its natural by-product, for locations are always interesting. A Hollywood contingent hard at work in the Mojave Desert or in the mountains of Northern California is decidedly something of a latter-day phenomenon.

Fairly common throughout California, location troupes seldom venture East, but when they do, they make news. Paramount provided one of the few seen in these parts this year when it sent director Ned Griffith, stars Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray to Charlottesville to inject authenticity into its end of the year release, "Virginia." The Paramount offices in New York called out a goodly portion of the local press and this department deserted, for a week-end, its Manhattan beat to witness the proceedings.

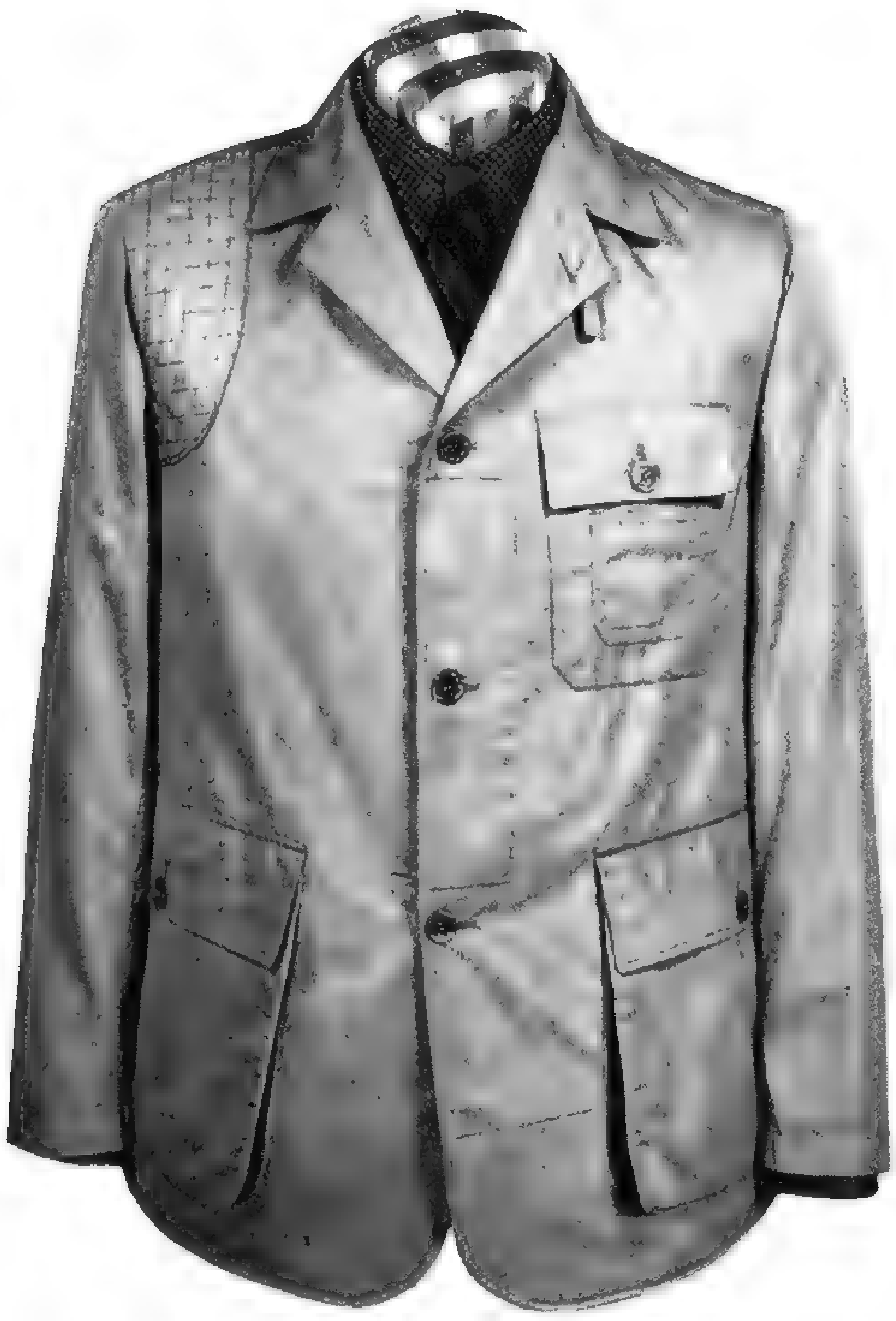
The coast studios forget no details in equipping location companies. To Virginia, Paramount sent a construction crew that resurfaced some fifteen miles of back country road. They built and reinforced rural bridges to carry sound trucks with their five ton loads. Local mansions, which are used in the picture for true Virginia flavor, benefited by thorough goings-over. Cover sets were brought from Hollywood by producer-director Griffith who was reluctant to gamble additional front office money on the uncertain Virginia weather.

Virginia settings were only one particular of the local facilities turned to good use by Griffith and his "Virginia" crew. The Farmington Country Club staged a point-to-point race, one of the film's important sequences. A member of the Virginia gentry was run in as technical advisor. Back country farmers furnished the proper hayseed overtones and local stand-ins for the stars were produced. Business in Charlottesville and vicinity boomed also in other directions. Half a taxicab fleet was hired to transport the acting crew to their "shooting" grounds, which were usually a good fifty miles distant. For the visiting press, Paramount took over the Piedmont Manor Club, one of Virginia's loveliest old mansions which, incidentally, is well worth a visit if you're down Charlottesville way. And the Nelson and Albermarle Ry. Co. facilities were hired for train sequences, train, tracks, station et al. Thus comes, as we mentioned above, a nice fat budget for the front office, back in Hollywood, to contemplate.

The cast, the last we saw of them, was bearing up well under a rising thermometer and five steady weeks of 5 a. m. calls. MacMurray and Carroll are well used to location rigors. It's the waiting time that gets them down, they tell us. Outdoor shooting demands a good, bright sun and as "Virginia" is being made in technicolor, there are other lighting problems to work out. We went out with them one day—from seven to five—and in ten hours director Griffith was able to put just one "take" in his satchel. A simple scene, too. The Nelson and Albermarle flyer rolls into the depot, Carroll gets off, MacMurray meets her and gives with a line or two of dialogue. Then cut. But it was a ten hour proposition. MacMurray spent a good part of the day sleeping on a box of laundry. Miss Carroll neatly divided her time between the press and her nice, cool trailer.

The cast's good humor after five weeks of inconsiderate fahrenheit and clouds of red dust put in an appearance during lunch, a rural complex of hamburger and three flavored ice cream. Marie Wilson, called over from her table, was handed a cold scoop of mashed potatoes by Mr. MacMurray. This she carted back to her table, promptly wheeled about and let go. Miss Wilson is not only a good actress, but a good shot. Cold potatoes caught Mr. MacMurray square on the back of his head. Miss Carroll got the left-overs. The result brought nothing but surprisingly hearty laughter from MacMurray and Carroll and dismay to Miss Wilson who quickly administered first aid to the Carroll neat, blue suit. Onlookers, of which there were many, were quite impressed.

To the Griffith - Carroll - MacMurray team which made "Cafe Society" and "Honeymoon in Bali," Paramount has added a newcomer for "Virginia." Stirling Hayden, in his first session before the cameras, has a second male lead. Both the studio and his acting companions seem to think highly of him and we've a notion you'll be seeing more of him in the very near future. He once sailed a brigantine to Tahiti with a crew made up of eleven artists, journalists, business men and photographers. Acting, even under an August sun in Virginia, shouldn't be much of a chore after that.



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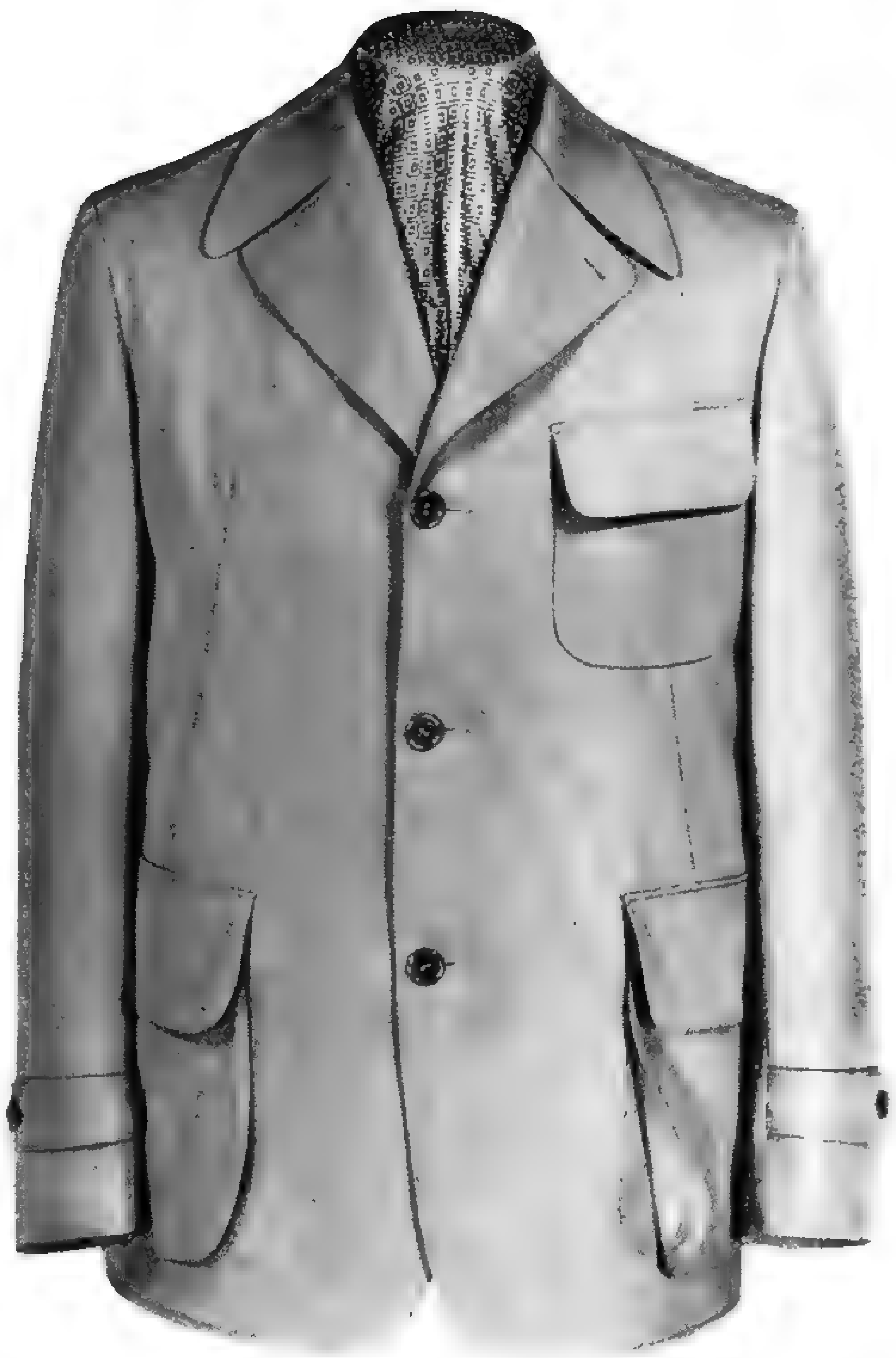

BROOKS SPORT COAT, as illustrated, may be had either in suède ($33) or in weatherproofed gabardine, leather-lined ($40). Three-button model as illustrated. Tan only.

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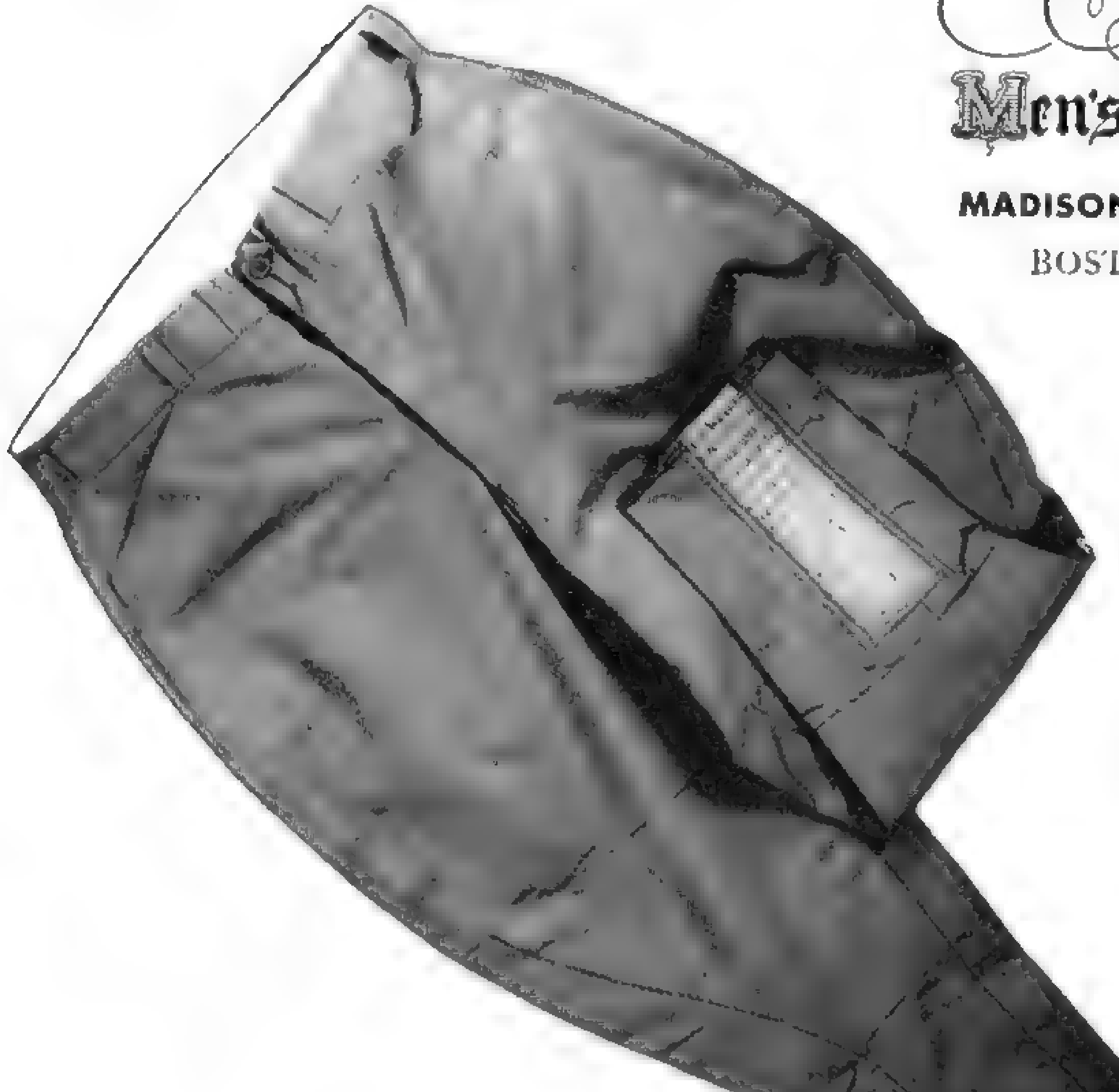
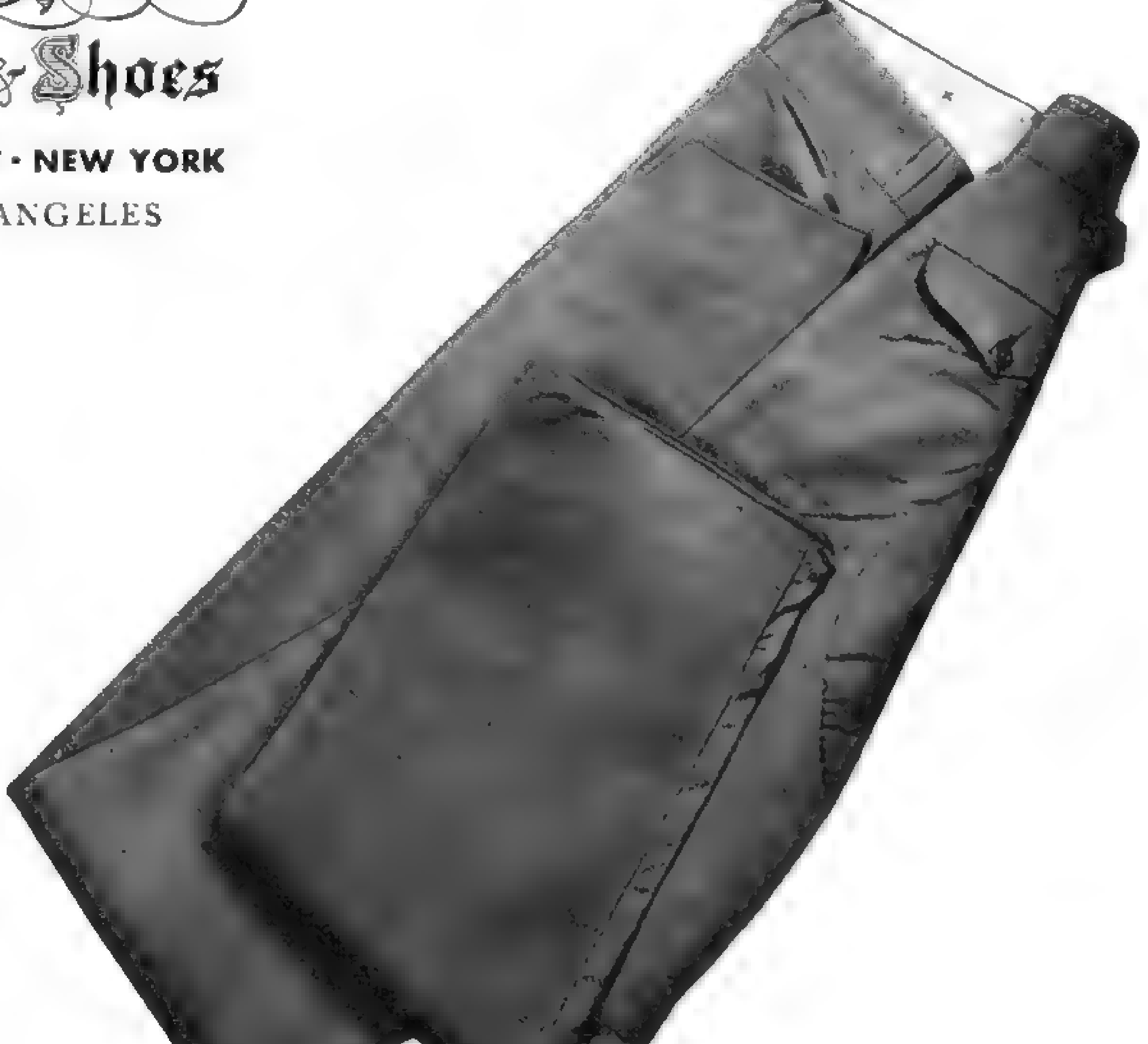


BROOKS SHOOTING BREECHES of shower-proofed Josette are made, as illustrated, with slide fastenings in front of the knee and special elastic inserts at the back of the leg to insure maximum fit and comfort. $22. Others $13 to $28.



BROOKS SHOOTING TROUSERS, as illustrated, in shower-proofed Josette are reinforced with leather from the thigh all the way down the front for extra protection against briars and brush. $21. Shooting Chaps $6.50; other trousers $15.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

LIPSTICK THE MORNING AFTER

Although it has never actually been shouted from the housetops, you could probably add to the dogs, mothers, old pipes, and other specimens of what have been at one time or another called "man's best friend" — one good dry cleaner. The dry cleaner's art, like the dentist's, strikes most of us as the dullest thing in the world. Whether or not you are interested in his technique, the fact remains that he is a particularly useful member of society. And temperament is not unknown among the trade.

Little season or big season, it's a good idea for men about town to select a reputable dry cleaner and regard him in more or less the same light as a tailor. Both of these citizens, if they're conscientious, have a man's appearance at heart and aim to present him as attractively as possible to a critical world.

It's remarkable how little some men know about the maintenance of their wardrobes. Dry cleaners play an important role in this matter—every man should know something about just what this part consists of and how much he should spend for such service. Dry cleaning prices aren't fixed, but cut-rate dealers may offer low rates only because they treat clothes in large batches and give them little or no individual attention when it comes to the all-important stages of spotting and finishing.

There isn't any reason why you should find removable spots on a suit which your cleaner returns or why it should ever be stretched or shrunken (if the material has been pre-shrunk), or why it should have an unpleasant smell. All this is careless work—wherever it is found—and usually the product of bargain-price dry cleaning.

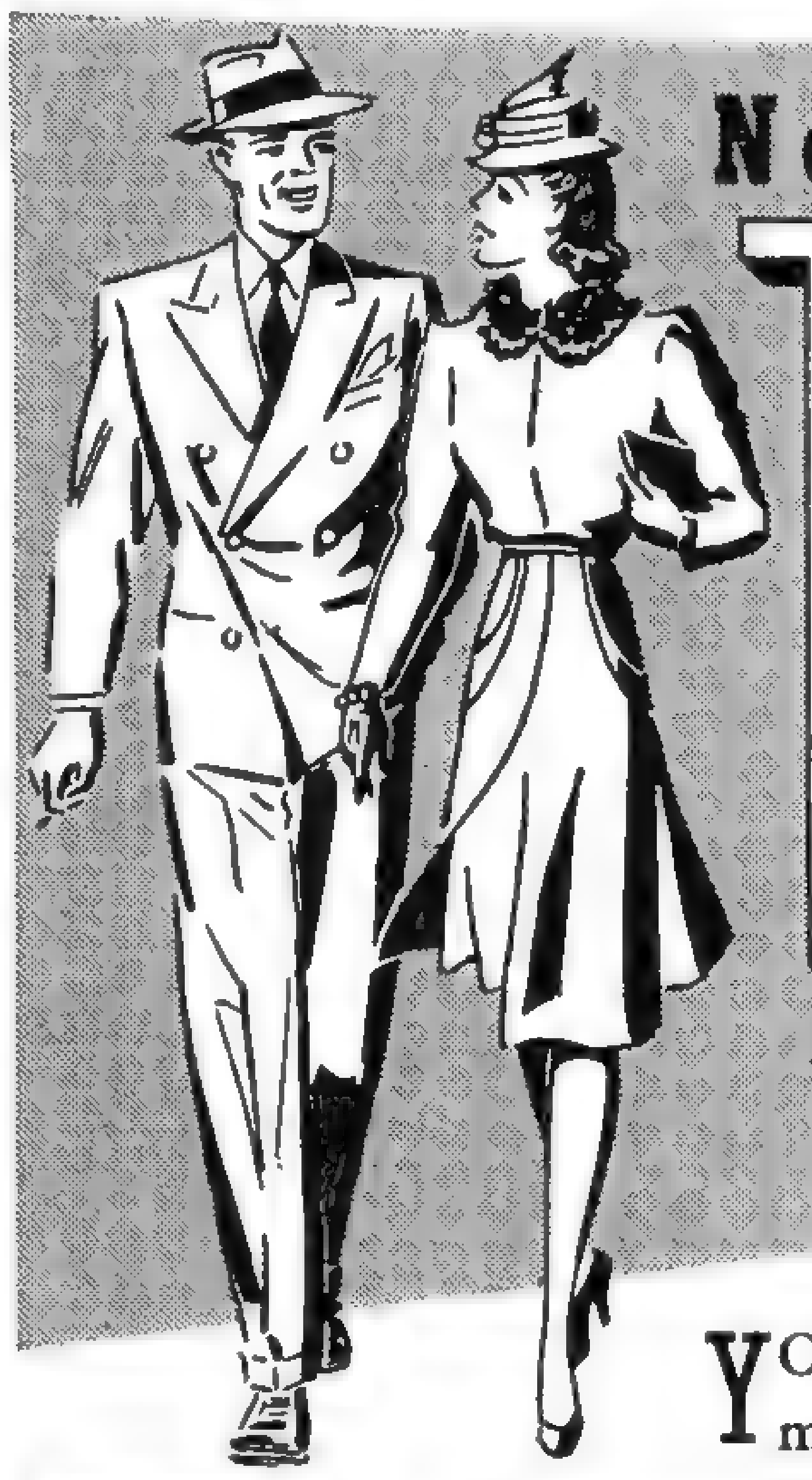
When your suit is sent to a good dry cleaner, he'll thoroughly brush the cuffs of your trousers and the inside seams of both trousers and coat. Any necessary pre-spotting is done next, and then the suit is put into a crystal-clear solvent for thorough cleaning. Following that, it is put into what is known as an extractor to remove as much of the solvent as possible. After the drying-room comes the spotter's table, and here your suit is gone over with a fine assortment of spray guns, brushes, cloths and chamois, used to feather out all the stains that it is possible to remove. There are some spots that cannot be successfully removed and these fall into the tannin group. Tannin stains are caused by cocktails, ginger ale, beer, all mixed drinks, coca cola, tea, coffee. If you spill any of these fine mixtures on your suit, tell your dry cleaner, and he will be sure to keep a pressing iron away from a tannin stain. Heat sets the stain and turns it into a yellow or light brown. Once that happens, not much can be done to alter the situation.

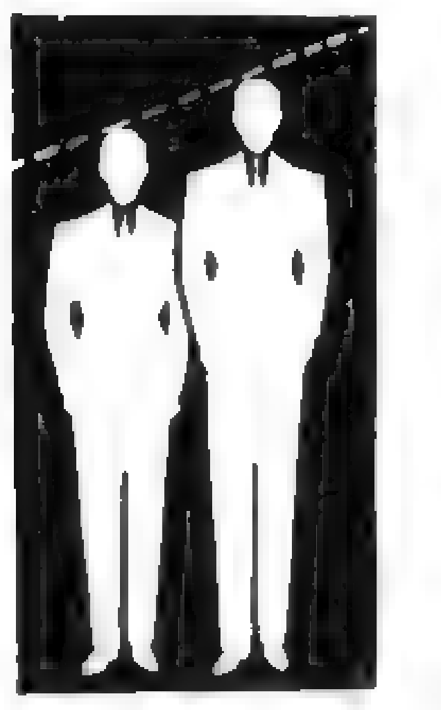
Food stains are easy to remove, for they are usually grease stains. It does, however, take considerable skill on the part of the spotter to remove grease stains from silk lapels of your dinner jacket, because the manipulation of the fabric that is necessary is apt to leave a shiny spot on the silk that shows up like a diamond. The broadcloth used in evening and dinner clothes is not a tightly-woven fabric, and for this reason it can be chafed when rubbed by an incompetent spotter, and that chafed surface shows up beautifully.

If the light of your life enjoys the kind of close contact that leaves a smear of lipstick on a coat collar, there are two things you can do. And the second of these is to leave the garment at your cleaner's not later than the next morning. Stains—any kind—set with age, and the longer they are allowed to remain, the harder they are to take out. Lipstick is the bane of the dry cleaner's life. Sometimes it is easy to remove, and other times all that can be done is to lighten the spot. It all depends on the amount of lipstick. You may not think lipsticks are indelible, but the dry-cleaners swear they are next door to it. Remember this when you're south this winter and wearing white dinner jackets.

Good, thorough dry cleaning also preserves your clothes and gives them longer life. And speaking of preservation—be sure that all your light-weight wools have been dry cleaned before they are packed away for the winter. Dry cleaning kills all forms of moth life. Moth larvae munch their way happily through the cold winter months and your clothes—if, that is, your home is heated. Only below-freezing weather efficiently kills them off.

Ranger





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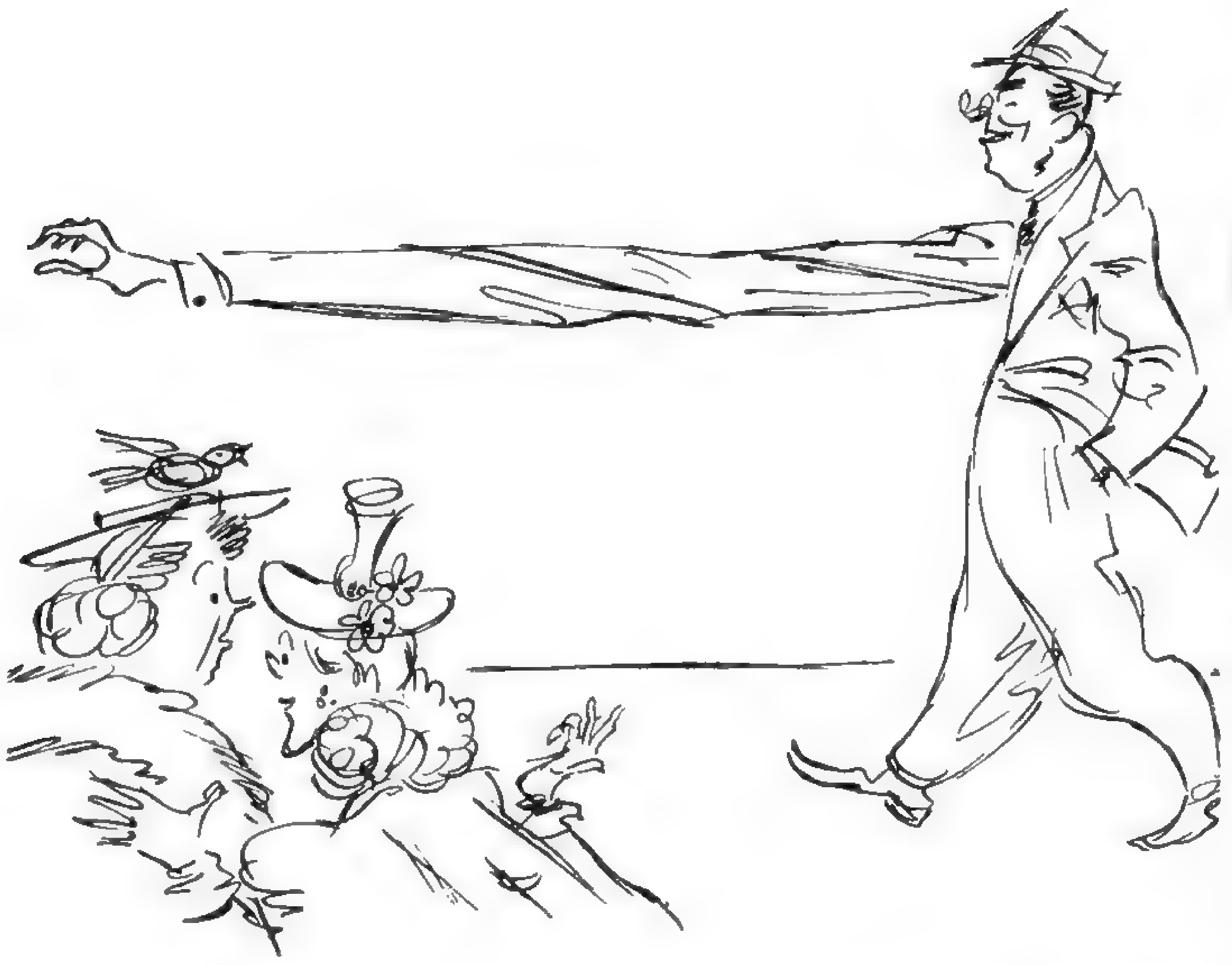

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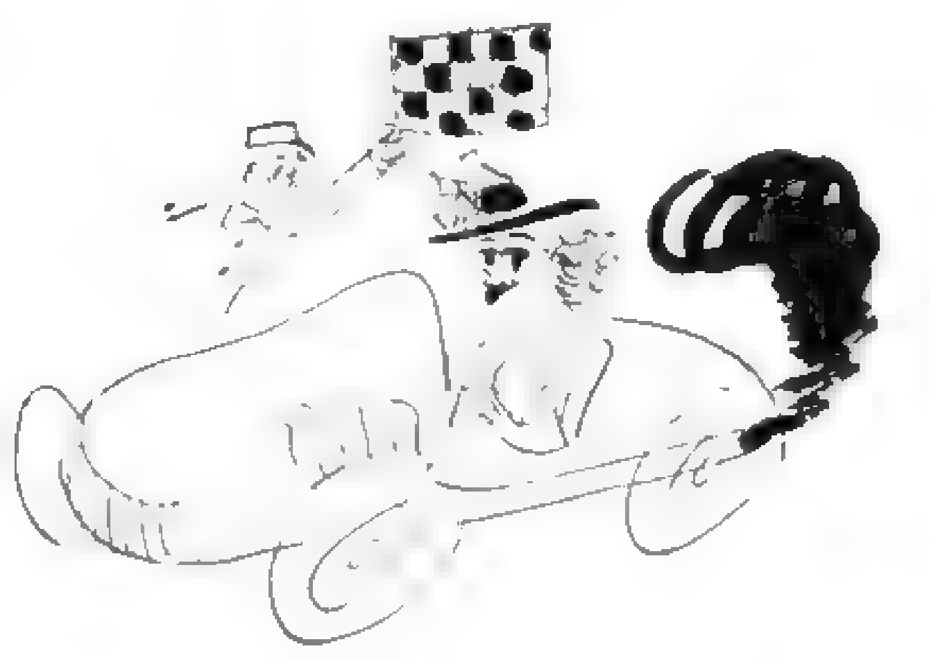
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

YOU GOT TO EAT
EDITION TWO

With the World's Fair coming to a rapid close, it seems an auspicious moment to this department to re-cap the Fair's dangerous occupations mentioned in the July issue, and see what happened. You'll remember that the Fair started with one strike on it when a workman fell from the top of the huge Heinz Dome and was killed. Naturally, bearing in mind the tradition of three of a kind, the boys and girls in the other hazardous occupations were holding their hats for the other two.

Well, despite big winds and slippery surfaces, nobody has fallen off the Perisphere as yet; although one painter slung out over the oversized 250-foot ball did get the lines on which his bos'n's chair was slung tangled up, and spent a few uncomfortable hours until safely lowered into the pool below. The worst that happened to him was a mild cold from wet feet.

But the fellow who took a header from a hundred feet to simulate a hanging in Old New Orleans found the going a bit rough. The "break-away," as it is known in circus parlance, is never an easy stunt, but when you've got winds to contend with, it becomes doubly dangerous. Old New Orleans is in the open, and there's nothing yet, outside of a wall, that man has invented to stop a breeze.



At the Goodrich Arena where Jimmie Lynch and his Death Dodgers put tires and cars through hair-raising paces, the two pretty lassies he took on to snap up the show are still packing them in, although one of them pulled a fast one when she was hired by telling Jimmie she could drive. She could. She'd been at it all of a week. Jimmie grinned like a good sport and gave her the rest of the lessons; but her crack-ups while learning cost the diminutive auto-acrobat considerable bucks and the girl a few bruises. Still, she handles a car like a veteran today. Right now, though, Jimmie is worried for fear the boys and girls have grown over-confident and are stretching their "precision driving" a bit. On a sixth of a mile track, driving must be precise or there's trouble. You can balance a car on two wheels down the track—after that you come down or roll and crack up in the fence.

But you'll remember the chaps who mess around in a rowboat down on Liberty Lake setting fuses on the high-power pyrotechnics that put on the nightly fireworks display. That stuff is really dangerous and when it blows up in your face, you visit the angels. But the second of three tragedies wasn't caused by fireworks. This chap fell out of his boat and was drowned. It may sound ironic for a chap who has played around with explosives all his life to be drowned rather than blown up, but it happened this summer, out in Flushing Meadows.

Where lightning always strikes in the same place—that is, at the General Electric building—the little safety cage the boys retire to before each shot has always been inhabited. The five million volts that streak across Steinmetz Hall have yet to find some laggard soul who wanted to tempt fate by getting a little closer to the scene of action. Maybe it needs only the remaining days of the Fair to find one—but the odds are getting very slim.

The roller coasters, sky rides, and other amusements, have lived up to the Fair's safety record of last year and neither killed nor maimed anyone. The parachute jump hasn't gotten stuck again by accident or press agent's design, although there was a

Continued on page II

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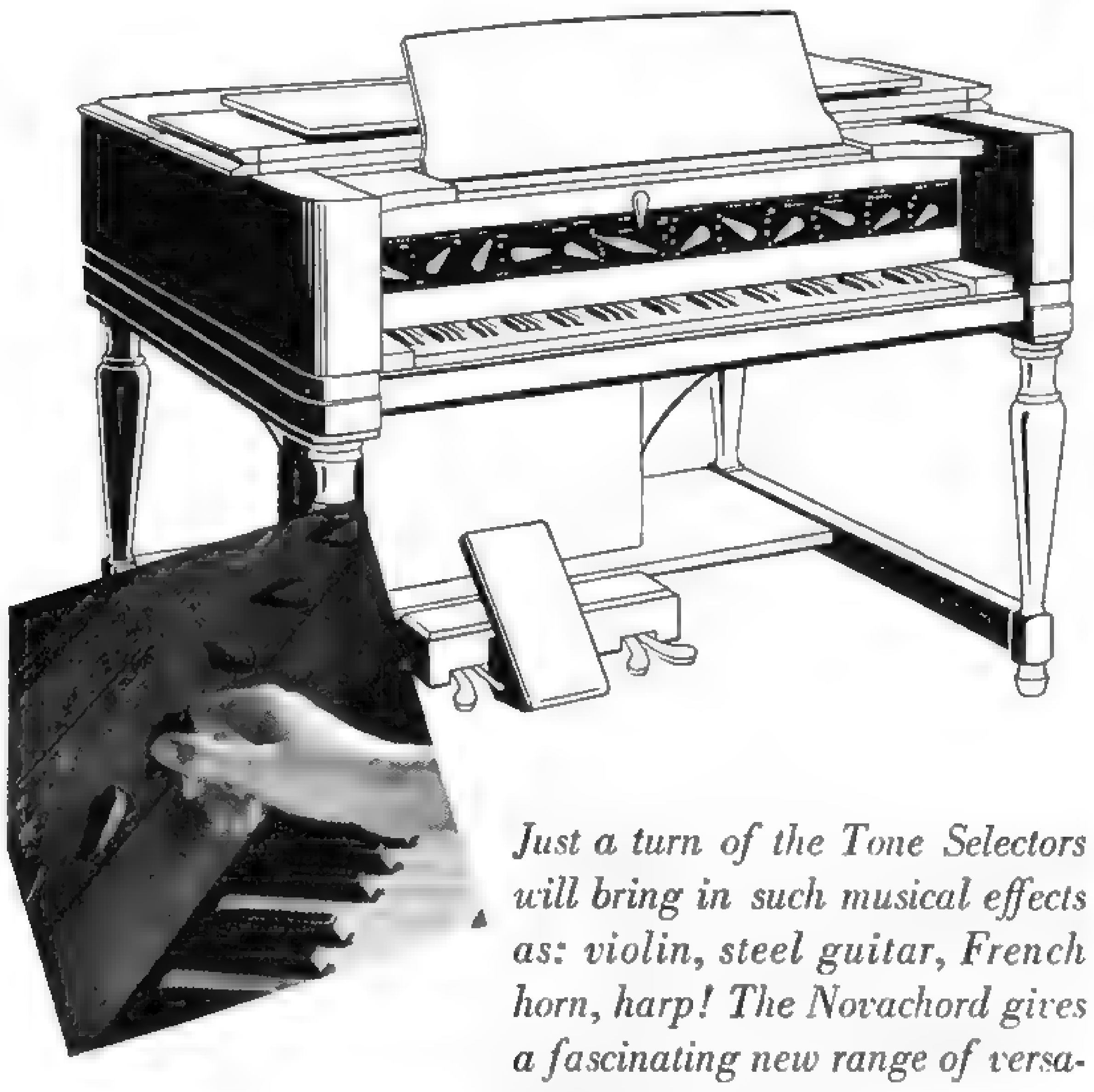

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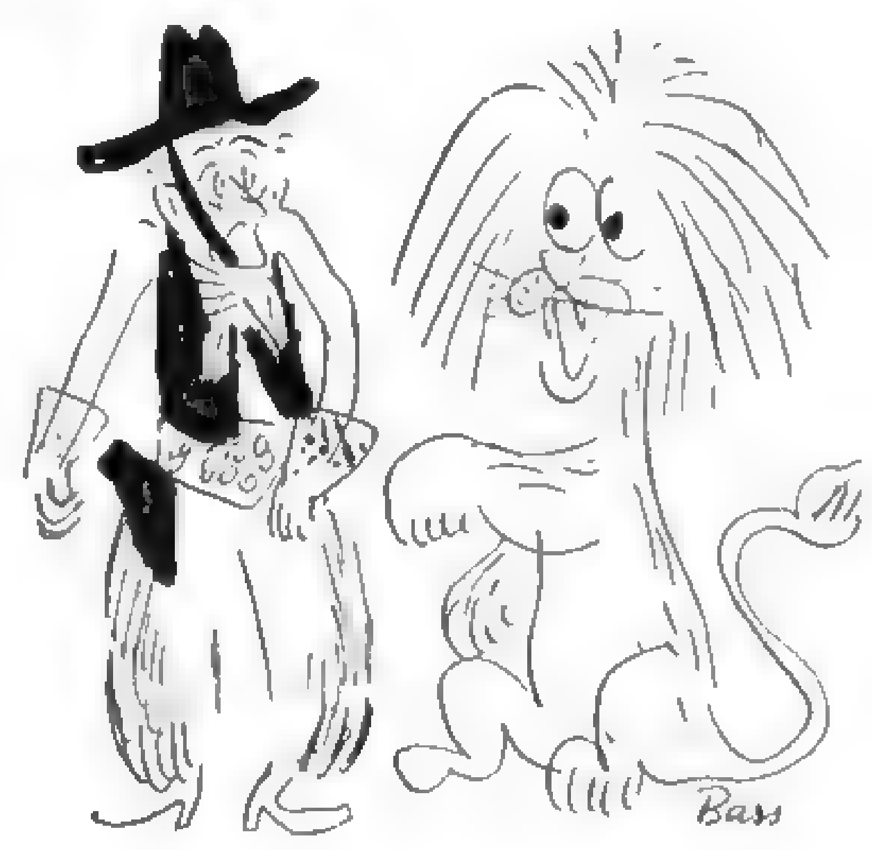
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

Continued from page F

chance when a couple got married up in the air. Newlyweds spending their wedding night stuck on the jump would have been a press agent's dream—but somebody had mercy on the couple.

But on the Wall of Death, the wooden tubs where motorcyclists ride a perpendicular wall with roaring exhausts and seeming nonchalance, a series of accidents culminated in the third tragedy. First, the lion they rode around in the cockpit of a midget car got sick of having no attention paid to him and went berserk. He clawed one man into the hospital and escaped for a brief bit of freedom. Trainers from Frank Buck's rounded him up and caged him. The World's Fair authorities cracked down and stopped his further use in the circular velodrome after that. But that didn't stop the men from riding—and the thing all daredevils fear happened when they were trying out a new man to replace the badly clawed veteran. There's a steel cable around the top inside of the wall that serves as a safety precaution for the spectators. It also ties the sections of the tube together. They were doing the tandem stunt with two motorcycles on the wall at the same time. You guessed it. The new man hit the cable, bounced down on the other fellow and killed him. The funeral closed the show for a day, but they were back on the job the day after. Carnival daredevilling is a grim business, but a man's got to eat.

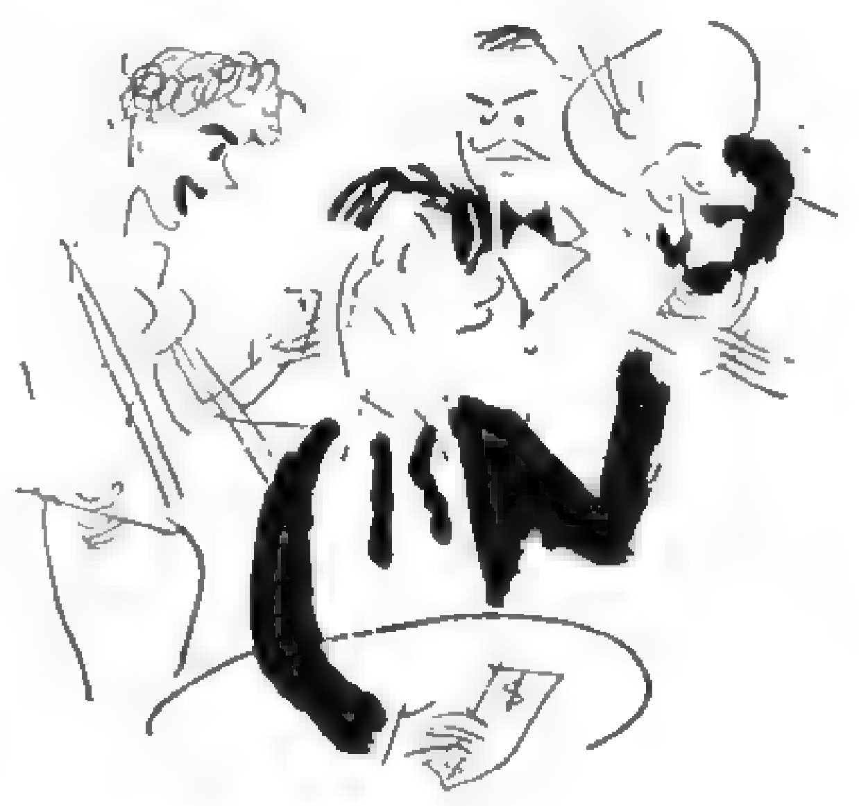


There it is. The three of a kind came about. One of the other thrill providers who handles big cats—lions and tigers, to you—at Jungleland, was heard to say the other day that he breathed a lot easier now that he'd been excluded from the other three—but he added hastily that, like the others, it wasn't too easy.

BOOGIE-WOOGIE MOVES UPTOWN

Cafe Society, the Greenwich Village nitery which Barney Josephson, the ex-Trenton (N. J.) shoe-dealer, opened nearly two years ago as a satire on "cafe society", to discover to his intense delight and fattened wallet that the lampooned folks themselves became enamored of the place, opened an uptown branch on October 8th right in the heart of the "silk-stocking" district—58th Street, just off Park Avenue.

Josephson, in his capacity as shoe-dealer, used to visit New York each week in search of new styles for his store. A night club after a busy day was indicated, and Josephson got to pretty nearly all of them. Analyzing his own reaction to the entertainment offered, and finding it agreed with that of most of his night-clubbing acquaintances, he decided there was a need for the kind of night club where people could relax. There would be no interruptions of the usual sort—"Take-your-picture, sir? You don't have to buy one." — "Read your palm?"—"Cigars, cigarettes, pistachio nuts?" — "Buy a doll to take home?" He was a sucker for all these things. He'd always buy them, and then leave them. All but his palms. He was a mild little man, a worm that turned.



Spurred on by his friend, Helen Brown Norden, and her friend, Clare Booth, he decided to take a flyer in the business himself. They picked a spot in Greenwich Village at 2 Sheridan Square because rent was cheap and New Yorkers don't mind going a little out of the way for something good.

"Let's make it a satire on cafe society," Clare said. "Let's *call* it 'Cafe Society'," Helen suggested. And that was that. A number of America's outstanding caricaturists and satirists were called in. Hoff, Sam Berman, Peggy Bacon, Gropper, Groth, Bierman, Dern, Refregier, and Gregor Duncan

Continued on page J

NO QUARRY, THIS, FOR AN AMATEUR HUNTER

Here, indeed, do you capitulate to no casual caprice. Here must you possess both the urge and the opulence to do so bountiful a bidding...yes, even for the most fabulous of fabulous and female of females.

For, this is princely Russian Sable and the stakes are huge and the game no quarry of an amateur hunter.

In the gift of a coat of these glorious pelts, you are no suppliant humbly beseeching the favors of a lady. You surrender, yes...but like an omniscient god to the inevitability of Woman...like a King who struts clear-eyed to meet his proud fate.

Companion to the immortals are you, indeed. You are Peter the Great with his caravans of sables. You are Voltaire with his passionate and priceless cloak bequeathed tenderly by Catherine the Great.

You are Marco Polo with his tales of sable riches of the great Kublai Khan...and yet Parsifal and the Romanoffs with whose deathless history these crown-crested furs mingle.

A Titan you, for your favors shall be obvious as regal. If she is worthy of this grandeur? Mercy, what a lady, she!

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The bandeau style, as shown above, has a *removable* tab, which may be attached to the girdle with extra-low back gowns and a *five-way* fastening. The long-line versions have *two-way* fastenings. You may also select *"Once-Overs" (one-piece foundations) with "Allegro" brassiere tops, with or without "cloth-back" control for slimming the hips — $5.00 to $7.50.

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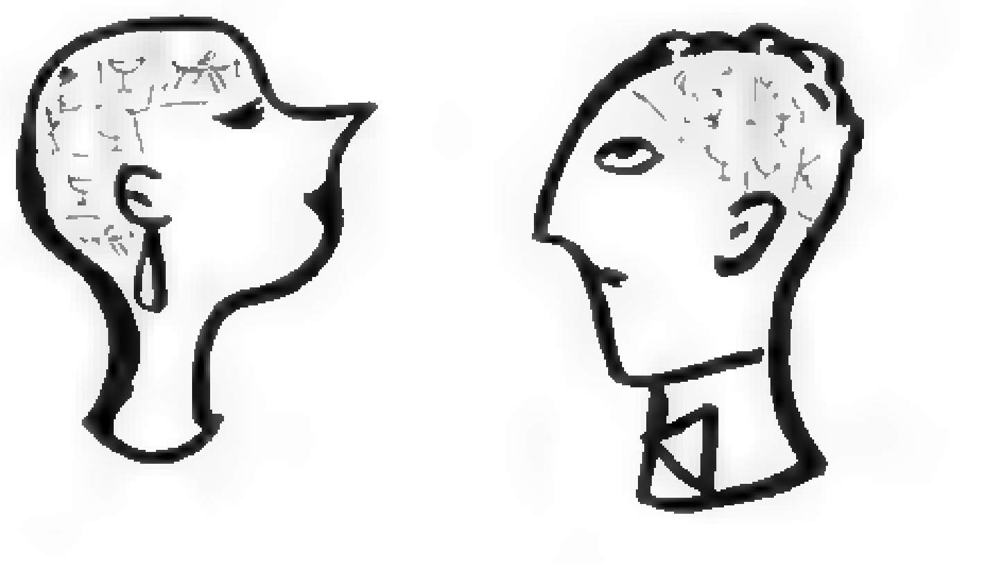
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

Continued from page 11

were commissioned to paint "whatever you like, just so the pictures fit the walls and you get together and decide on a general color scheme." That's all Josephson asked of them. They had a fine time; the results were very attractive.

John Hammond, Jr., the swami of swing, came into the picture and Josephson asked him to get whatever musical talent he thought best for the place. Thus, the Boogie-Woogie Boys—Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson, and Meade Lux Lewis, with their Kansas blues shouter, Big Joe Turner—were introduced to New York. They're still behind the same keyboards. And no musical talent has ever been hired there save at the suggestion of Hammond, one of Cafe Society's greatest assets.



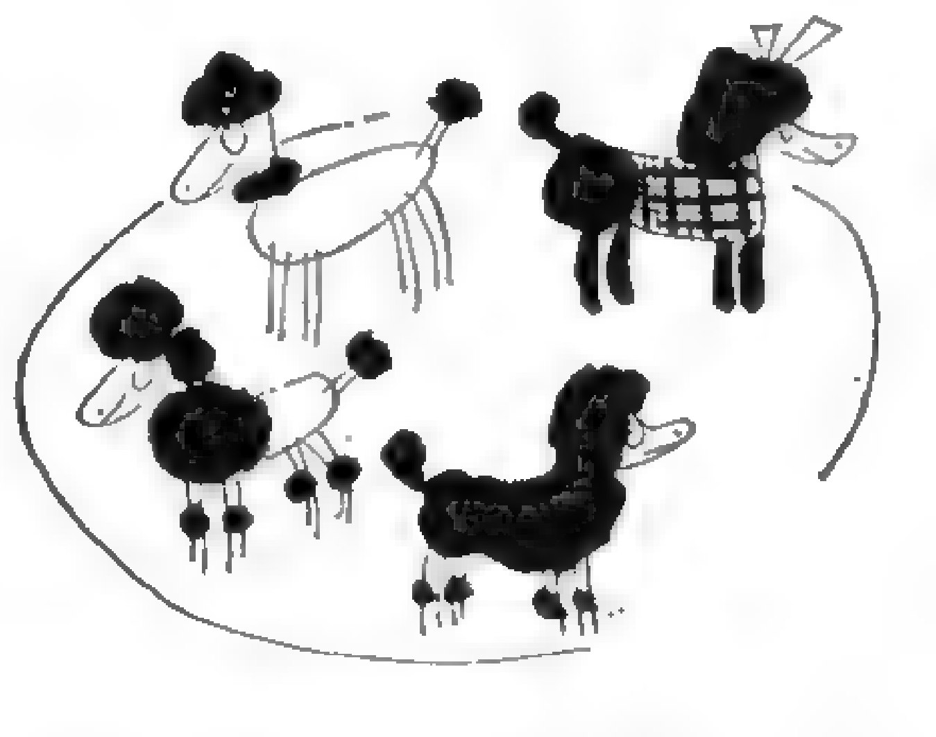
Bands came one after another, with Frankie Newton's leading off, followed by Stuff Smith, Joe Sullivan, and Joe Marsala. At the beginning of July, 1940, Teddy Wilson, one-time pianist for Benny Goodman's Trio and Quartet, opened at Cafe Society downtown with a small band which turned out to be the one Josephson had been waiting for. It became a popular fixture, rivalling even Sullivan's, and is now playing uptown while Joe Sullivan's has returned to the downtown stand.

The same Boogie-Woogie and swing policy — "From Spirituals to Swing"—which has made the downtown place a hit, is in order uptown. It's practically the entire downtown show, consisting of lush Hazel Scott, mistress of ceremonies, singer in seven languages and swinger of the classics at the piano (she studied eight years at Juilliard); the famed Golden Gate Quartet, which swings spirituals nightly at the club and five times a week in their own program over CBS; the Boogie-Woogie Boys, and the Wilson Band.

Pete Johnson, the Kansas Boogie-Woogie pianist, and Big Joe Turner, remain at Cafe Society downtown. Billie Holiday, recording blues singer, who was a hit at the original Cafe Society for eight months before Hazel Scott succeeded her, has returned to Sheridan Square. Sister Tharpe, swinger of spirituals and ballad-chanter with her own guitar accompaniment, and Art Tatum, celebrated blind Negro pianist from Hollywood, are in line for the show. Hammond has discovered a quintet, a father and four sons, in Alabama, which is taking the place of the Golden Gate Quartet.

The new location consists of a fine four-story building formerly occupied by the Surf Club. The entire interior has been given a new satirical decor by the famous muralist, Anton Refregier; floor plans have been freshly designed by prize-winning architect Percival Goodman. The main floor is modern, with Robert Kronbach's flying surrealistic figures dangling from the thirty-foot ceiling, while the mezzanine lounge has a humorous Victorian touch. A mural in fresco, eight feet wide and twelve feet high, graces the façade instead of a sign of any kind. Refregier did this, too.

One of the features of the Aviator's Bar (named for the soaring gull-shape), which is open from cocktail time, is the "Try-A-Hat" Mirror. Each month various models of a leading milliner, Lilly or John or Hattie, or any of their ilk, will be deftly painted on a mirror at a level which will allow all women sitting at the bar to fit their heads under them and see how they look in this hat and that. One milliner per month will get a chance to exploit his or her latest models.



Josephson figures that one success deserves another, especially in a city of seven million souls—and with nearly a million out-of-towners per day, he thinks there should be customers enough for both places.

Ranger

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

EVERYBODY'S VARSITY

The National League, with ten clubs in nine cities, from teeming New York to little Green Bay, Wisconsin, symbolizes professional football in this country. The cash-and-carry league was organized in 1921 by the late Joe Carr of Columbus to bring some semblance of order in a young, disorganized, uncouth sport, almost entirely ignored by the public and held in high suspicion by the mahatmas of college football.

The National League started with thirteen clubs flung through the mid-west and with only two eastern representatives—Buffalo and Rochester. Club franchises went begging at $50. In those early days of bitter struggles, club owners generally divided about ten dollars after meeting small expenses.

Today the National League is streamlined to ten clubs, five east, five west. Late last winter Fred L. Mandel, Jr., young Chicago business executive, purchased the Detroit Club franchise for $235,000. The Chicago Bears' franchise is worth at least $500,000. The New York Giants are valued at close to one million.

The National League has grown much in the manner that the proverbial giant oaks sprout from tiny acorns. The pay-for-play circuit now represents this country's fastest-growing professional sport. Its phenomenal rise provides oodles of material for sport's most fascinating success story.

Numerous clubs folded, and others, operating on financial shoestrings, filled the gaps as the National League battled for its fly-by-night existence until the 1925 season. That year proved the turning point. It was memorable for the addition of the New York Giants to the league, and the pro debut of Harold (Red) Grange, who, as the Illinois Galloping Ghost, had performed such prodigious and highly publicized feats on college gridirons.

After many unsuccessful starts, President Carr, foresightedly anxious to strengthen his wobbly league with a club in New York, talked to Tim Mara, a noted sportsman, a big Irishman with a pronounced penchant for taking speculative chances.

Mara was interested immediately. He finally decided to take the gamble. The league franchise cost $3,500. Players were signed. Bob Folwell, late of Annapolis, was engaged as coach. Blue and red uniforms were purchased and the team came into being. At the end of the baseball season the football Giants moved into the Polo Grounds, assisted by the paternal attention of Charles Stoneham, late owner of the baseball Giants.

Thousands of free tickets were distributed, but the football populace refused to warm up to the new pro pigskin warriors. In a few weeks Mara was behind not $20,000, but double that amount.

However, the sombre financial clouds soon turned color. Red Grange, the national college star that year, after playing his last game for Illinois, quickly joined the Chicago Bears. After one pro encounter, Thanksgiving Day in Chicago, the Bears invaded New York. So great was the public's suddenly aroused curiosity to see the famed Galloping Ghost that 70,685 jammed the Polo Grounds. Thousands were unable to gain admission. It was a record football crowd for the Polo Grounds. It still is.

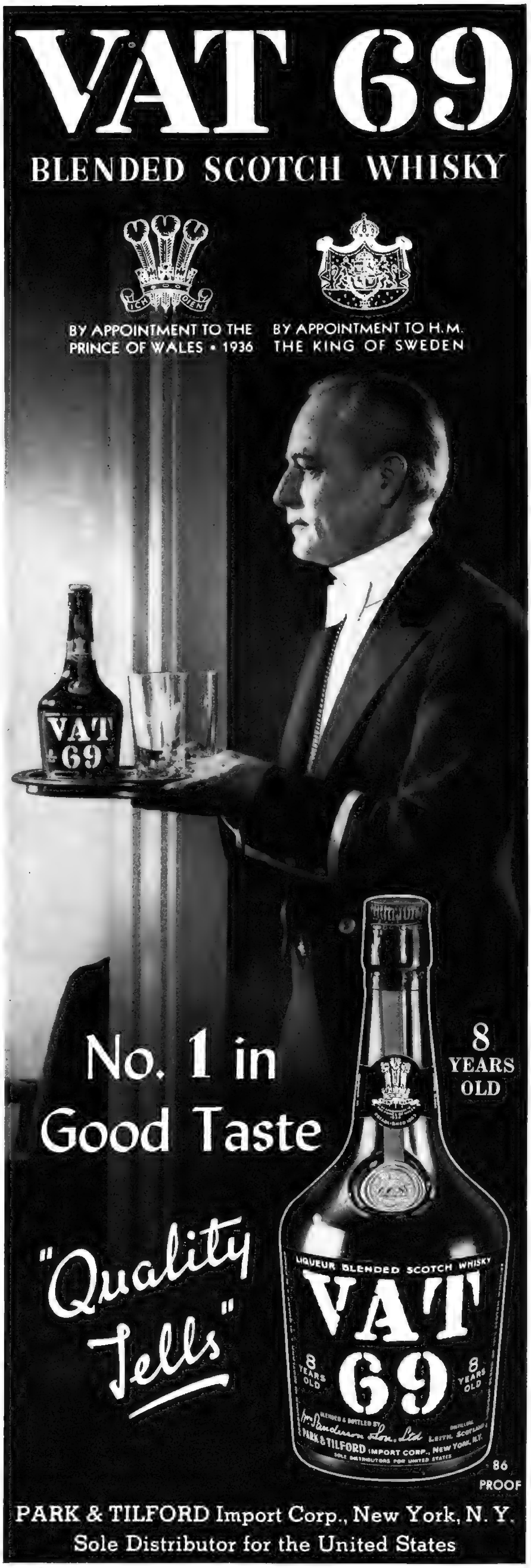
That tremendous outpouring of gridiron customers induced C. C. Pyle, Grange's manager, to start his own league the following year with Grange's team operating in the Yankee Stadium. It was a disastrous adventure. One year of war and Pyle went broke. It cost Mara about $75,000 to hold his circuit together.

In August, 1926, at Saratoga, Mara and Pyle met. The latter quit and agreed to enter his Grange team in Mara's league with home games at the Yankee Stadium. After a few years as featured box office attraction, Grange hung up his uniform and famed "77" jersey to become backfield coach for the Chicago Bears. He's still coaching the Bears' backs in carrying the mail.

Meanwhile, the National League was slowly forging ahead. College opposition was lessening because the league in 1926 passed a rule not to play undergraduate pigskin chasers until their class had been graduated. Pro football really began to take root in 1933. In 1939 nearly 1,300,000 paid customers watched the league's fifty-five championship contests, plus the title play-off game between winners in the eastern and western divisions.

Last year the National League's roster of almost 300 players was formed entirely by former college players, many of which were the previous season's outstanding stars like Davey O'Brien, "Mad Marshall" Goldberg, Bob MacLeod, Ki Aldrich, and Sid Luckman.

As more and more former college luminaries perform on league teams and the pros continue to increase their already spectacular type of open passing, football turnstiles click faster. In 1926 the Giants drew as few as 1800 to games. This season they expect to average 40,000 for seven home games at the Polo Grounds. All other league clubs expect to top their 1939 attendance figures. Pro football has evidently become everybody's varsity.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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

BRIEF HISTORY

SPORT ON EIGHTH AVENUE

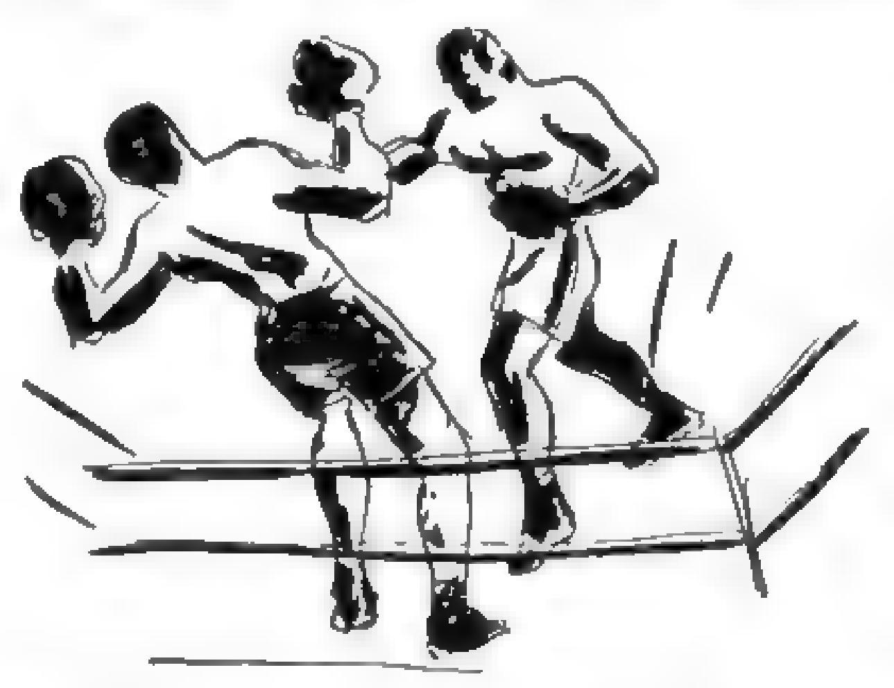
Manhattan is famous as a city of contradictions. There are no cannon on the Battery. Baseball is played at the Polo Grounds. The Winter Garden is open in summer and Madison Square Garden is not located in Madison Square but on the edge of Hell's Kitchen. It's the last of these, however—the Garden—that is the greatest phenomenon of them all.

When Phineas T. Barnum came roaring down from Connecticut in 1873, there was a very unusual idea lurking in his head. None could visualize that the shadow he cast at 27th Street and Madison Avenue would develop into the substance that today is Madison Square Garden, the sports center of the continent. He leased the old New Haven depot at 27th Street opposite Madison Square, refitted it and opened it as Barnum's Great Hippodrome. The top was not completely enclosed, the showman having covered it with canvas attached to the four walls like a great circus tent. It became the circus headquarters of the city. In 1887 the place was taken over by the famous military bandmaster, Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, and it became known as Gilmore's Gardens. A rumor unfortunately got around that it was haunted and the cash customers failed to respond.

Once again, in 1879, the place was refitted, and opened as a summer resort. That was the first Madison Square Garden; the name was suggested by William H. Vanderbilt. Plans for the second Madison Square Garden were formulated by directors of the National Horse Show Association in 1887. Its architects were McKim, Mead and White, the latter being the unfortunate and famous Stanford White who, in 1906, was pistoled to death in the building he created by the paranoic, Harry Thaw.

The new structure was opened June 16, 1890. The great Edouard Strauss, of Vienna, was brought over to provide the debut with a concert and ballet, the latter directed by Leon Espinosa. This was the famous Garden of the Gay Nineties that soon became the home of the first things in the sport and amusement world. Over it hovered the Saint-Gaudens statue of Diana which Anthony Comstock found not so chaste.

By 1924, the second Garden had been forced further and further from the amusement centers. Sports trails led in a different direction. It was then Tex Rickard stepped in and, backed by John Ringling of circus fame, announced a super Madison Square Garden at the price of $5,000,000. Located between 49th to 50th Streets on 8th Avenue, the building was opened on December 15, 1925, with the introduction of professional hockey in New York.



Of all the great amusement houses of the city, the Garden has appealed to the widest range of people and interests. The answer is, of course, its remarkable variety of entertainment. The list includes everything in the indoor sports and amusement line from the circus to concerts; dog, cat, horse, food and sportsmen's shows; great ice carnivals, prize fights, six-day bicycle races, notable religious and political meetings, and championship rodeos.

The Garden opened its 1940-41 winter season with the Fifteenth Annual World's Championship Rodeo on October 9th; nineteen days and twenty-six performances of western sports, in which more than 200 cowboys are taking on, with varying success, 600 head of wild range stock. There are seven competitive events consisting of bronc bareback riding, bronc saddle riding, steer wrestling and riding, wild cow milking, calf roping, and a wild horse race for purses aggregating $35,000.

While the boys are resting, the audience breathing freely and the chutes being loaded, the rodeo is going in for showmanship this year with a Ziegfeld touch. Six pretty girls from five western states, sent here officially from their communities, are riding in a Cutting-Out Contest, and Gene Autry, singing western star of pictures and radio, is guest-starring, the first the rodeo has ever had.

But as Bobby Burns might have said, “a fall is a fall for all of that.” Despite the streamlining, the rodeo still retains its basic kick. It has to. “Kick” is a Garden tradition.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

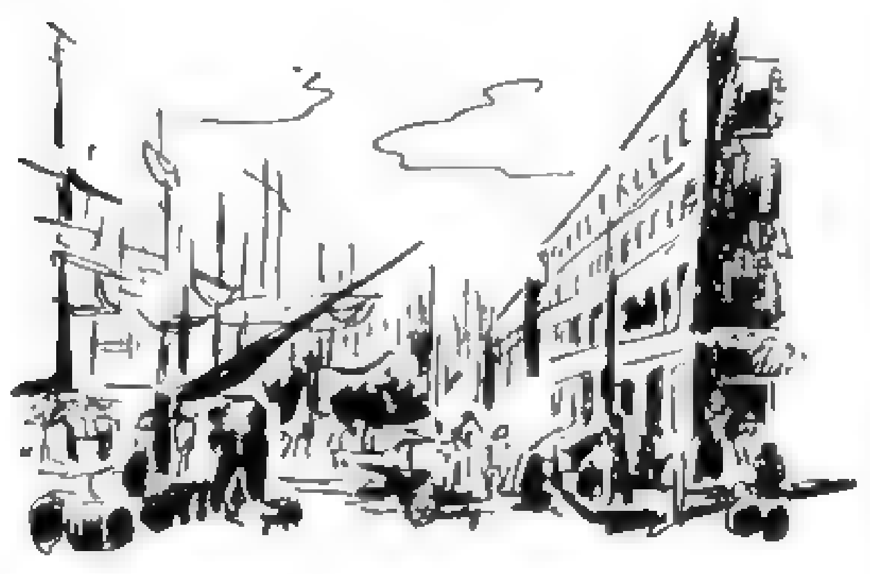
CLIPPER TO FREIGHTER

1840 - 1940

Just to keep the record straight, the idea of extending the city's bulkhead to build roads where only water flowed before—as the Park Department is now doing with various sections of the East River Drive—isn't exactly original with the present fathers of Manhattan.

There are ghosts that walk today on Water, Front and South Streets, not far from the arching span of Brooklyn Bridge, to remind us that the same thing was done more than 100 years ago in this area, where the famous importing and exporting merchants were clustered between Fletcher and Wall Streets.

In fact, it was done twice, according to the best records on the subject, largely because of the apparently irrelevant fact that New Yorkers were so fond of their daily cup of tea. In the early days of Manhattan, the East River waterfront was Water Street, but as the merchant ships increased in size, due to enlarged cargoes, and required deep water, the land was filled in—first to Front Street, and later to South Street as it is today.



In its flourishing heydey, which reached its peak between 1843 and the Civil War, South Street—particularly between Fletcher and Wall Streets—was the hub of the city's commercial and financial life, which centered on the thriving China tea trade.

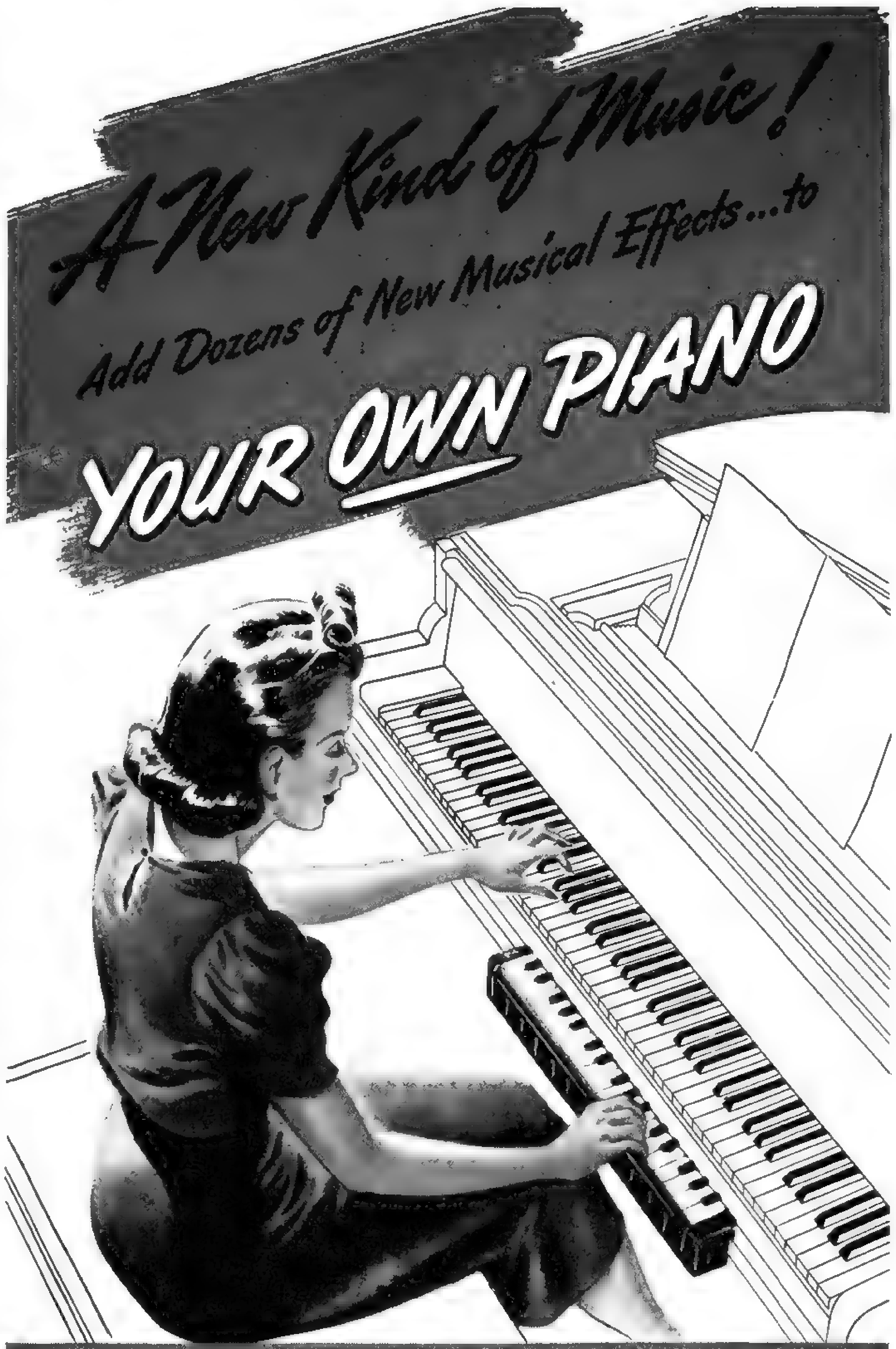
Following the War of 1812, which established for America freedom of the seas, trading with foreign nations became one of the prime necessities in the planned development of this country, and by 1840 American merchants were clamoring for a more rapid delivery of tea in order to meet effectively competition with England and the rest of Europe. Faster ships were needed to replace the plodding sailing vessels which took 12 months to go to China and return. In answer to this demand, John W. Griffeths of New York, a young marine architect, came forth with plans for a sailing ship so contrary to the then accepted principles of ship design that few believed it capable of remaining top-side up, let alone sail.

Nothing daunted, however, the shipping firm of Howland and Aspinwall, then doing business at 54-55 South Street, commissioned Smith and Dimon of New York to embody Griffeths' ideas in a ship of 750 tons which was finally launched in 1845 and christened the Rainbow—mother ship of all the stately line of tea clippers that were to follow and create an American Merchant Marine second to none for many years. Criticized by observers during her building as being "contrary to the laws of nature," because her stem had been carried forward in a curved line, her water lines hollowed out and her breadth drawn further aft, she effectively squelched all criticism by going out to China on her first run against the northeast monsoon in ninety-two days. She returned in eighty-eight days, bringing with her news of her own arrival in Canton.

With the success of the Rainbow, the activities on busy South Street reached a peak never equalled before or since. Its merchants were the leaders of the city – commercially, financially, politically, and socially. They were the dominant capitalists of their day, exporting domestic goods and importing foreign goods, owning their own ships and usually their cargoes as well. Valentine's Manual on "The Clipper Ships of New York" describes South Street in those days: "There are still many men in New York who can recall the forest of masts in South Street . . . the long bowsprits with their grotesque figures that stretched clear across the street almost to the window opposite; the fragrant odor of tar, Norway pine, spices and what not; the wheezy donkey engine, the creaking windlass and the strange oaths of the stevedores and truckmen—all were characteristics of South Street in the reign of the China Tea Clipper."

The harbor itself was literally choked with clippers and other sailing vessels from all corners

Continued on page N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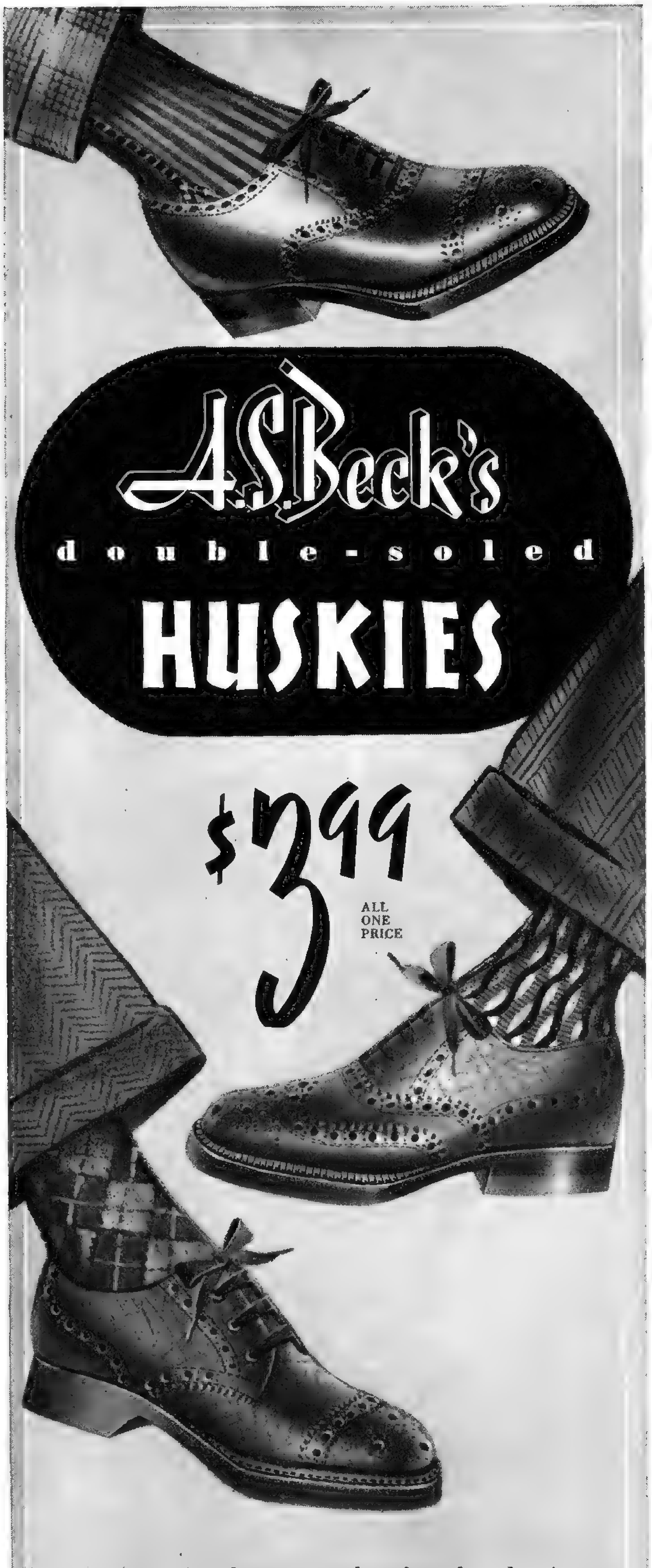

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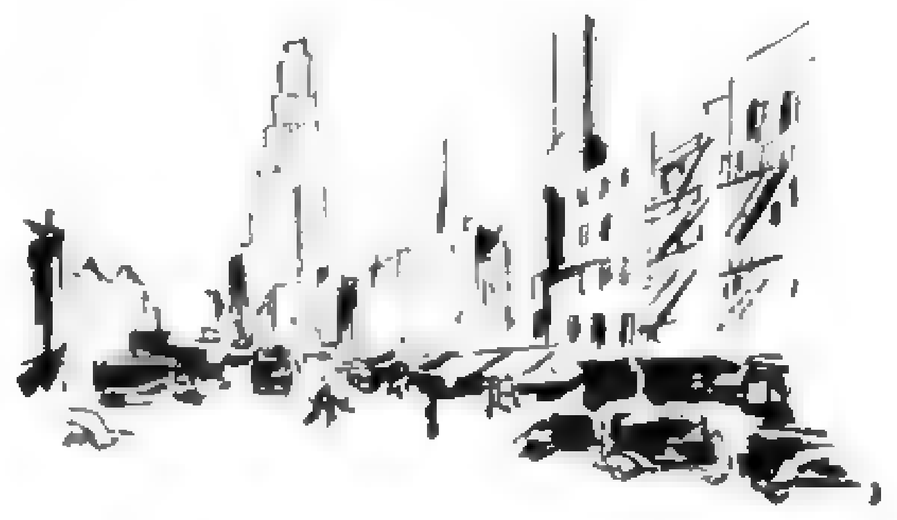
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

Continued from page M

of the world, with the vessels usually lying at wharves along South Street, several tiers deep. An actual count made on March 16, 1844, showed there were 1011 vessels in the harbor—consisting of 121 ships, 43 barques, 101 brigs, 2 galliots, 208 schooners and 536 ordinary sloops and schooners, lying at a total extent of about seven miles of wharves.

Today, hardly 100 years later, fewer ships enter New York harbor in six months than were counted in harbor in one day in 1844, due in large part to the greatly increased capacity of the present vessels. And by far the greatest number of these ships dock at slips in the North instead of the East River.

South Street itself today, broader than it was 100 years ago, would hardly be recognized by the merchants who brought it fame in the days of the tea clippers. Still busy, the roar of traffic has taken the place of the "creaking windlass," the odor of truck exhausts has replaced the "fragrant odor of tar and Norway pine" and the rakish tilt of towering masts and the outthrust bowsprits across the streets has given way to the stubby funnels of the powerful freighters from South American ports.



In spite of the shift in destiny of this street, made famous by the tea trade and the clippers this trade developed, there continues the same demand for tea. Still flowing freely is this beverage that made South Street one of the world's busiest traffic lanes for more than two decades, that helped establish the American Merchant Marine as a dominant power in world commerce.

EDDIE DAVIS

POOR MAN'S NOEL COWARD

In 1927, a tall, blond young man arrived in New York City by bus from Philadelphia. He had advanced himself in the City of Brotherly Love from the post of barker and "wheel" man at carnivals to the comparatively glamorous role of master of ceremonies and singer of sentimental songs at small night clubs and theaters. The first thing the young man did was to pause at a newsstand and purchase a copy of "Variety". Seeing an ad for a Jackson Heights apartment house in that theatrical bible, he naively assumed that Jackson Heights was the approved theatrical district. He installed his family in a Long Island apartment and signed a year's lease. After a period of haunting agent's offices and giving endless auditions, the young man—Eddie Davis—landed his first job, at the Everglades Club in the midtown sector. For a solid year, Davis travelled by subway to Jackson Heights around 4 A.M. every morning.

Today, at Leon and Eddie's (where he has starred for almost twelve years and which he owns with his partner, Leon Enken), the out-of-towners who frequent the place where "Life is a Beautiful Thing," consider Eddie Davis the wisest of all New Yorkers. His "Rolling Down the Mountains" and "Virgin Sturgeon" are Swing Lane classics. He has enjoyed a longer run than either "Tobacco Road" or "Abie's Irish Rose." He is referred to as "The Poor Man's Noel Coward."

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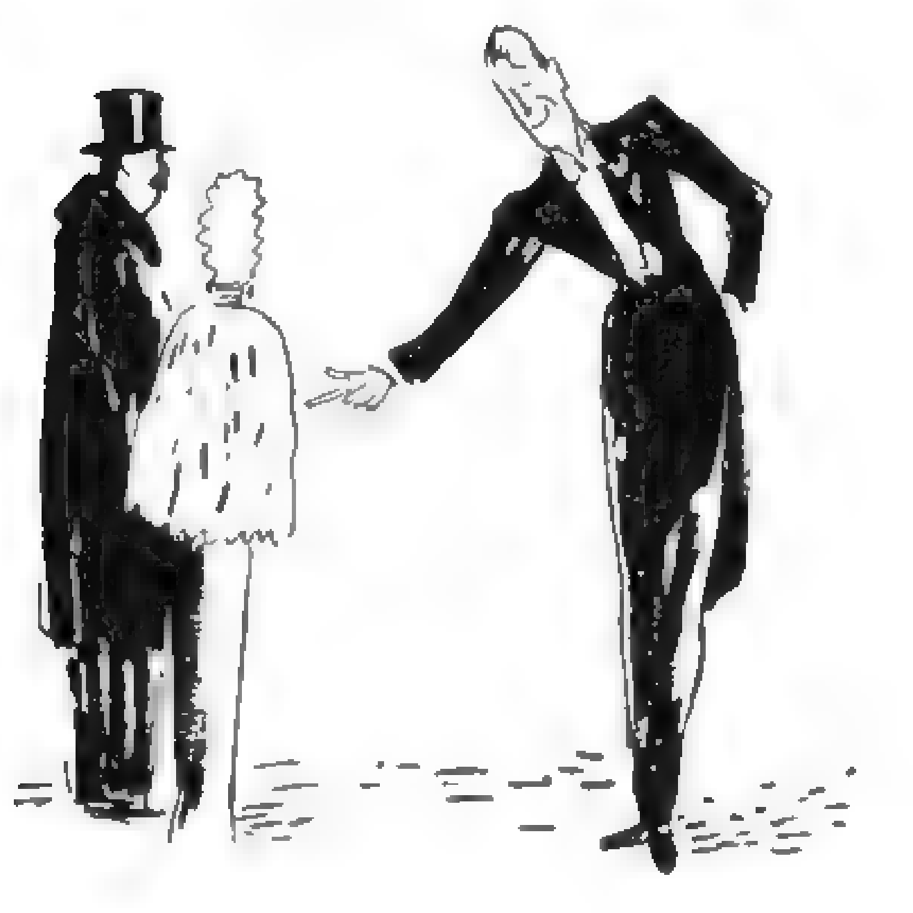
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

Continued from page N

Jackson Heights is a thing of the past—today Davis and his family live on Central Park West in a penthouse with a miniature swimming pool and miniature "Maine Lodge" on its spacious terraces. Davis, whose penthouse boasts the largest private solarium in the sector, never arises before dusk and maintains his sun-tan by visiting a barber shop between shows and reclining under a sun lamp.

Born and raised in Philadelphia, Davis attended the John Agnew and Joseph W. Widener public schools. While still going to high school, he ran away from home and secured a job with the American Can Company. Several weeks of time clocks and lunch whistles convinced him that factory work was not for him. He scouted around until he secured the grand appointment of wheel man with the Otis-Adams Carnival. When the carnival disbanded for the cold, hard winter months, Davis decided to become a tearful tenor, and at the old Hurley House in Philadelphia, he made his professional debut singing "Main Street Wasn't Big Enough for Mary."

In 1927, when Davis was at the Everglades, Leon Enken was headwaiter at the Parody Club in New York where Clayton, Jackson and Durante were headliners. Enken had been scouting about for some time to find an entertainer and partner in a small nightclub venture. Noticing that Davis, originally signed for two weeks, remained at the Everglades for two solid years, Enken decided Davis was his man.



When Leon and Eddie pooled their finances in 1929, they opened the first boisterous nitery known to 52nd Street. It occupied the site of the former Bernard Baruch town house. 52nd Street, at the time, was an avenue of private residences. Social registerites who tenanted the street tolerated the vulgar disturbance in their midst only because Leon and Eddie, showing some of the diplomacy which has since done them no harm at all, borrowed money to contribute to the various pet charities sponsored by their neighbors. So hard pressed for finances were the two partners that Eddie was not able to sing for almost five months after the cafe opened because he and Leon could not afford a piano.

Finally, Davis bought a small piano on the installment plan. He sang a song called "I'm a Gigolo" one night—a sad and tearful tune —and because he accidentally put his hand on his hip, the audience roared. That's how comedians are born. During their five years at the original Leon and Eddie's, there was no dance music and only Eddie Davis to entertain the customers. With the advent of repeal, they moved to their present quarters at 33 West 52nd Street, installed an orchestra and a show and started a high-powered campaign of mail and newspaper advertising.

Davis introduced Sunday Celebrity Nights to Leon and Eddie's with surprisingly successful results. Their guests of honor have included the Ranee of Sarawak, who told jokes; Tommy Manville, who turned his back to the audience and made a speech to the orchestra; Columnists Dorothy Kilgallen and Danton Walker; George Jessel and Milton Berle. The proceedings are never planned. Once, George Raft did the Charleston in his bedroom slippers. Another time, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., told a series of jokes so well that he completely stole the show from a group of professional comics.

Davis has sung approximately twenty-five to thirty songs each night for more than eleven years. He has an astounding memory for lyrics. It is this same uncanny memory that enables him to remember the names of all those tourists who like to feel that at least one nightclub owner in New York City will greet them as a pal.

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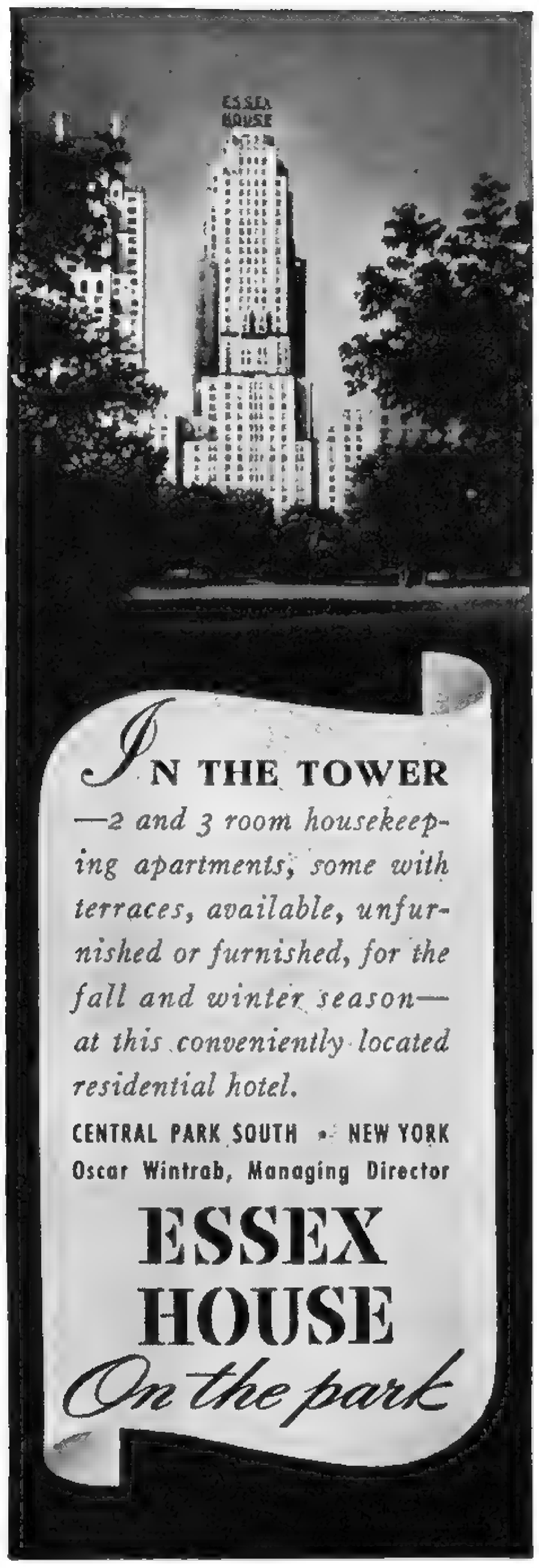

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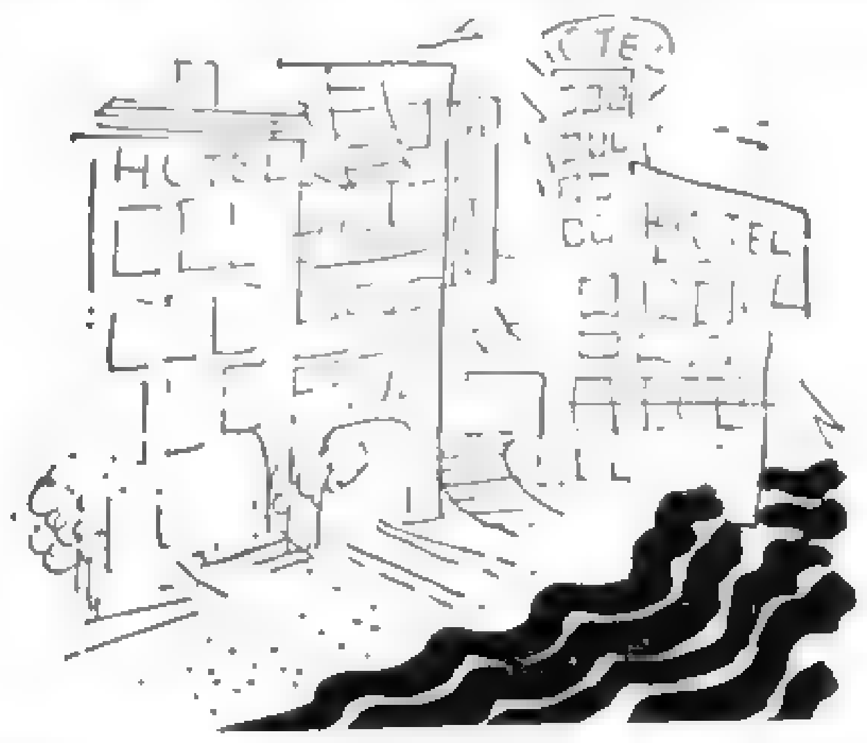
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

SOME LIKE IT HOT
REPORT FROM MR. HANNAGAN

New Yorkers will have a new skyline to play with when they hibernate to the southern suburb of Miami Beach this winter. Its building figures, in fact, are comparatively as interesting as the more publicized variety found on the beach. Particularly the New Yorker's own, Miami Beach has been building for Manhattan for the past several years. It's chiefly for the likes of you that 247 hotels exist there. Forty of them grew just during the past summer months; and the boys don't seem to intend stopping with that number. Last year, fifty new hostelries were completed. Equipped with the usual lavish hand, their doors are opening to increasing numbers of suntan worshippers. What Manhattanites indicate they want from Miami Beach, they get. This year, twelve and a half million dollars' worth.



The season, starting very soon, will see the paid-up members of the Stork Club, Twenty-One, El Morocco and Lindy's superimposed again upon the Miami landscape. Why sworn allergics to any activity more strenuous than calling a taxi should make a 1500-mile-distant spot their winter headquarters is a matter for an expert, who is, of course, Steve Hannagan. Publicity squire and pappy of Miami Beach promotion, so busy thinking about Miami Beach that he scarcely has time to go down himself, Hannagan has a good deal to do with your inclination to visit Miami Beach this winter and with this story.

Says he, "Manhattan means as much to Miami Beach as Miami Beach does to Manhattan. Years ago we caught Eddie Cantor and Walter Winchell down at Miami Beach on the same day and for a 'gag' picture stuck up a background sign that said 'Broadway and 42nd Street.' Today we don't need that sign. Broadway and 42nd Street and Park Avenue all move down there en masse at the first sign of frost."

It wasn't a chilly Manhattanite who "discovered" Miami Beach, however. Mid-westerners, headed by the late Carl G. Fisher of Indianapolis, put their pioneer spirit in reverse and discovered the southern tip of Florida. They founded the city, which drew heavily on Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and Michigan for its winter population. Chances are that Miami Beach would still be a mid-western town several times removed if a few stray New Yorkers hadn't chanced upon it. Word of mouth and hardy, well-paid perennials like Hannagan have done the rest.

Once New York had heard about the town, the situation changed quickly. They demanded Ritz accomodations and Waldorf fixings, and that's why the folks down there who are in business—mostly native New Yorkers now, by the way—have been spending around ten million dollars per year for the past five years to match New York hotel standards.

Mr. Hannagan, modestly belying his own efforts for the moment, expresses a pet theory as to the increasing popularity of Miami Beach. "Few people realize it," he says, "but the popularity of Miami Beach and other southern oases has made a definite change in the habits of the nation. It has pointed out the advantage of a winter vacation, and every year more people are turning their year around and relaxing for two weeks during the cold months—but in warm surroundings—rather than leaving a hot job in the summer for little more than a hot time.

"It's principally New York that has started this new national habit, and the rest of the country has followed the practice. The short working week has helped plenty. With Saturday holidays in the summer and other holidays such as Decoration Day, Fourth of July and Labor Day—when the relief from work somehow manages to extend over more than one day—the working male and female figure that they do all right with their rest in the summertime, and the two weeks out of the winter drudgery makes the vacation seem much more important."

Maybe so. Anyway, more people are taking their vacations in the winter. Some like it hot—and some like it cold. Mr. Hannagan likes it very much that so many like it hot.

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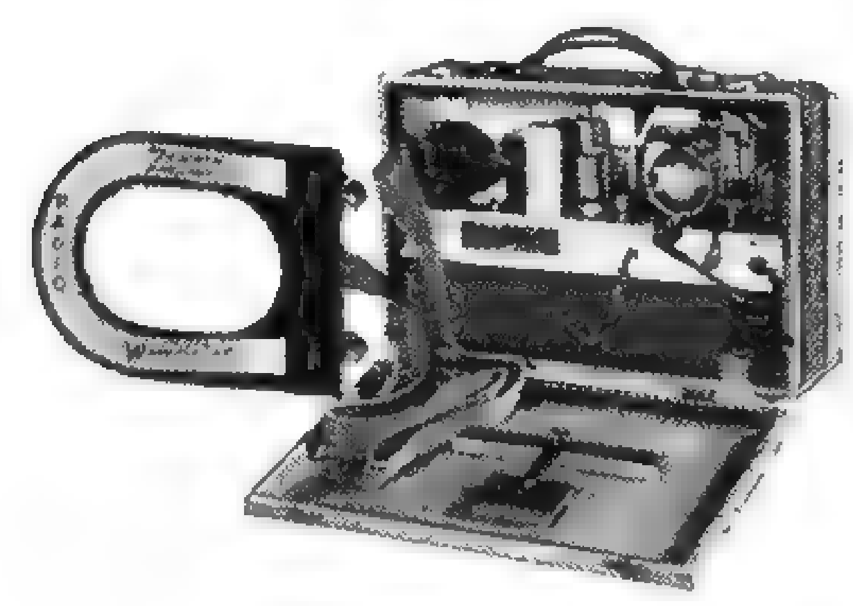

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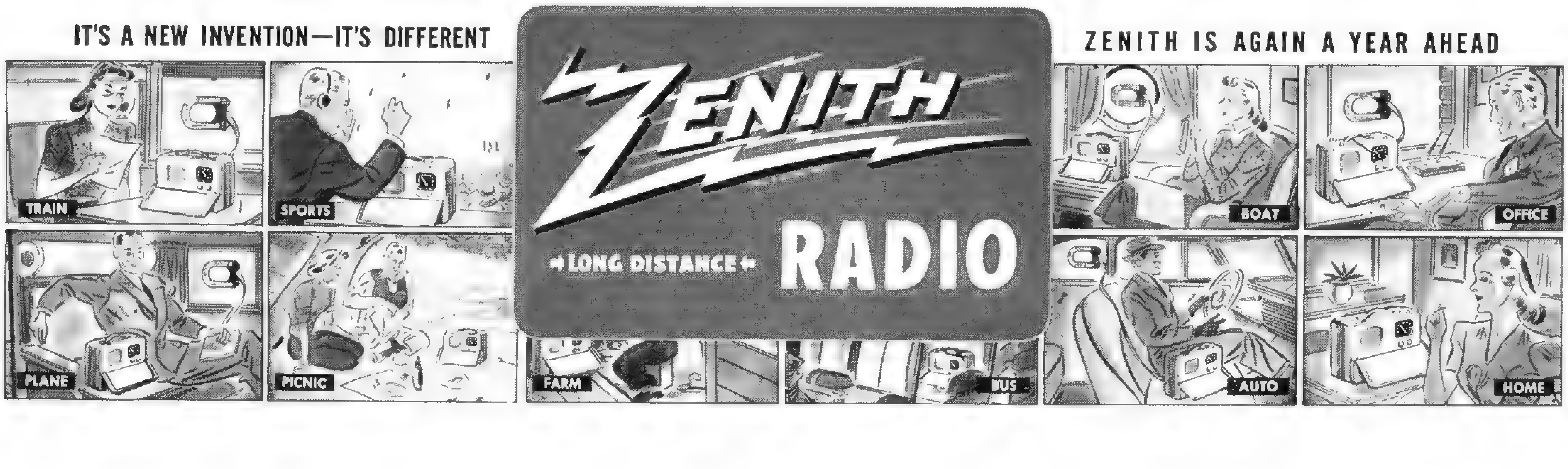

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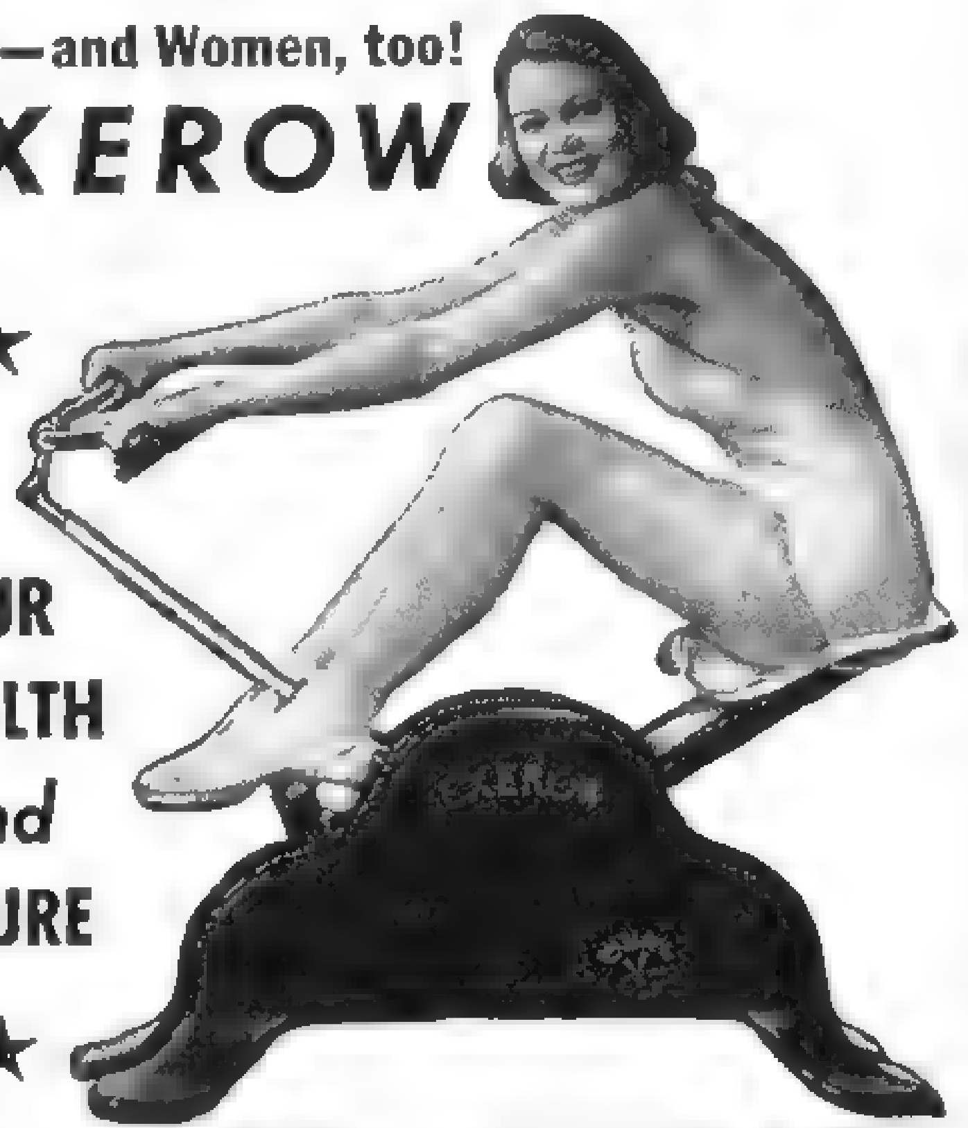
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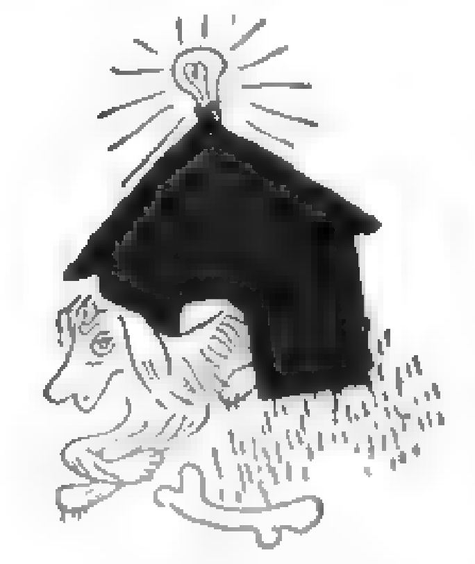

DOG HOUSE. Certainly the most spirited of all the contraptions designed to electrocute hot dogs is the most recent arrival, the electric dog house. Four dogs fit onto prongs in the house's interior, you close the barred door, the circuit is made, a red sign, "Dog House," flashes on, and they begin to roast. Not alone an amusing looking implement, it roasts hot dogs to an unusually fine turn, doesn't crack their skins. It's a Sunday-night-supper natural.

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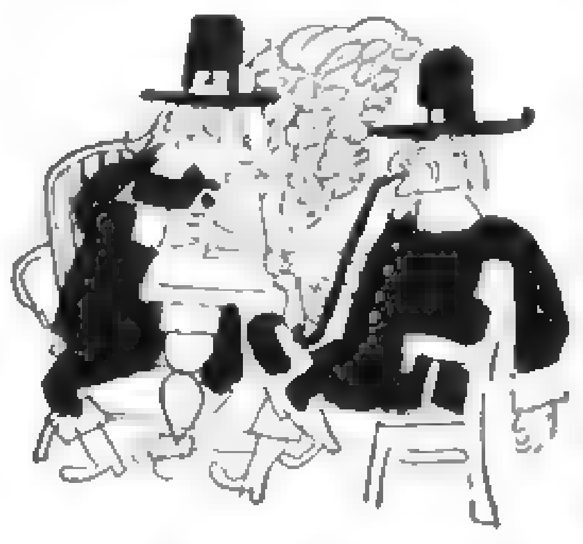
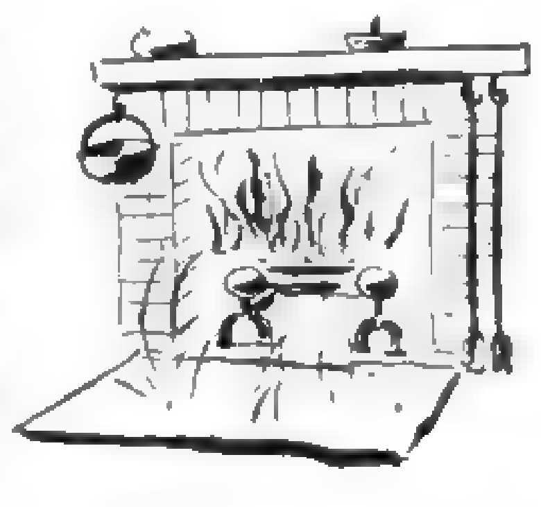
BEARD ERASER. No matter your method of shaving—the vest pocket "beard eraser" should be of valuable service. Before cocktails, if you haven't time to shave before dinner, out it comes and with a brisk rub, your young whiskers are gone. About the size of a small cigarette lighter, it's designed for emergencies, *not* for morning or any other variety of long beard. Works mechanically, comes in a bakelite case.



AMERICA IN MINIATURE. The current popularity of miniatures has joined forces with the rapidly rising tide of interest in all things American and produced, for partisans of both, a series of authentic miniature reproductions of historic American rooms. The rooms come knocked-down, ready for assembly. Two are ready now, an early colonial kitchen and a tap room of the same period. The furnishings are all done to scale in exact detail, and deliver, when assembled, an uncommonly realistic effect. The arrangement is up to you. They're fine embellishments for mantel or book-case.



WHEN WINTER COMES. Pampered fireplaces are in line for some new embellishments. One's useful, one's ornamental. Your fireplace rugs wear the first one as a landing field for errant sparks. It's made of asbestos—a small but sturdy mat that's particularly useful in these days of completely carpeted floors. On the ornamental side, you can treat yourself to the sight of pink, apple green, azure blue, and lavender flames. You wait until the fire has nearly died down, then drop a red and black stick on a hot log. After the stick has melted, you're regaled with some very unusual chromatic effects. They're partial compensation for a long, hard winter.

Ranger

TURKISH BATH

Take off surplus pounds... break up colds...get fit... keep fit...with a PERSPIRATOR...the new, portable, streamlined bath cabinet for home use. Turkish or Vapor bath, 116 degrees, in seven minutes. Roll up when not in use. Complete outfit, including cabinet, infra-red electric heater, vaporizer, rubber apron...only $9.95.

10 DAYS TRIAL
Sold on its merits. Positively guaranteed. Sent postpaid upon receipt of $9.95...or pay postman $9.95 plus postage on delivery. Try 10 days in your own home. If not satisfied, return PERSPIR-ATOR and we will refund your $9.95.

PERSPIR-ATOR MFG. CO.
Dept. 1111 Toledo, Ohio

FOR only $9.95

HOLLYWOOD BOOTMAKERS POLISH
New smart color shade for autumn wear. *HOLLYWOOD BOOTMAKERS* ANTIQUE RED WOOD Polish gives your shoes that $22.50 look, hand-rubbed, rich, warm mahogany shine preferred by well-dressed men. *HOLLYWOOD BOOTMAKERS* Polish gives shoes that "old violin" look. Easy to use, shines instantly, 25, 50c, $1. At your local shoe store, or at: Flagg Bros., Nunn-Bush, Wallach Bros., Wanamaker and Weber & Heilbroner—*or direct*
FRENCHEE CHEMICAL CO. 107-32 Van Wyck Blvd. Richmond Hill, N. Y.

MATCH BOOK ALBUMS
For the collector who wants his Match Books well mounted and easily displayed, there's nothing like a MASTER MATCHLESS ALBUM to take care of all 6 popular sizes. A handsome, well made Album for $2 at your dealers or write to
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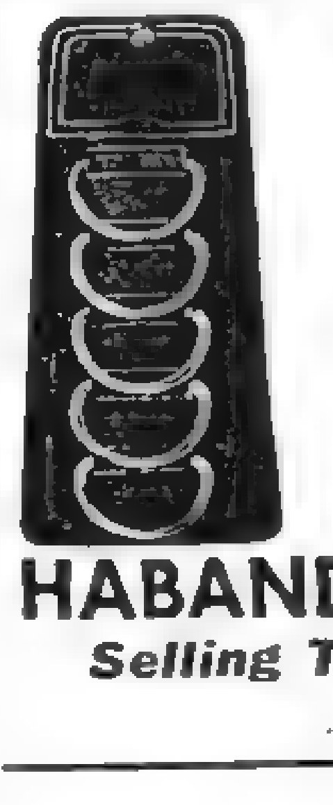
Use LEXOL to Preserve Leather
You have spent your money for good leather goods—golf bags, luggage, shoes (all colors, including white). Keep them soft and in good condition by applying LEXOL, the weather repellent, self-penetrating conditioner. Easy and clean to use. LEXOL saves its small cost many times over. Your dealer has LEXOL or we will send direct. Pint $1.00; quart $1.75; gal. $4.00.
THE MARTIN DENNIS CO.
855 Summer Avenue, Newark, N. J.

Feel "Tops" This Easy Way!
WIL Spinal Manipulator aids blood circulation in spinal tissues. Helps prevent spinal rigidity. Relaxes muscles, tones body for restful sleep. Restores "pep" and energy. Endorsed by health authorities. Simple, inexpensive, easy to opperate. Special Xmas Gift Carton. Request free folder today.
WIL Equipment Co., Dept. E, St. Paul, Minn.


Send TEN CENTS for this TIE RACK
with 5 chromium plated rings holds 20 ties, rippled black simulated leather. Sent postpaid for 10c, with FREE portfolio of colored pictures of the famous Haband Ties (7 for $3.15). Sold only by mail. *Tie pictures alone sent FREE on request.* Write Dept. 20.
HABAND CO., Paterson, N. J.
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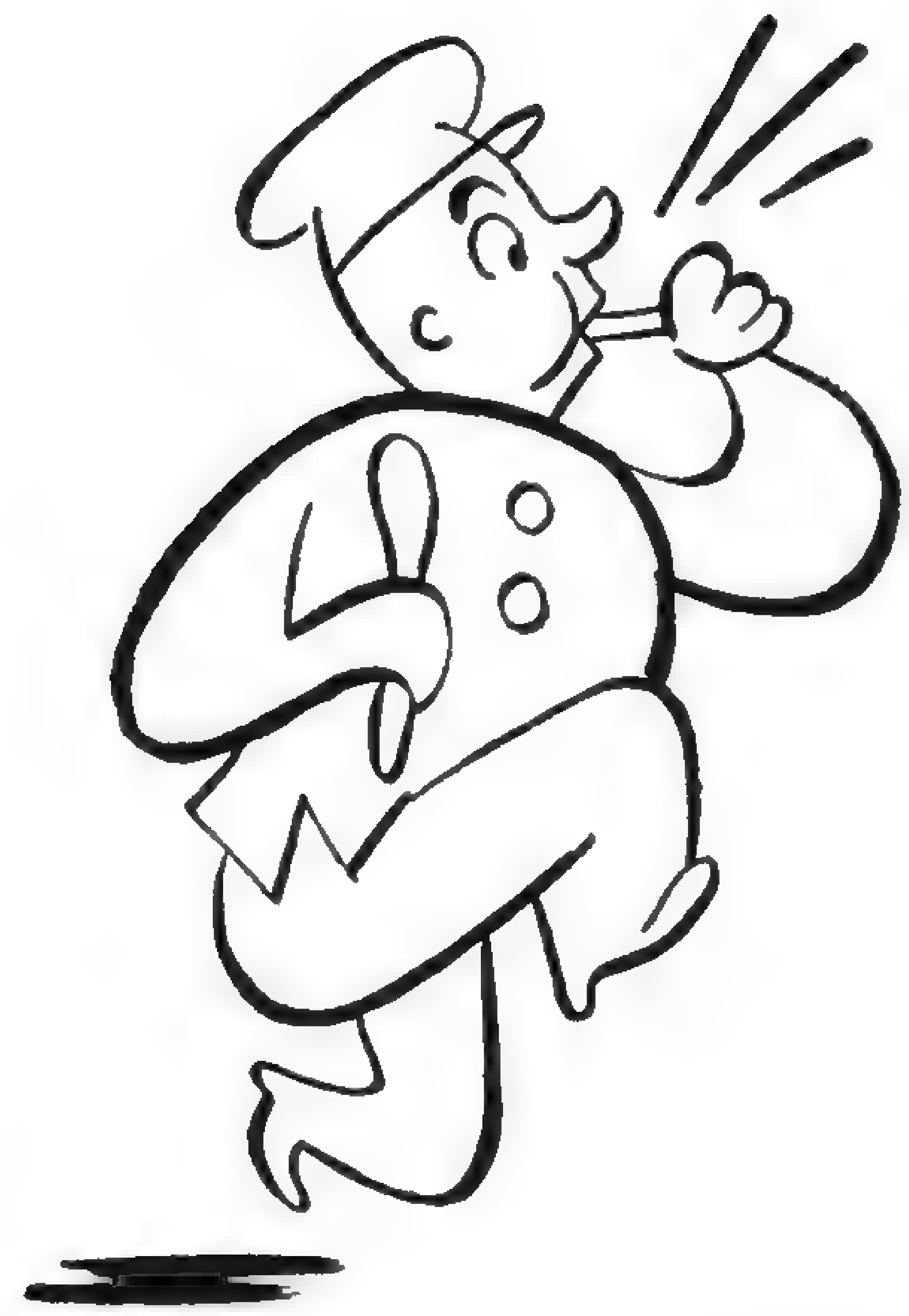
All it needs is a sharpening, now possible with "Electro-Sharp". Sharpens all types and keeps them sharp. Easy to use, takes 2 minutes, once a month. Year's supply 50c. Complete DeLuxe Kit including "Electro-Sharp" cleaner and brushes in handsome case $1.00. At leading stores or sent postpaid.
Electro-Sharp Mfg. Co.
Portland, Maine
A Necessity for Electric Razor Efficiency



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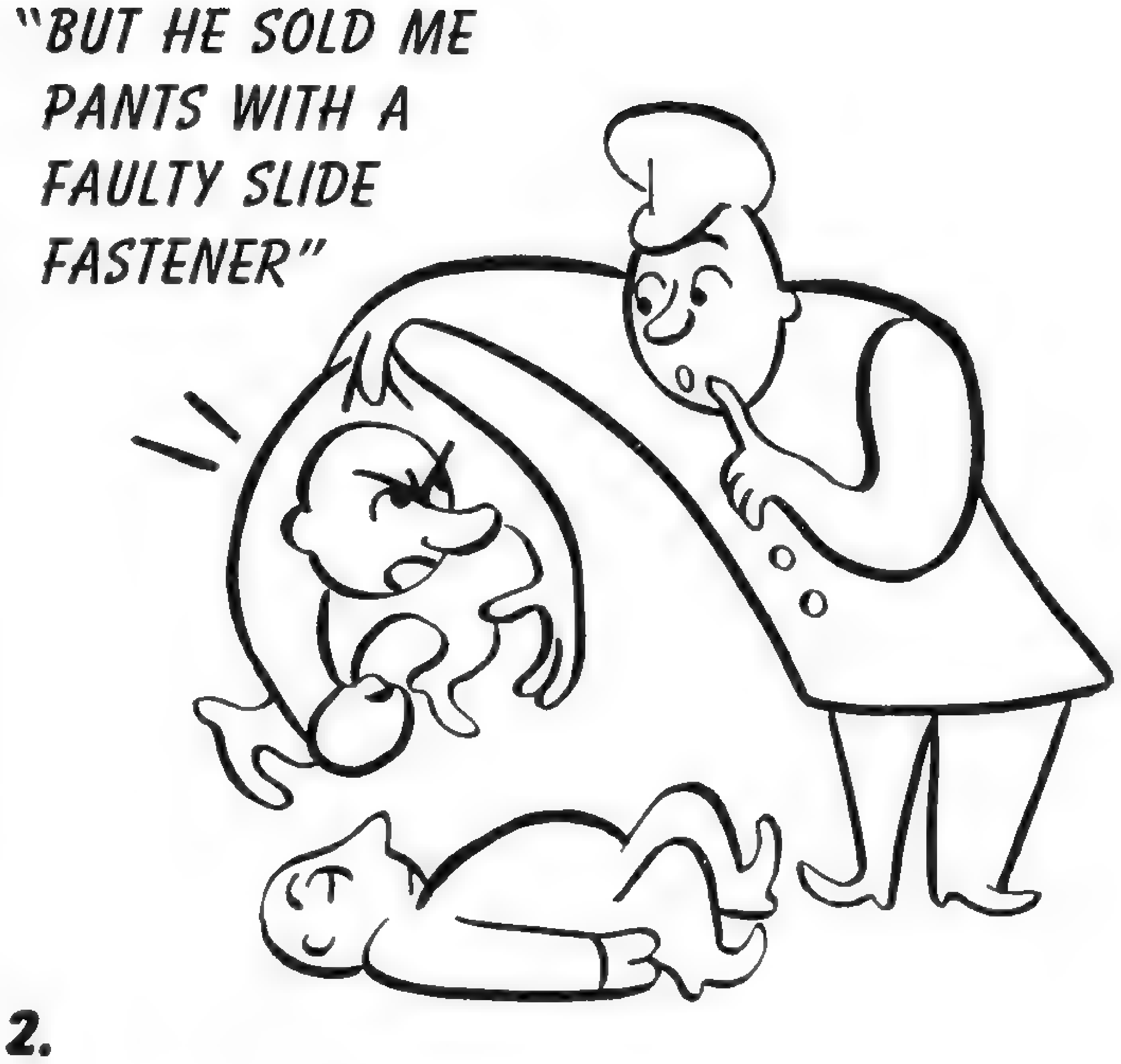
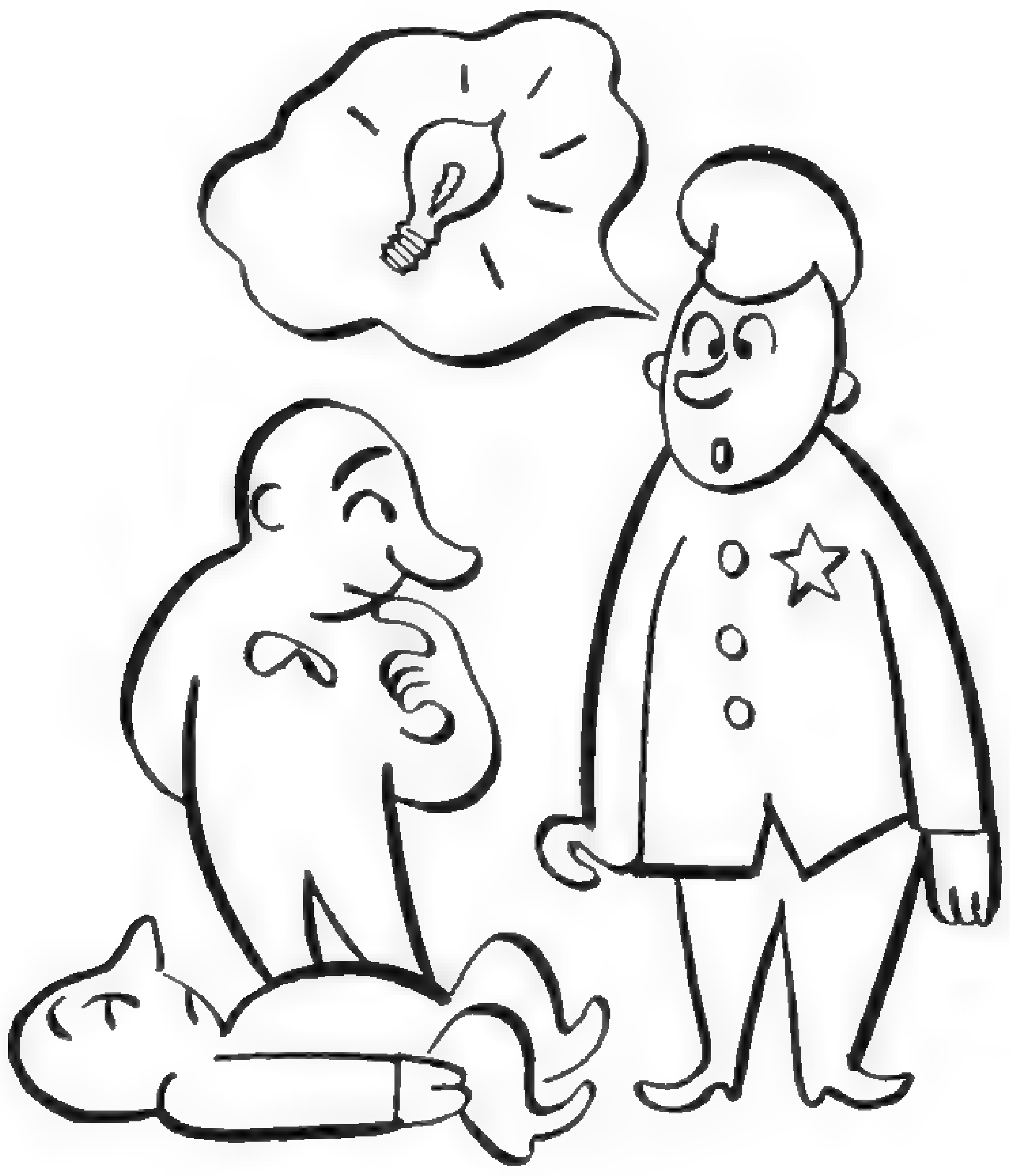

"BUT HE SOLD ME PANTS WITH A FAULTY SLIDE FASTENER"

2.



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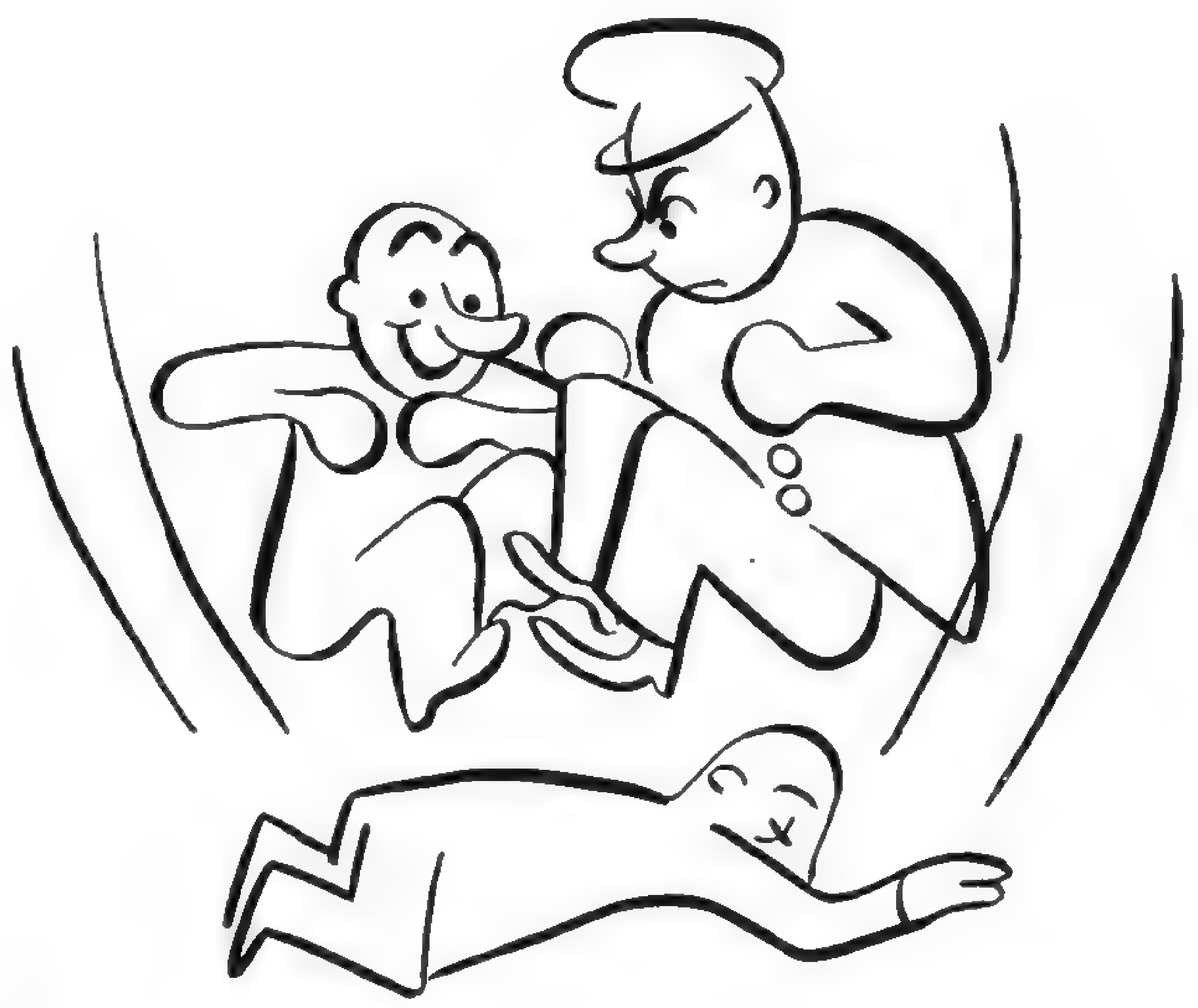

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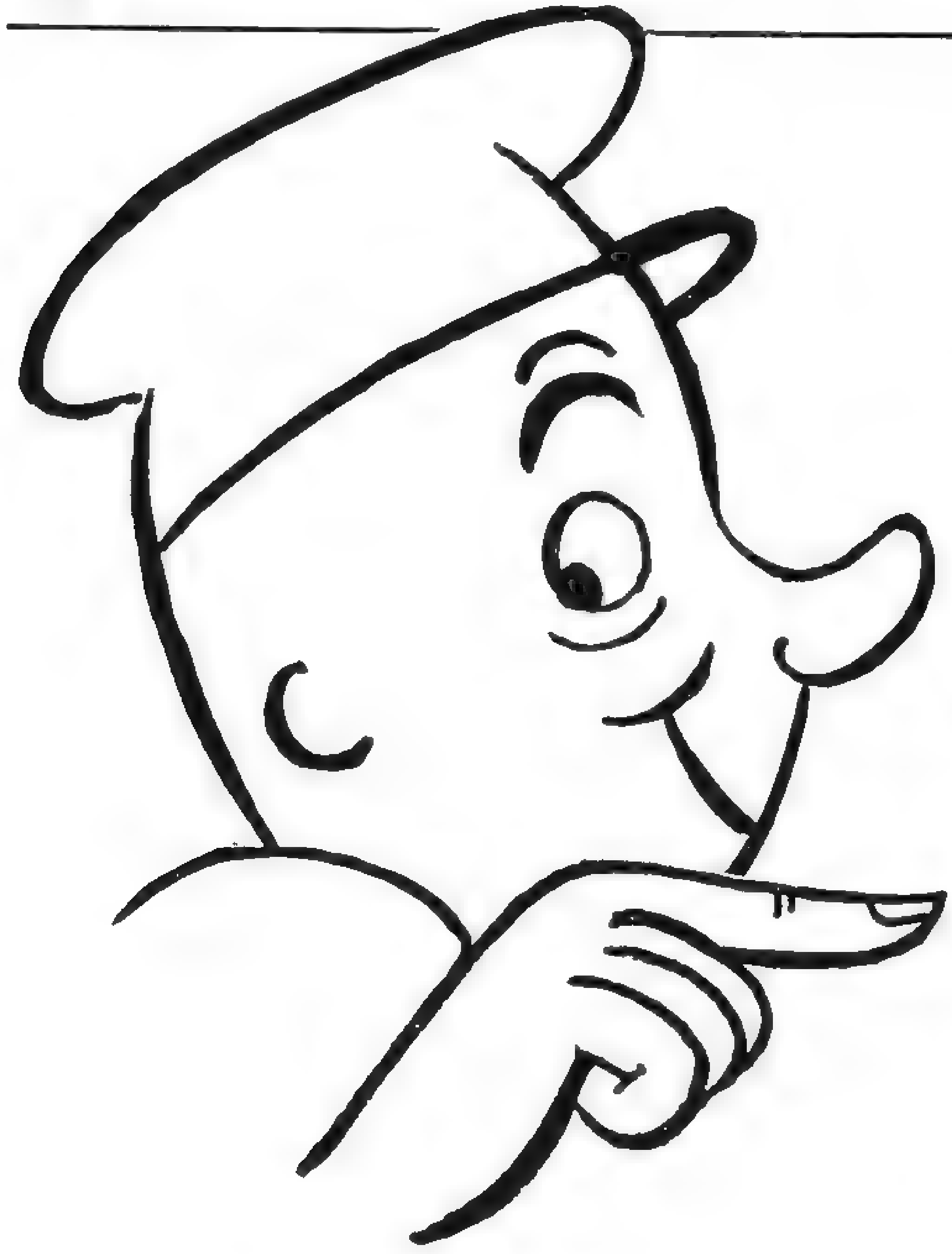
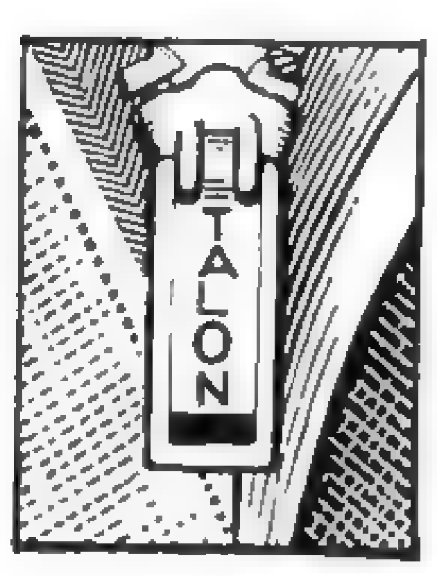
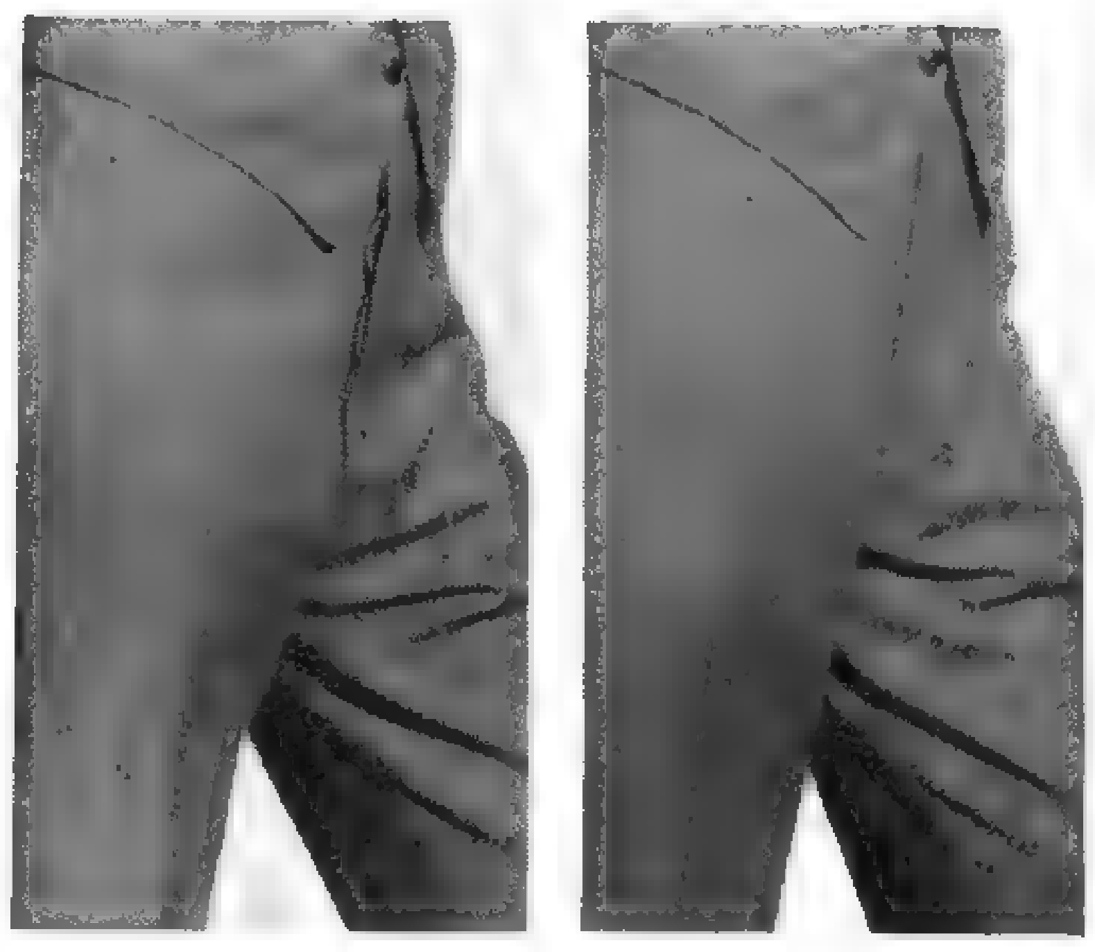


"**YOU'LL** NEVER GO ON THE WARPATH BECAUSE OF A FAULTY SLIDE FASTENER IF YOU REMEMBER WHAT THOUSANDS OF MEN SAID WHEN QUESTIONED BY 43 LEADING STORES. **FIRST, 3 OUT OF 4*** SAID THERE ARE BAD SLIDE FASTENERS ON THE MARKET. **THEN** (AND HERE'S HOW TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE!) BY A MAJORITY OF **70 TO 1,*** THESE MEN SAID THEY WANT 'TALON' SPECIFICALLY. **MORAL:** ALWAYS MAKE SURE THE SLIDE FASTENER IN YOUR PANTS IS A TALON FASTENER, AND YOU WILL HAVE NEVER A WORRY, NEVER A CARE!"





Remember (*Left*) the offensive gaps, bulges caused by the 5 old-fashioned fastenings?

Now (*Right*) the Talon fastener gives neatness, convenience — locks at top for security.

**Full details of survey supplied on request*

TALON SLIDE FASTENER • MADE BY TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.

"TALON"—THE DEPENDABLE SLIDE FASTENER

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Sterling Silver Mexican Peso KURRENCY KLIP

Everyone's crazy about this smart Kurrency Klip, made from a genuine Mexican silver peso, with frame and mounting of sterling silver. Your name is engraved on the back of the Klip. The whole thing is an exceptional value for only $6.00 prepaid.

Texas Ranger BELT and BUCKLE SET

Make your favorite pal the envy of the male population for miles around, with this genuine Texas Ranger set. The hand engraved buckle is heavy sterling silver, with either a sterling silver overlay ($15.00) or a 10K solid gold overlay ($30.00). The belt is superbly hand tooled genuine Russian Calf! No finer, or more exquisite article can be purchased anywhere.

Send for our catalog of Texas Jewelry Christmas Gifts. You'll find just what you want—and all excellent values!

You'll be pleased, or your Money back. Mail orders promptly filled.

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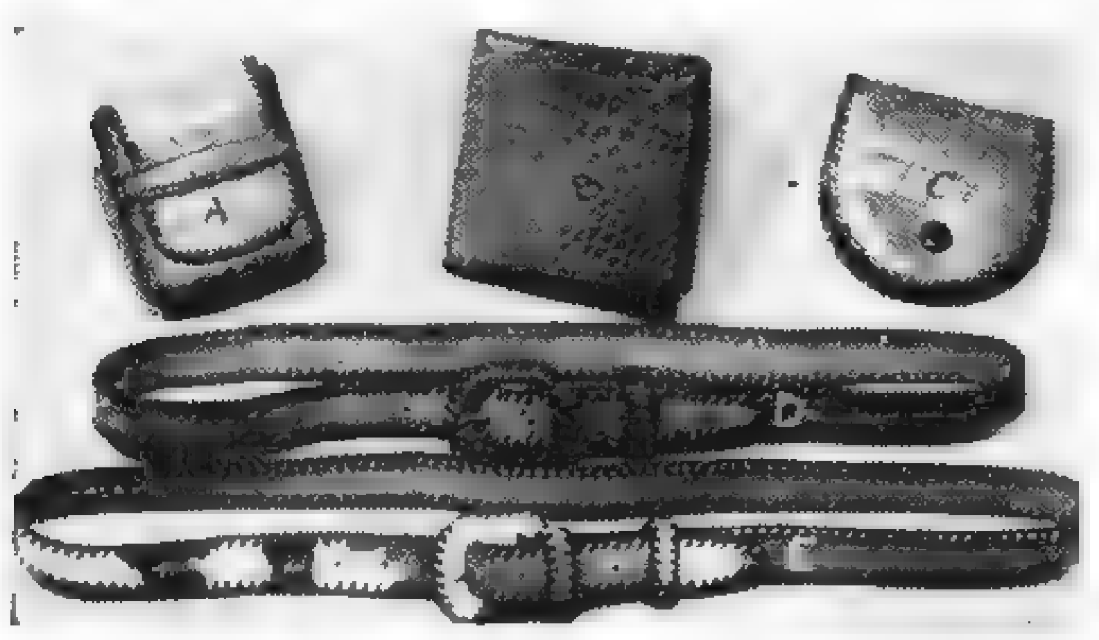

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MEXICALI LEATHER GOODS
HANDMADE—From South of the Border

Genuine Alligator (natural medium-brown) for men and women. A. Cigarette case $2.00. B. Billfold $2.50. C. Coin purse $2.00. D. Belts, width ¾ or 1¼ inch $2.50. Unborn Calf—finest hair finish in natural brown with spots of white or black. E. Belts, ¾ or 1¼ inch $2.00 for men and women. Ladies tan buck criss-cross sandals $2.85 (In white elk grained leather $3.45). Tan huaraches—low heel, for men and women $2.75.
(Send waist size for belts. For shoes send outline of foot, measurement around ball of foot, and shoe size. Send check or money order.) Goods sent postpaid promptly. Gift orders sent everywhere. Give second choice when possible. *Money returned if not satisfactory.*

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Send for illustrated folders "X" and "G"

Appear **TALLER INSTANTLY**

WEAR IN YOUR OWN SHOES
Don't be embarrassed by shortness. Easy to appear taller—INSTANTLY! Amazing HITE-BILDERS fit into your own shoes—make you appear TALLER! Comfortable—posture improving—COMPLETELY INVISIBLE.

only $1.95 a pair

No Stretching or Exercises! No Special Shoes!

Nothing shows—no thick soles or heels. AND THEY COST SO LITTLE! **Send No Money**—just your name, address and shoe size. Pay postman amount plus postage when he delivers CONFIDENTIAL, plain-wrapped package. (Or send money now, and save postage.) If not delighted return in 5 days for refund of money paid us. **SO-LO WORKS, Dept. H.B.52**
3317 Madison Road, Cincinnati, Ohio

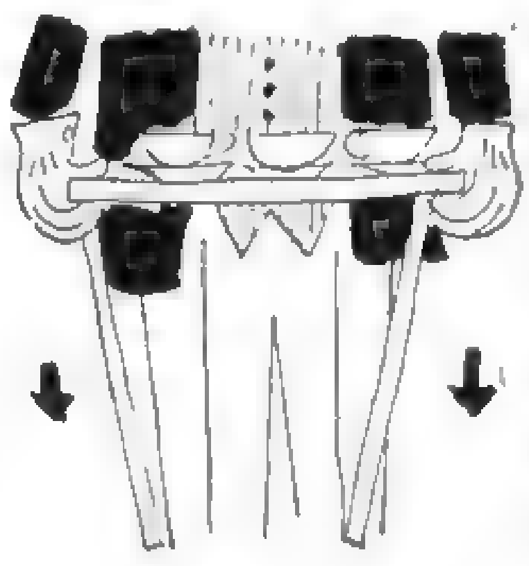
THE CHARACTER BLEND FOR ESQUIRE MEN
CANADIAN PLUG MIXTURE
- Cool, Fragrant
- Mild, Wont Bite

Send $1.25 for ½ lb. Vacuum packed tin

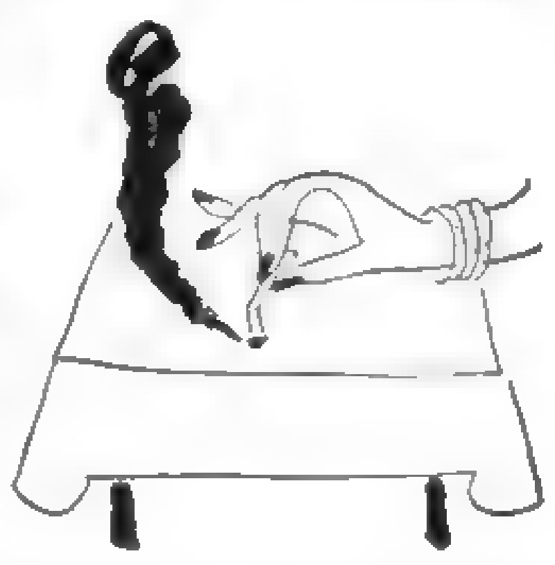
Sample! Generous trial package for 10c

Iwan Ries & Co.
Established 1898 • 71 W. Monroe St., Chicago

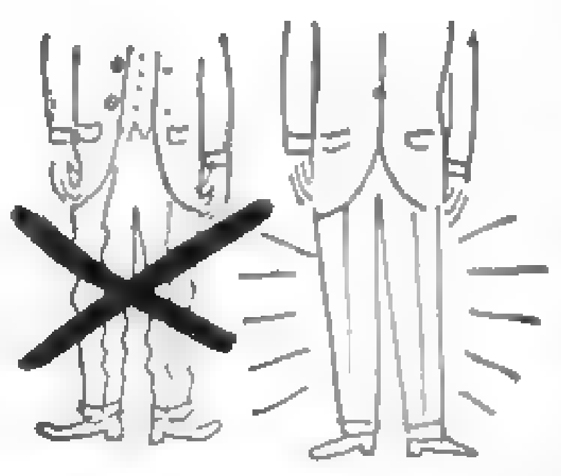
TABLE TALK. Extra tables are fine decorative and practical household accessories, but when not in use, they're often something of a traffic problem. The butler tray passes muster, however, on three counts. When the legs are hidden out of sight, it looks, and is, a very acceptable tray. The beauty of it is that you can let the legs down while the tray is loaded, thanks to an ingenious spring system. And not the least of its appeal is its very modest price.



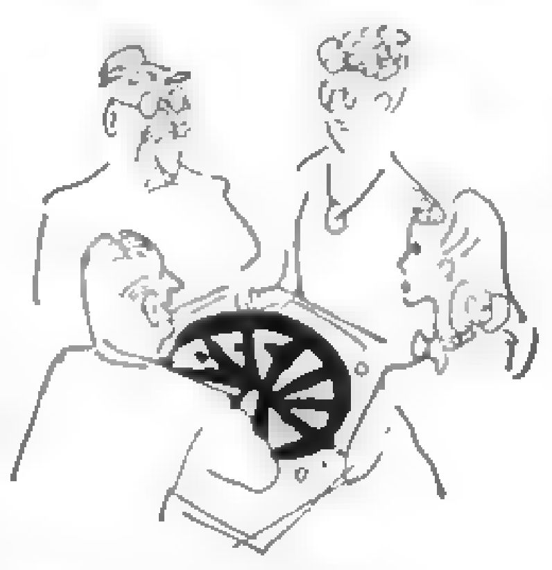
IMPERVIOUS TABLECLOTH. It probably didn't occur to you to ask if it was fireproof, if and when you ever purchased a tablecloth. Cigarette burns on them had been taken for granted for a long time; before, at least, the evolution of that rather amazing fabric, made of pure glass fibres, which won't burn no matter how much you urge it. Not only is this newest of table coverings proof to such taken-for-granted acts of God as fire and mildew, but water and sunlight as well. Moths are bored to death by it.



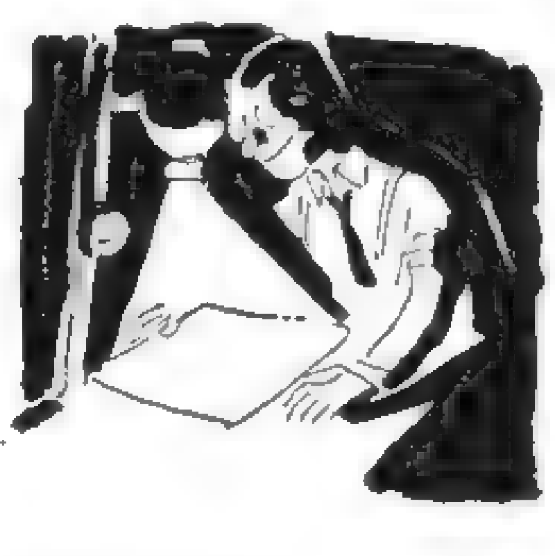
ANTI-WRINKLE HANGER. Trouser hangers with no strength of character often produce wrinkles when they should be preventing them. Not so the latest one on the market, which grips your trousers vise-like, and due to a spring mechanism between the clips, completely eliminates sagging and resultant wrinkles. Easy to adjust, it's an unusual and sensible departure in closet etiquette.



4-HANDED GAMMON. Winter and parlor games go together just like that. Just arrived in time for fireside festivities is a gammon game that should make everybody cheerful. It's based on the same principle as backgammon, but three or four can play it. Instead of the left-to-right play of backgammon, you go around in a circle. But not literally; in spite of the fact that more people can participate, it's easier to understand and play than its ancient cousin.



AMATEURS ATTENTION. Amateur photographers don't often come in for equipment particularly made for them along such advanced lines as the new printing and enlarging timer. Especially designed for amateurs, it has enough attractive features to make professionals wish for the old days of their simon-pure ranking. Its illuminated dial, protected by amber glass, is graduated in seconds. You simply set the dial, push a button, and all work and trouble is taken out of making prints and enlargements.



HOUSEHOLD BLITZKRIEG. We've come across one five-year plan that, peculiarly enough, is economically sound and works! It's a moth-proofing process (done right in the home) that protects upholstered furniture, rugs, tapestries, needlepoint, clothes—in fact, all textiles, from the moth plague for a guaranteed period of at least five years. It's non-poisonous, odorless, botherless, and the swift and simple way in which its operatives do the work does not in any way disturb the normal routine of the household.

It is the years of scientific research behind it, we're told, that have made this process the recognized leader in its field. Its success is the result of a revolutionary new method of rendering textiles inedible by moths, beetles and termites, through effective and invisible chemical change in the fibres. As it is essential that the liquid reach each and every fibre, application is made only by experts under careful supervision.

A Touch of Gray Can Block the Way!

Now D^{o}nu Edmond takes care of my hair and scalp. I look years younger!

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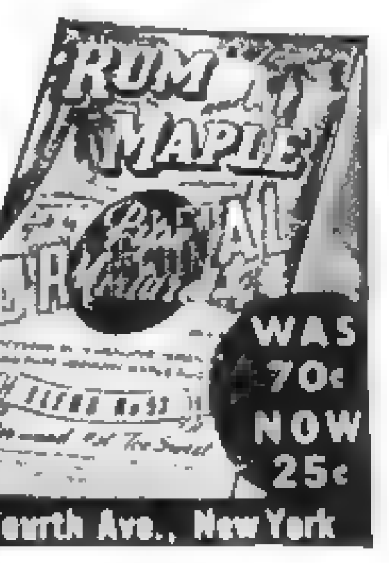
Original **RUM and MAPLE**



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America's most unusual fine tobacco. Just send post card for free sample. Postal card brings you saving catalog of pipes and smoking articles. Dept. N

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SECURE UNIFORM PHOTO PRINTING RESULTS

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SAVE THEM!

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Millions of civilian
WAR VICTIMS
Face Starvation,
Disease — Death

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GIVE
WAR RELIEF FUND

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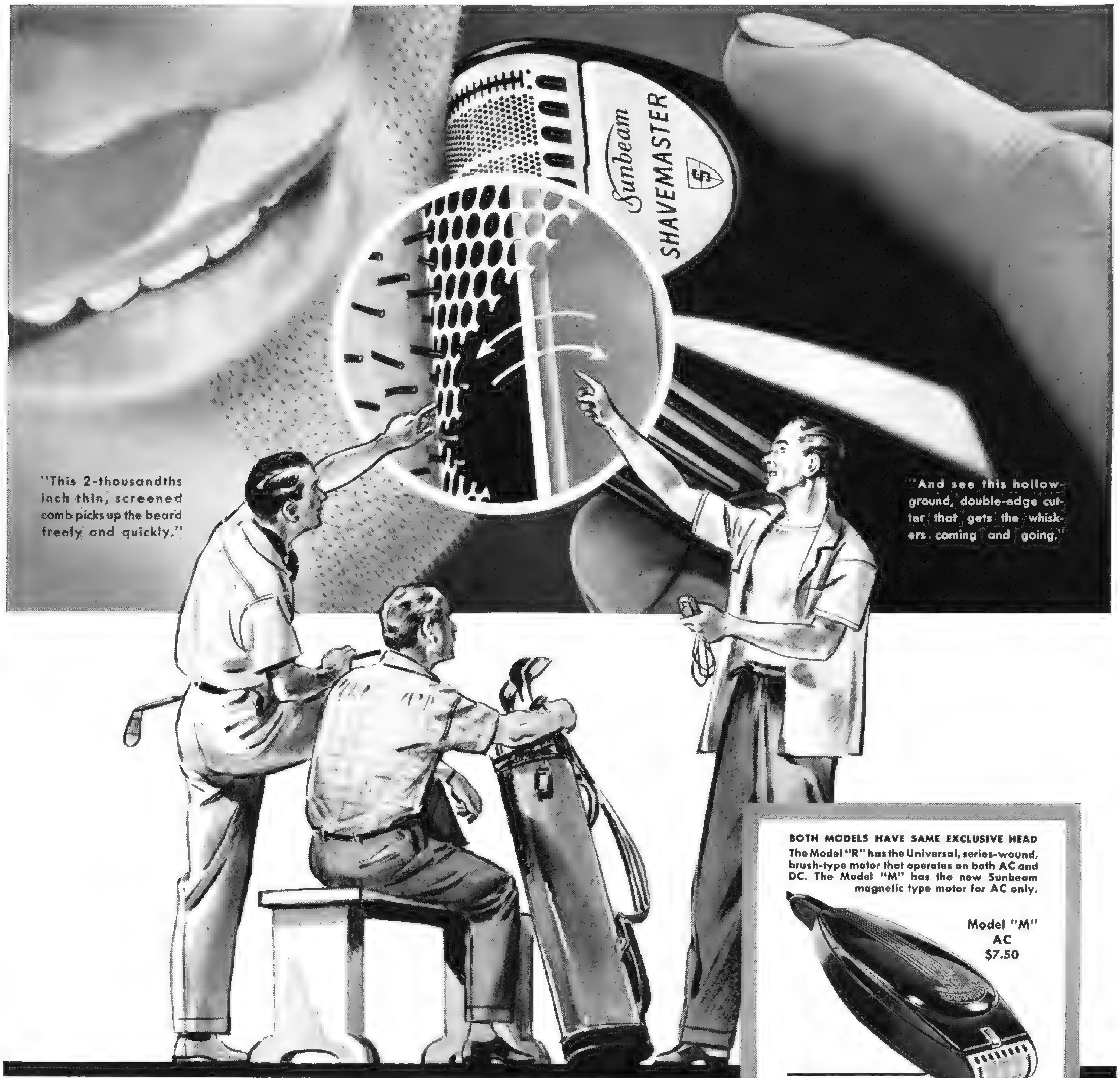
AMERICAN RED CROSS
Give Through Your Local Chapter

ONLY THE Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER

HAS THIS *EXCLUSIVE* HEAD! Shaves close as a straight-edge, and faster



"This 2-thousandths inch thin, screened comb picks up the beard freely and quickly."

"And see this hollow-ground, double-edge cutter that gets the whiskers coming and going."

The Head that is Winning America to Dry-Shaving

Why is Sunbeam Shavemaster the electric shaver that is winning America to dry-shaving? Look at its head. You'll find the answer *there.* There's none other like it. It wins friends—*and keeps them*—because it does a close, fast, clean shaving job. The holes in the whisker-thin comb are so close together the whiskers enter freely and easily whether they are wiry or fine, curly or straight. The lightning-fast cutter is pressed tight against the inner surface of the screened comb—gets the whiskers FASTER and CLOSER without skin irritation.

Men! You're *really* missing something until you've swung over to dry-shaving with Shavemaster. As one man said recently, you'll actually feel sorry for yourself when you think of the years of agony and ceremony you put in with wet-shavers. So ask your dealer for a demonstration. He has one of our new, convenient demonstration units. On sale wherever good electric appliances are sold.

Made and guaranteed by CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY, 5697 W. Roosevelt Rd., Chicago, Ill. Canada factory, 321 Weston Rd. So., Toronto. 52 Years Making Quality Products.

Famous for Sunbeam TOASTER, MIXMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, IRONMASTER, etc.

BOTH MODELS HAVE SAME EXCLUSIVE HEAD

The Model "R" has the Universal, series-wound, brush-type motor that operates on both AC and DC. The Model "M" has the new Sunbeam magnetic type motor for AC only.

Model "M"
AC
$7.50

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- TWA (Transcontinental & Western Airways)
- Chicago & Southern
- Western Air Express
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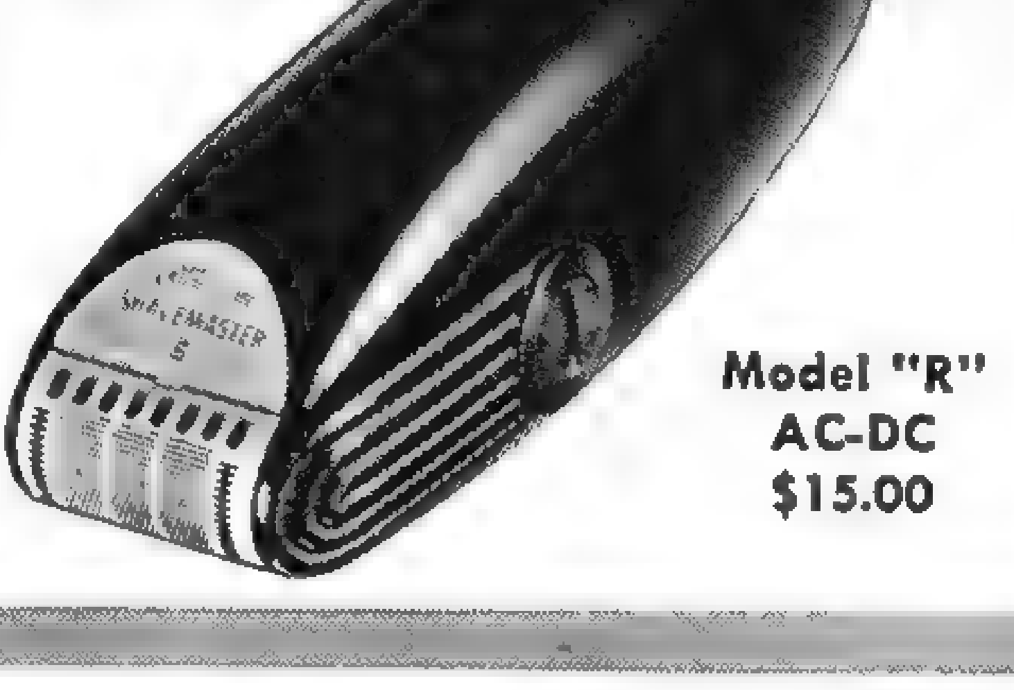

Model "R"
AC-DC
$15.00

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Chicago after dark isn't exactly a yawning void. Your earnest scout, after hopping from spot to spot with a diligence worthy of Eliza crossing the ice pursued by Zombies, can testify pantingly that the town has tempo. Chicagoans don't seek pleasure, they streak to it. And facilities abound accordingly, from chummy to super-super.

Certainly New York possesses nothing better than the Breezy Metropolis' famous Chez Paree. This theatre-restaurant, located in the heart of the Gold Coast and hosted by Mike Fritzel and Joe Jacobson whose budget for talent doesn't scare easily, now has Emil Coleman purveying the tunes in top form and Carmen Miranda bombshelling. Catching the fervor (or possibly at the suggestion of producer F. Evans) the 16 Adorables have gone Latin too.

Choice and beauteous is the bingo scored by managing director A. S. Kirkeby of the Drake Hotel in getting Dorothy Draper to design a new supper room. Called "The Camellia House," it gives the illusion of being just that, with trees, evening sky, balustrade overlooking a harbor with lights of distant ships, and so on. If your sweetie swoons in your arms, it's just the surroundings coupled with the music of Ramon Ramos.

For pomp and perfection of appointments and service, the Pump Room of the Ambassador East continues to be one of the pinnacles of American civilization, with a top-hatted throng paying homage. The trooping of shashliks on swords is ne plus in knee breeches; Menu and Wine List are encyclopaedic. Across the street in Ambassador West the Buttery numbers among its specialties roast beef sliced at tableside in the manner of Simpson's in the Strand.

Beside itself with altruism, the Glass Hat Cocktail Lounge of the Congress Hotel serves 2-ounce highballs and 4-ounce cocktails. Headwaiter Paul Kalling is wonderful at sensing Congress Steak and Congress Mutton Chop cravings. Dance music is by Joe Vera.

The Blackstone's soft-lighted Balinese Room, with its Isle of life murals and its copper dance floor for which the mighty able Rollini Trio proffer rhythms, is an auspicious place to sup after the theatre.

Ray ("Very Thought of You") Noble and his esteemed band are functioning magnetically in the huge green-and-gold Empire Room of the Palmer House, along with a Merriel Abbott Revue of the sort to which this hotel is successfully addicted.

The Panther Room of Chicago's aboriginal night club, the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman, has been frenzying its jitterbugs with Duke Ellington and is now on the point of tossing them Benny Goodman.

Griff Williams and band, holders of popularity records at the handsome Continental Room in the Stevens Hotel, are imminent there again, vowing to break them.

That pet corral of the white-tied herd, the Colony Club, (744 Rush Street), powered with orchestras twain, and a cuisine which is *something*, is living up to what is expected of it socially. Afternoon sipping of a stately sort ushers in the evening's ado, which accelerates and accelerates into quite a bivouac of the beau monde.

Special Extra: There *is* quietude in this stimulating city. Don the Beachcomber (190 East Walton Place) soothingly lets you relax—with Rum, of which he originated some 68 different drinks. Also, in cahoots with his chef Lee Jone, a string of exotic dishes. Particular palate attention is merited by the drink called Pi-Yi which is served in dwarf Hawaiian pineapples; likewise the Coconut Rum served in a baby green coconut.

BY APPOINTMENT
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
DISTILLED DRY GIN
The WORLD'S FINEST
Imported from England—the largest selling Imported Dry Gin in the United States
100% NEUTRAL GRAIN SPIRITS—86 PROOF
PARK & TILFORD Imp. Corp., N.Y.

Why not, perhaps, this very night have dinner out... and do it right. Champagne! The crown of gay delight! Insist on...
COOK'S Imperial
AMERICAN Champagnes and Wines
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THE WORLD'S PICK...ME...UP
SINCE 1845
SOLD IN 79 COUNTRIES
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A jigger after eating too much . . . drinking too many . . . helps to set you right for tomorrow

At good Restaurants, Hotels, Bars, Drug & Grocery Stores. Keep a bottle at home
In the U. S. A. Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc., N. Y.
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AFTER DINNER
FORBIDDEN FRUIT LIQUEUR
80 PROOF
"GIFT OF THE GODS"
CHARLES JACQUIN Et Cie, Inc.
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AT THE WORLD-FAMOUS
LEON & EDDIE'S
DINNER FROM $1.50
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SUPERB DINNERS
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100% Fine Old Jamaica
All 8 Years Old —97 Proof
Free Recipe book from
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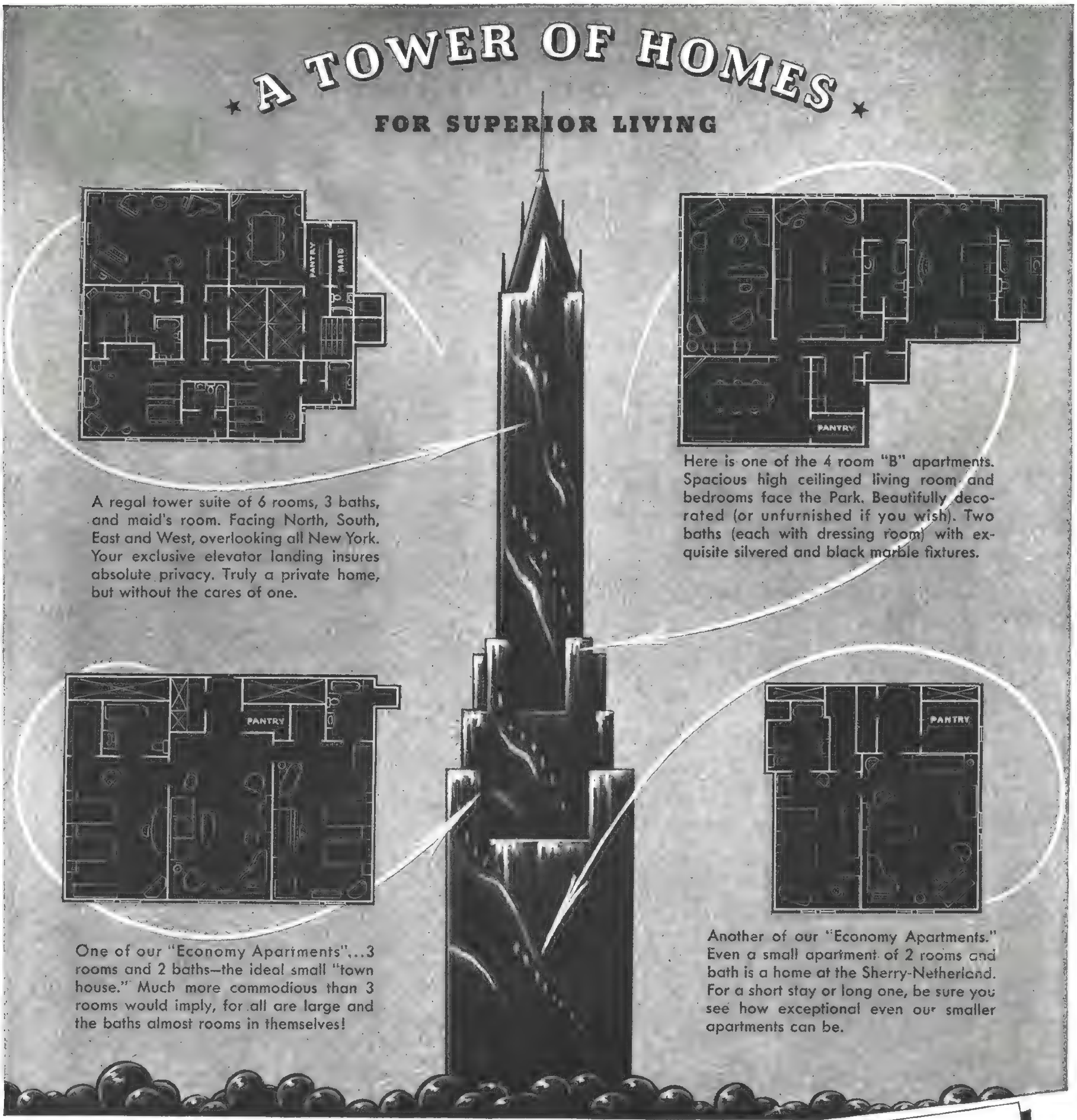
New York
Dept. FD



A regal tower suite of 6 rooms, 3 baths, and maid's room. Facing North, South, East and West, overlooking all New York. Your exclusive elevator landing insures absolute privacy. Truly a private home, but without the cares of one.

Here is one of the 4 room "B" apartments. Spacious high ceilinged living room and bedrooms face the Park. Beautifully decorated (or unfurnished if you wish). Two baths (each with dressing room) with exquisite silvered and black marble fixtures.

One of our "Economy Apartments"...3 rooms and 2 baths—the ideal small "town house." Much more commodious than 3 rooms would imply, for all are large and the baths almost rooms in themselves!

Another of our "Economy Apartments." Even a small apartment of 2 rooms and bath is a home at the Sherry-Netherland. For a short stay or long one, be sure you see how exceptional even our smaller apartments can be.

A rare experience in fine living awaits you at the Sherry-Netherland ★ THE LOCATION on 5th Avenue where the Park begins, is beautiful, convenient, smart. THE STAFF serves you as if they were your own retainers. THE CUISINE, nationally famous, caters to your particular tastes. THE ATMOSPHERE is congenial, personal, dignified ★ You enjoy the color and warmth of your own home, run for you with extraordinary effortlessness. Yet apartments here are priced with an understanding of present conditions...and special arrangements are made for extended stays.

THE Sherry Netherland
NEW YORK
FIFTH AVENUE...WHERE THE PARK BEGINS
EUGENE VOIT, Manager

● *SHERRY-NETHERLAND APARTMENTS, from one to six rooms, may be rented furnished or unfurnished, on lease or for shorter periods of time. Transient rates begin at $7 for Singles, $9 for Doubles, and $15 for Suites.*

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

James S. Kearns

JAMES S. (for O'Sullivan) KEARNS says he's "author, in much pain, of *The Score Card*, sports column in *The Chicago Daily News*. Haven't been in Esquire since the Spring of 1936 when I occupied some space with the theory that Adolph Kiefer of Chicago was the world's greatest backstroke swimmer. Have been pleased to note that Adolph has not lost a backstroke race since that time. I was going into high school in Columbia Academy, Dubuque, Iowa, when Elmer Layden came to the college department as head coach in '25. I was leaving Notre Dame ('34) when Elmer showed up there as head man. I'm a little puzzled as to who moves next—but probably I'll be it since Layden (see *Saturday's Master*) looks like a cinch for many years. Spend most of my time covering golf, college football and the Chicago Cubs . . . married, one son, Tom, who'll be five months old November 1."

•

DONALD WILHELM says: "It happens that I came from Ohio (Defiance) and feel deep commiseration for anyone who does not. This fact explains why as a necessitous and blushing cub reporter on *The Washington Post* I asked TR at a White House reception, "Well, Mr. President, what do you know?" After I got fired, worked as a Congressman's secretary and in several Departments on temporary jobs while going to George Washington University and then Harvard, I wrote a small book about TR, which Mark Sullivan first ran in *Collier's*. The most interesting result I got from that book was a letter from TR with 113 words and 13 capital I's.

"Add a year on the *Boston Herald*, a summer as a correspondent with President Taft; a year on the U. S. Committee on Public Information under President Wilson, then, until 1922, stumping Washington for magazines. In 1922 Mr. Hoover asked me to organize and handle the magazine contacts of the Department of Commerce when he was trying to get a larger public understanding of all that the Department might do for the business public. I pulled so many boners that in 1923 he exiled me to Russia to see how the American Relief Administration did a job that makes our relief problem seem nothing at all. Some day I want to write my own *The Man Nobody Knows* because I never knew any man who ever worked closely with the least fortunate of our Presidents who wouldn't give an arm for him. This does not mean, however, that I can't see, as the word is used, FDR.

"Oh, well, it looks as if my work had been about evenly divided through the years between 'Washington,' (where the White House has always had special fascination for me and the Presidency has often seemed the least understood and most oversold job on earth) and industry. When magazine editors wouldn't buy my stuff I've got a kick out of writing things like *The Story of Steel* for U. S. Steel.

"Among the books I *have* written are *Writing for Profit*, which is systematically spoiling many placid and uninteresting careers, *The Book of Metals* and *The Story of Iron and Steel*, for *Harper's*."

Donald Wilhelm

•

Writing from his home in Sussex, ANTHONY ARMSTRONG suggested that as things are in England, his autobiography might be an obituary by the time it is printed. He was born in British Columbia in 1897, served ten years in the Regular Army and through World War I. He has had some fifteen humorous and mystery novels published here and abroad, used to contribute regularly to *Punch* as "A.A." but more recently has been doing a series of pieces against Germany called *Letters of Lotti*. He has had many plays produced in London and New York and proceeds from *Ten Minute Alibi* enabled him to convert his cottage into a sizable country house. He has a nice garden, and until the war, did a weekly garden piece for the *Daily Mail*. At the time of writing, he was in charge of three villages as section leader of Local Defense Volunteers—"about thirty men, twenty ex-soldiers or otherwise trained riflemen, and the rest learning."

•

RUSSEL BLAKE (*The Male Climacteric*, page 28) is a pseudonym for an advertising copywriter who has spent many years in medical research.

•

ERIC KNIGHT reports that life on his farm near Pleasant Valley, Pennsylvania, is pretty normal. That is to say, he is recovering from poison ivy and is just swinging into a bad cold. His best cow, has dropped a still-born calf—which undoubtedly means Bangs disease and the cow will have to be destroyed, too. The canteloupes crossed with the cucumbers, by some quirk of biological irresponsibility, resulting in multicolored hybrids of zero value. What peaches escaped the circilio were devoured by the Japanese beetles. The chickens have coccidosis. The beets didn't come up at all—too dry. Tomatoes were bad—but then nobody had much luck with them this year. The sweet corn came out wonderfully, except that there was a regiment of raccoons that came out at night and ate it all about two days before its picking size. In other words, things are going along in a normal, happy way, and he hasn't a thing to worry about—except a mortgage, taxes and his next novel.

•

If you're still probing for the sources of the twenty-three titles listed at the end of DR. PHELPS' *Five-Minute Shelf* for September, we give them to you now:

1. Browning's *Prospice*
2. Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV, Scene 3
3. *Te Deum*
4. Julia Ward Howe's *Battle Hymn of the Republic*
5. Solomon's Song in the Bible
6. *Revelation* in the Bible
7. Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*
8. Holmes's *The Chambered Nautilus*
9. Wordsworth's *The World Is Too Much with Us*
10. Polonius' speech in *Hamlet*
11. Browning's *Pippa Passes*
12. The Gospels—Matthew, Chapter XXV
13. The Gospels—Matthew, Chapter XIII
14. Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*
15. Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam*
16. Browning's *Andrea del Sarto*
17. Shakespeare's Sonnets
18. Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*
19. Shakespeare's *Macbeth*
20. *Exodus* in the Bible
21. The Lord's Prayer
22. Last chapter of *Ecclesiastes* in the Bible
23. *Revelation* in the Bible, Chapter XXI

Humphrey Hume

HUMPHREY HUME is forty-eight and still restless. An incorrigible dabbler, he has earned his living as mechanic, chef, stevedore, draughtsman, teacher, restaurant proprietor, soldier, press agent and writer. He feels it might have been better to stick to one thing, but believes he would have missed a hell of a lot of fun. He served in the Great War until severe leg wounds ended his active service, and hopes the army can find some use for him in the present fracas.

•

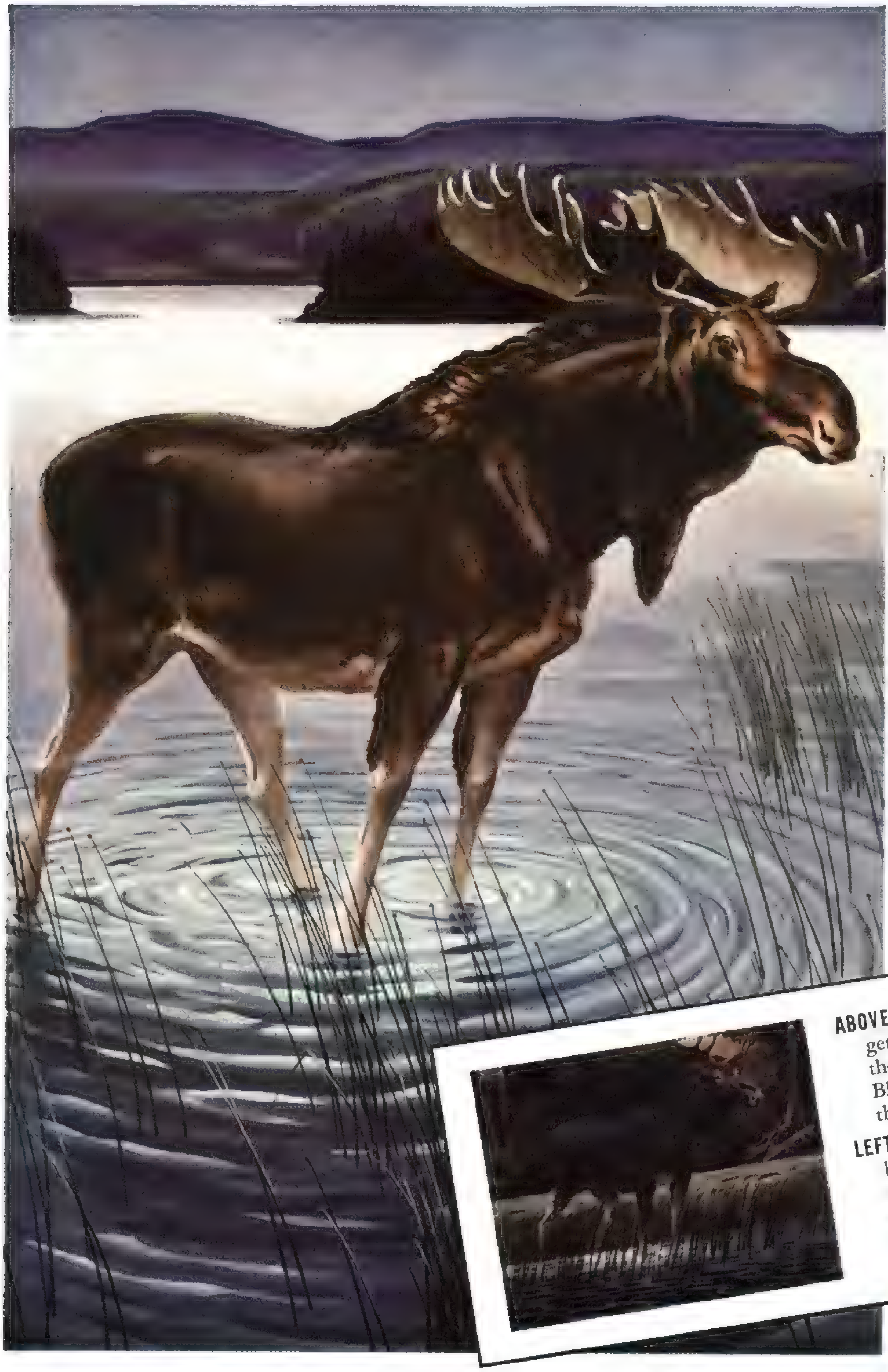
DONALD HOUGH spent two years in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, gathering material for a series of stories which recently ran in *Collier's* and now he's in Hollywood, doing painstaking research on glamour gals for *This Week*. From cowboy material to glamour girls is about as far a cry, he remarks, as you could hope to find. *Restaurant Riccardo*, page 81, is something else again.

•

J. C. FURNAS sent us this snapshot with the comment that he had a boil at the time it was taken, but that friends say the facial expression is more or less natural, anyhow. He adds the only new thing in his harried life is the purchase of a few acres of Jersey woods and the nerve to build a house on the tract.

J. C. Furnas

NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE MOOSE



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TRY Calvert next time in your favorite cocktail or highball and see for yourself just what Protective Blending *does* for this famous whiskey. See how much it adds to your drinking enjoyment.

Then you will understand why Calvert enjoys such outstanding popularity from coast to coast—then you will know why *the sales of Calvert "Special" Whiskey are the largest in the world.*

ABOVE: The bull moose is an easy target for the hunter when he abandons the security of Nature's Protective Blending and ventures out against the open sky.

LEFT: But usually this king of American big game animals is too wary to make such a mistake. If he lives to a ripe old age it is because he takes advantage of the Protective Blending of swamp, forest and dusk.

CLEAR HEADS (CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS) CALL FOR Calvert

Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
SPECIAL

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copyright 1940, Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

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Beef fanciers who assume that a filet mignon is the ultimate word in tooth-sinking luxury are perhaps overlookers of the charms of the Chateaubriand — that juicy double number, cut from next door to the mignon. Rotunda-shaped, carved before your eyes. Only to be had at places where food education standards are high, and one such is Central Park South's Essex House, upstanding horizon marker. Here at sidewalk level (technically, Casino on the Park) beau brummelish maitre Mario de Maria bows to your gastronomic will, with versatile chef Marcel R. Patrice's resources on tap, and dance music also functioning. Somehow you don't get you gone as early as you planned to.

Expert travestician Spivy, long a substantial figure in ye town's night liveliness, has finally enshrined her songs and good nature in a rooftop retreat at 139 East 57th, S. E. corner of Madison. When you disembark from your taxi, there's no sign she's at home; just an office building. But wafted by the elevator, you are dumped into the midst of a merry mob, all as smart as you were in finding the way. John Sebastian virtuosos Bach and Ravel upon his harmonica. Frank Schumann twin-pianos with mine hostess. Decor is tidy. Ditto the eats and drinks. And things progress from 4 P.M. to a like hour A.M.

We grieve for the hungry and thirsty who are turned away, noons and evenings, from the small maisonette of Charles à la Pomme Soufflée (157 East 55th) for lack of elbow parking room. They certainly miss marvelous steaks, chickens, veal kidneys, fried shrimp (grandiose), hot clam hors d'oeuvre, ze tubular tubers of ze house, and well selected wines. But that is the difficulty about friend Charles (Swiss, from Lausanne): he can accommodate only a few dozen in his snuggery of the inflated potato, and such is his renown, hundreds want to get in. Luckily Mr. Bell invented a telephone.

For a sweet, wholesome dish of raspberries there's no place the equal of Jack White's 18 Club, located (need we tell you?) in the thick of after-darkest West 52nd. Many-hatted Jack wouldn't exactly cut your heart out, but any o'erweening vanity you may have about yourself and your importance in the world, is sliced into a chiffonade salad for the delectation of your fellow customers whose turns are next. So if you are thin-skinned and your ego bruises easily, keep away or wear a suit of armor. If, however, you relish robust foolery of an original, unpredictable sort, then you and Jack and his team-mates Frankie Hyers and Pat Harrington, will be meat for each other. The later the loonier.

That élite bear-pit, the Promenade Café of Rockefeller Center, has had some hundred grand invested in its roller-skating facilities, which isn't alfalfa even for the Rockefellers. So remember what you're denting when you sit down suddenly . . . Birdlore note: A certain pigeon toddled into the Stork Club some weeks ago around four o'clock and bummed a feed off one of the captains. Since when, he's been showing up at the same hour daily, demanding his peanuts from that particular captain but hasn't offered to buy a drink yet, the grafter! . . . Bird-lovers whose taste runs to duck can get breast of same, nobly done and with Bar-le-Duc jelly accompaniment, at Marnel's (131 East 47th), where the white-wined mussels also have their merits . . . No doors at Jimmy Dwyer's Sawdust Trail (156 West 44th)—you just barge in and mill around, preferably without stumbling over the four small white pianos operated by two boys, two girls. Featured performer is Ella Shields, male impersonator from the music halls of London, alias Burlington Bertie From Bow. Host himself—"Sir James" to youse guys—is an old B. F. Keither who doesn't need tutoring in showmanship.

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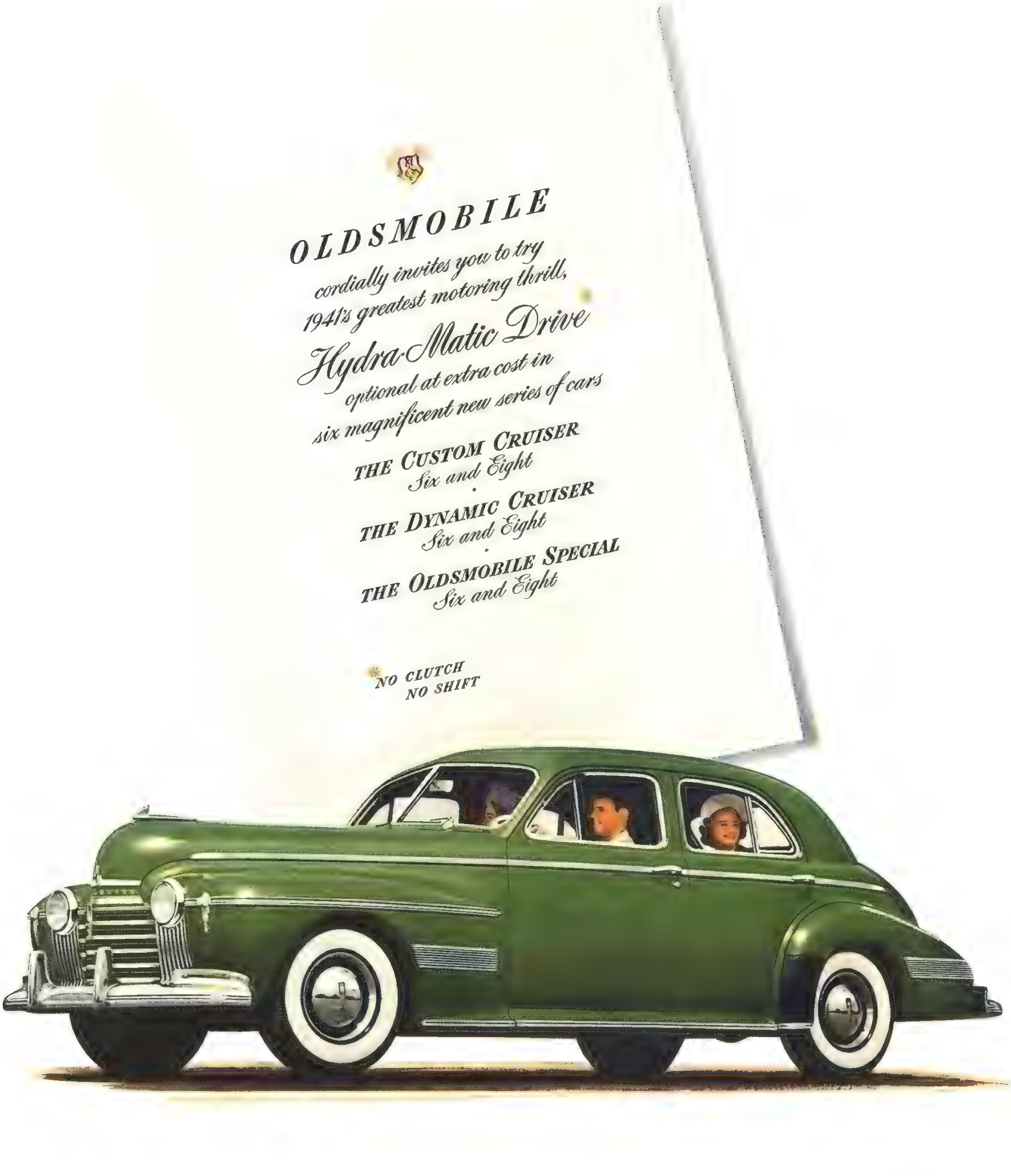

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If you know the details of custom-tailored garments, if you are familiar with the refinements so essential to clothing that fits perfectly and looks as well after you wear it for six months as it did the first day you bought it, then you will appreciate what you'll find in Bench Made clothing by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

Hand-crafted by expert needlers, designed and styled to satisfy the most exacting and offered at a figure far below what you would ordinarily expect to pay for quality suits of this kind, Bench Mades definitely offer you made-to-measure clothing at ready-for-service prices.

DOUBLE-CHECKED FIT . . . is what you're assured of when you buy any Hart Schaffner & Marx garment. For every suit or coat that carries the Trumpeter Label is scientifically designed and rigidly checked for fit *first* before it is ever allowed to leave the Hart Schaffner & Marx tailoring shops, and then *again* by the retailer who ultimately sells you the garment.

The Trumpeter Label

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

Fire on Queer Street

It's a business with some people, a hobby with others, but the arson hunters always catch up with them

by J. C. FURNAS

• ARTICLE •

The volunteer firemen from the local town did their best with their dinky little chemical outfit. But the old farmhouse was obviously doomed to become one of those blackened cellarholes that you often see in the country, the grave of a house with the chimney for elongated tombstone. The elderly owner was pitiful in his despair. Twice the horrified onlookers had to hold him back from rushing into the flames to commit suicide.

When there was nothing more to do but watch, one of the firemen got into the lee of the boarded-up barn for shelter from the wind. The first time he heard that cockeyed little hiccup, he thought he was just imagining things. Fifteen minutes later he heard it again, too plain for dreaming. So he dropped a word in the chief's ear and the chief sent a couple of men round back to break into the barn.

It proved to be stacked with all the furniture, bedding, clothing and kitchen stuff that were supposed to be burning up in the house to the utter devastation of the poor old owner. He had shifted it all there himself just before setting the fire that was to collect his insurance and ease the struggle for existence. He might well have got away with it—if he had only thought to stop the cuckoo clock after taking it to the barn. Because the sound of "Cuckoo!" had startled the chilly fireman as he leaned against the barn wall, the owner got his wish for a long stretch of freedom from economic worries—but in state's prison at the taxpayers' expense.

That case puts the emphasis where it belongs—on the peculiar trickiness and temptingness of the crime of arson, which make it a regular business for some people and a regular habit with others. It sounds so easy. Any fool ought to be able to set a delayed blaze, establish an alibi and trust to the fire itself to cover his tracks. Some fools—and maniacs—are still trying. But a weird little slip, that neither you nor a fool would ever think of, that trained arson hunters themselves may not think of till their sharpened instincts find it, usually crops up to show that the fire was incendiary and who set it. A generation ago arson often escaped the law's attention because arson detection was still clumsy and ill-organized and the law itself gave arsonists undeserved breaks. Nowadays all that is changed or changing. "This used to be a good racket," said a professional "torch" recently while cooling his heels in jail; "I always figured it was the one thing you could get away with. But not no more. From here out I stick to larceny."

Naturally there will always be arson, just as there will always be theft and murder. But every year that passes, the chances of getting away with it are fewer—thanks largely to the development of an intricate network of highly trained, uncannily shrewd special agencies, public and private, that smell out incendiary burnings and build watertight cases against the people who set them—cases that the local district attorney is only too delighted to lay before a jury. In a steadily growing list of states and counties, trained investigators with the patience of cats watching at mouseholes, the nose for evidence of a fiction detective and the systematic omniscience of the U. S. Bureau of Census, are now making the firebug's life miserable. Such operatives, usually attached to the state police or the fire-marshal's office, head up a dragnet system that includes most local fire chiefs and firemen, well educated in what to look for and why, obligated by law to report to headquarters all conceivably pertinent circumstances of every fire that occurs. Big city police departments play the same game. All are aided and abetted at every turn by the agents and facilities of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, service organization of some two hundred capital stock fire insurance companies, which is about three times as important to the field of arson as the Federal Bureau of Investigation is to crime in general. The National Board gives for the asking to any state or locality the training and investigative services of its own formidable operatives, many of whom are veterans of the United States Treasury Secret Service or the FBI itself. Its appallingly voluminous records are at the service of any arson hunter who wants to know the probable whereabouts of a known firebug or the possibly suspicious record of a certain house owner. Chemical experts will tell him five times as much as he ever thought anybody could know about the chemical meaning of the ashes found in the ruins of the building. And its undercover men are always hither and yon, keeping the heat on, finding out things that make firebugs think the devil himself has finally turned against them.

The net result is that, wherever a fire occurs in the United States, the firemen are suspicious from the word go—watching for abnormal colors in smoke, looking out for inexplicable explosions, sniffing for the telltale scent of kerosene, peeling an eye for the quick spread of flame, the wrong expression on a bystander's face, the missing furniture that may mean this fire has broken out on Queer Street. What the firemen miss in their hurry is picked up by the expert investigator in plain clothes who turns up with amazing speed, often while the fire is still burning, to ask the most uncomfortable kind of questions, pry round among the ruins, sometimes literally sift the ashes for incriminating truth.

He already knows—never mind how—that Irving Zilch, veteran of the Antonini arson-mob, is in the vicinity. He may recognize a

Continued on page 115

ARMY POST
NO. X6
JEFF KEATE

"There we are, Fenton—all ready for action!"

The Male Climacteric

A new drug curbs emotional disturbance which affects business judgment during this period of glandular readjustment

by RUSSEL BLAKE

• ARTICLE •

℞

This article deals with "The Male Climacteric," particularly the way it affects business judgment in men. It's only in the last few years that physicians have diagnosed the male climacteric as a specific, and not at all uncommon, condition. Their interest started with the discovery of testosterone, the male sex hormone in pure chemical form. This new drug curbs the climacteric symptoms, particularly the emotional symptoms which rob a man of his business judgment.

No subject in medicine is more active today than endocrinology. Sales on glandular preparations are $12,000,000 annually. Business on testosterone, alone, amounts to $1,000,000. This winter, the N. Y. Academy of Medicine had a Fortnightly on Endocrinology. Hundreds of doctors were turned away from each session.

A few months ago, Dr. Joseph Morrell, head of endocrine research for E. R. Squibb & Sons, swung around the country lecturing to physicians. Wherever he went, large groups awaited his arrival, arranged meetings, even paid for their own lunch in order to question him about new developments in endocrinology.

To date, scarcely anything has been printed in lay publications on the male climacteric. Most men do not even know that it exists. There is plenty of material available in medical literature.

Further confirmation of the link between the climacteric and business judgment appears in Dr. Eugen Steinach's book, *Sex and Life*, just published by Viking. Dr. Steinach says that the results of the famous Steinach operation are duplicated today by injections of male sex hormone.

THE air is tense at J. B. Smith, Inc. No one sends out for a malted any more. Tim Burns, the general sales manager, has Webster on his desk. When he catches himself dictating a scorcher to the salesmen in the field, he suddenly remembers and turns to the section on synonyms. Bob Crozier, head of the plant, has lunch at his desk. You'll find him scowling over the idle-time chart as he toys with some anemic ham and lettuce. The reason for gloom is that the board of directors hired efficiency engineers to look into J. B. Smith, Inc., and they're so thick that a first vice-president can't go to the washroom without running headlong into a statistician.

Anyone closer than the august Board to the nerves and blood of J. B. Smith, Inc. would know that you didn't need experts from outside to find out why the company has not earned its dividend. Pretty Mary Allen, J. B.'s secretary, could have given the Board members a clue. Three months ago she found the boss hunched over his desk, clutching what early that morning had been a crisp handkerchief. It was damp and crumpled. J. B. had been crying!

Tim Burns could have shed some light if the efficiency experts had talked things over with him, man to man, instead of going through his files with an X-ray. Tim recalled the meeting of division managers two weeks ago.

Usually when they came to town for an all-day session, J. B. ordered them into his office and hammered away at sales policy, hour after hour. This last meeting he asked Tim to take charge. When he finally showed up at three in the afternoon, he stuck his head through the door like something whipped. "May I interrupt?" he asked timidly. The men couldn't get over J. B. asking questions instead of giving orders.

Bob Crozier could have told them his experience with the new line, number 847. J. B. had been pestering him for costs on it since the beginning of the year. When Bob finally took in his figures for OK, the chief waved him aside. "Can't concentrate this afternoon, Bob. Kind of fuddled." It was cold outdoors, but J. B. threw open the window and loosened his collar. Bob noticed he was flushed. That was eight weeks ago. Bob still hadn't been able to get an OK on line 847. As a result, they lost a $100,000 government contract last week.

The truth is, it's not the firm of J. B. Smith, Inc. which needs investigating. It's the company president who should be checked up, and only a doctor can do the job. J. B. is going through an emotional and physical change which affects many men between the ages of forty and fifty-five. It upsets their business judgment and lowers their efficiency. They can't concentrate. Their minds fog. Memory fails. Those who used to shout opinions loudest take to whispering their views.

Many men, grown restless and irritable, go to pieces over trivial annoyances. Sometimes, for no reason at all, they sit at their desks and cry. The worst of it is, they haven't any idea what is wrong. Humiliated, afraid, they grow silent and difficult at home. Tightly riveted marriages often strain and break during these years. Some men, pursuing a different line, meet the period of change with bravado. They're the men likely to go in for violent exercise or assorted blondes.

Ten years ago, if a man had explained his symptoms to a doctor, the chances are that he would have received a reassuring pat on the back and some friendly advice: "Find yourself a hobby, Jim. It will take your mind off yourself. You're brooding." During the last decade, however, physicians have come to recognize this condition as a definite and diagnosable disturbance. They have given it a name. It is called "the male climacteric," meaning just what the word climax implies—a critical time in a man's life. Dr. Elmer L. Sevringhaus, professor of medicine at the University of Wisconsin, says in a recent issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association: "I feel that there is a very definite clinical syndrome which is coming to be appreciated in larger numbers in the last decade or so under the term, male climacteric."[1]

Furthermore, and this is what makes the subject of such vital interest to men today, a new drug has been discovered which may, in time, relieve the more disturbing symptoms. This drug is the male sex hormone, chemically prepared. Used by skilled endocrine specialists during the past year, it has been found particularly effective in curbing the emotional symptoms which trouble business and professional men of middle age. So encouraging are results to date that the new treatment promises many harassed men of fifty the calm Indian summer prescribed by Henry Adams: "A little sunny and a little sad, like the season, and infinite in wealth and depth of tone, but never hustled."

This article will explain the nature of the climacteric to the many men who are unaware of its existence, so that they may meet its trying changes with tranquility and peace of mind. What causes the climacteric? Why has so little been known about it until recently? What are the physical symptoms? How can they be curbed? These are questions we shall try to answer.

To begin with, the climacteric is a period of glandular readjustment which every man undergoes, whether or not he is aware of it. Along about fifty, the glands of internal secretion, notably the sex glands, become less active. Whatever this change is called—endocrine imbalance, decline of gonadal function, or endocrine dysfunction—it affects not only the entire glandular system, but may disturb the nervous system and psychic centers as well.

These latter disturbances are the most upsetting, because while the climacteric may also bring on sexual changes, it does not necessarily rob a man of potency or desire. Besides, most physicians now agree that psychic factors, rather than physical, control a man's sex life so that once he is reassured as to the cause of the trouble and regards it as temporary, his problem is well on the way to being solved.

Sometimes the climacteric brings upsets of the circulatory system, like those which sent J. B. Smith to the window gasping for air. A man may feel flashes of heat pass over him. He frequently has perspiration followed by chills. He may find himself suddenly dizzy, so that he has to steady himself on the edge of his desk or grab the nearest chair. There is often a throbbing sensation in the head. Some men grow panicky because their breathing is labored. They see themselves as wheel chair invalids with heart disease. Others complain of a prickly feeling in various parts of the body. Once in a while a troublesome itching seizes them.

Unless a man curbs his taste for rich desserts, an unflattering bulge may distort his middle. There's a tendency at this time to put on weight. He may notice that his skin dries out after shaving, has lost some of its elasticity, and has a tendency to wrinkle. These changes may hurt a man's vanity, but they are not necessarily permanent or serious.

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[1] *Journal of American Medical Assn.*, Dec. 9, 1939, page 2127.

Tricky, unstable nerves prove far more disturbing, however, and some men grow so desperate over their inability to concentrate, their restlessness, and their loss of business judgment, that they are driven to the point of suicide.

Take the case of Ted Gilroy.[2] His father left him the tidy Gilroy fortune. Instead of running through it in a few years, as the wiseacres in Merian predicted, young Ted studied the investment market with the same zeal he formerly applied to polo. When the Merian bankers lost on industrials, Ted bought wheat and cleaned up. When the town patriarchs complained about taxes and began unloading real estate, Ted picked up the tract near the country club and started a thriving housing project. When his old roommate from Yale, Bart Taylor, had to put rubber bands around his New York brokerage office in 1931, Ted loaned him money to sit out the slump. That year Ted was short of the market and piled up such a nice profit that he gave a new science building to Merian College. The consistency with which Ted guessed right made him a town legend. You'd even find smart fellows from New York driving down on a Sunday to sit around Ted's swimming pool, just to hear him predict the week's financial weather. Then suddenly, about a year ago, Ted's judgment started going screwy. Everything he touched was a dud. In six months he lost what it had taken ten years of brilliant manipulation to build. You would never have recognized him. From one day to the next you could see him age. His wife finally persuaded him to drop in on Dr. Baldwin.

It was just Ted's luck that Dr. Baldwin had attended a meeting of his local medical society the week before. There he listened to a paper by a physician who had been experimenting with the new preparation of male sex hormone.[3] This authority urged his colleagues to question carefully patients between the ages of fifty and sixty-five, ". . . men who have no obvious disease condition but have found that they fatigue more quickly, *that their business affairs do not click*, and that they are more irritable." He went on to stress that "These men are actually suffering the discomforts, distresses and disabilities of the climacteric, and nothing else!"

The next statement flagged Dr. Baldwin's attention particularly, because it suggested a means of relief. "Many medical men have, for a number of years, been relieving their women patients of most, if not all, of the disturbances of the climacteric by giving them intelligently regulated treatment with the endocrines, from the first symptoms of 'change' until the system has successfully completed its shift from high gear to low. They give these preparations, not as a medicine, but as a rational and highly specialized part of the diet."

The physician then made a point which Dr. Baldwin recalled later, on seeing Ted

Continued in center of page 139

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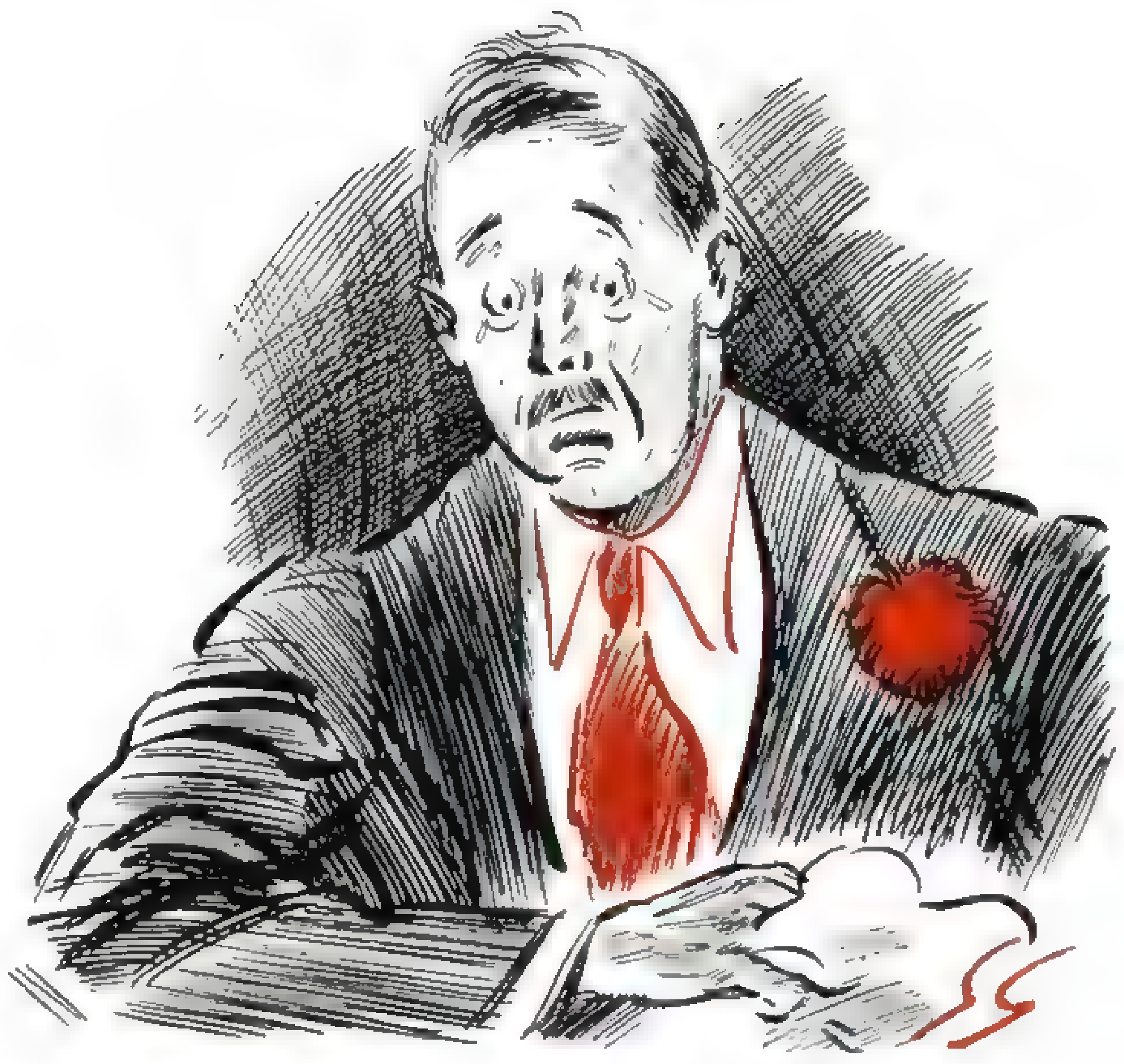
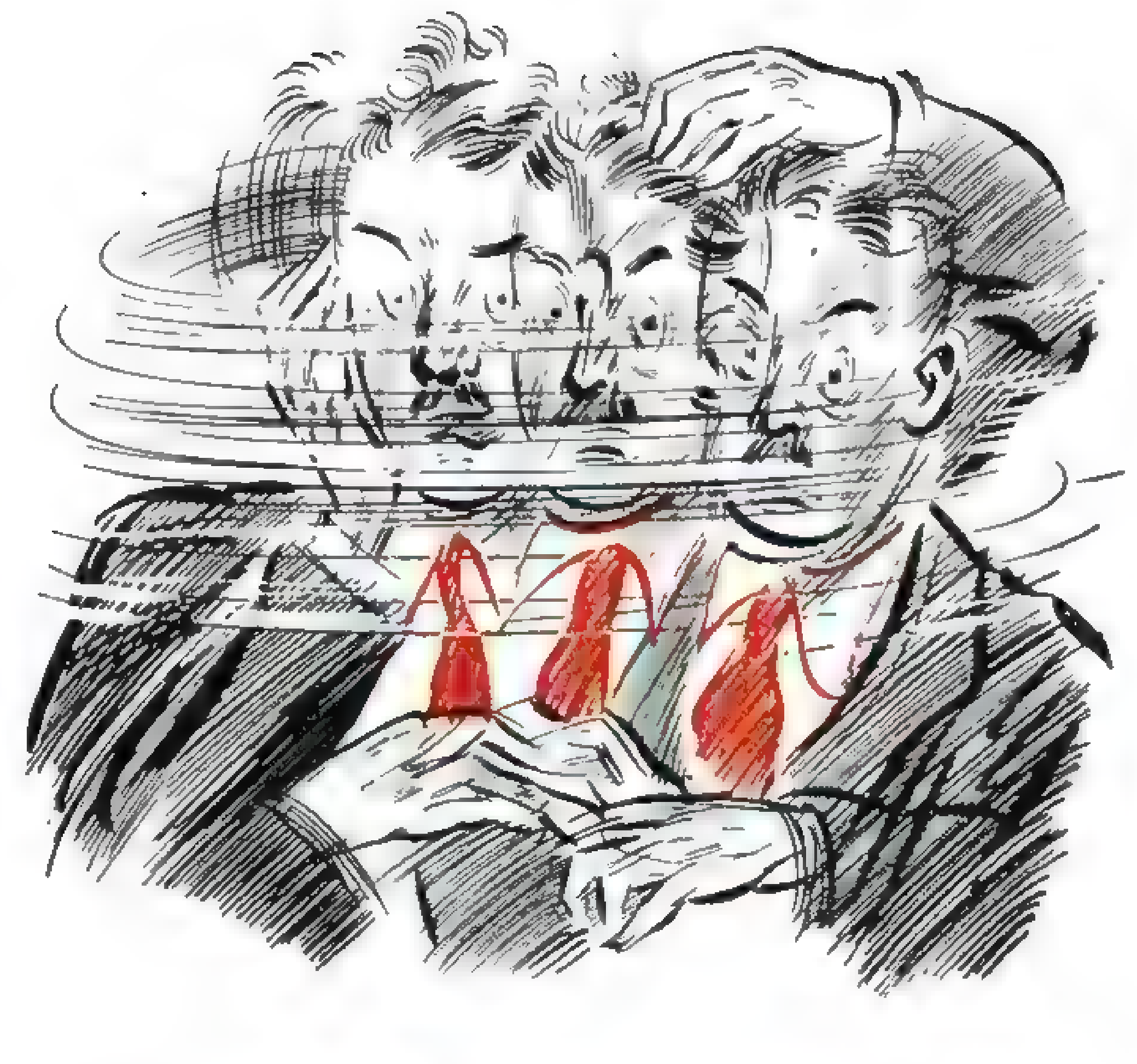
[2] An actual case described by Dr. Joseph Morrell, lecturer to physicians on latest developments in endocrinology and director of endocrine research for E. R. Squibb & Sons. The name, of course, is fictional.

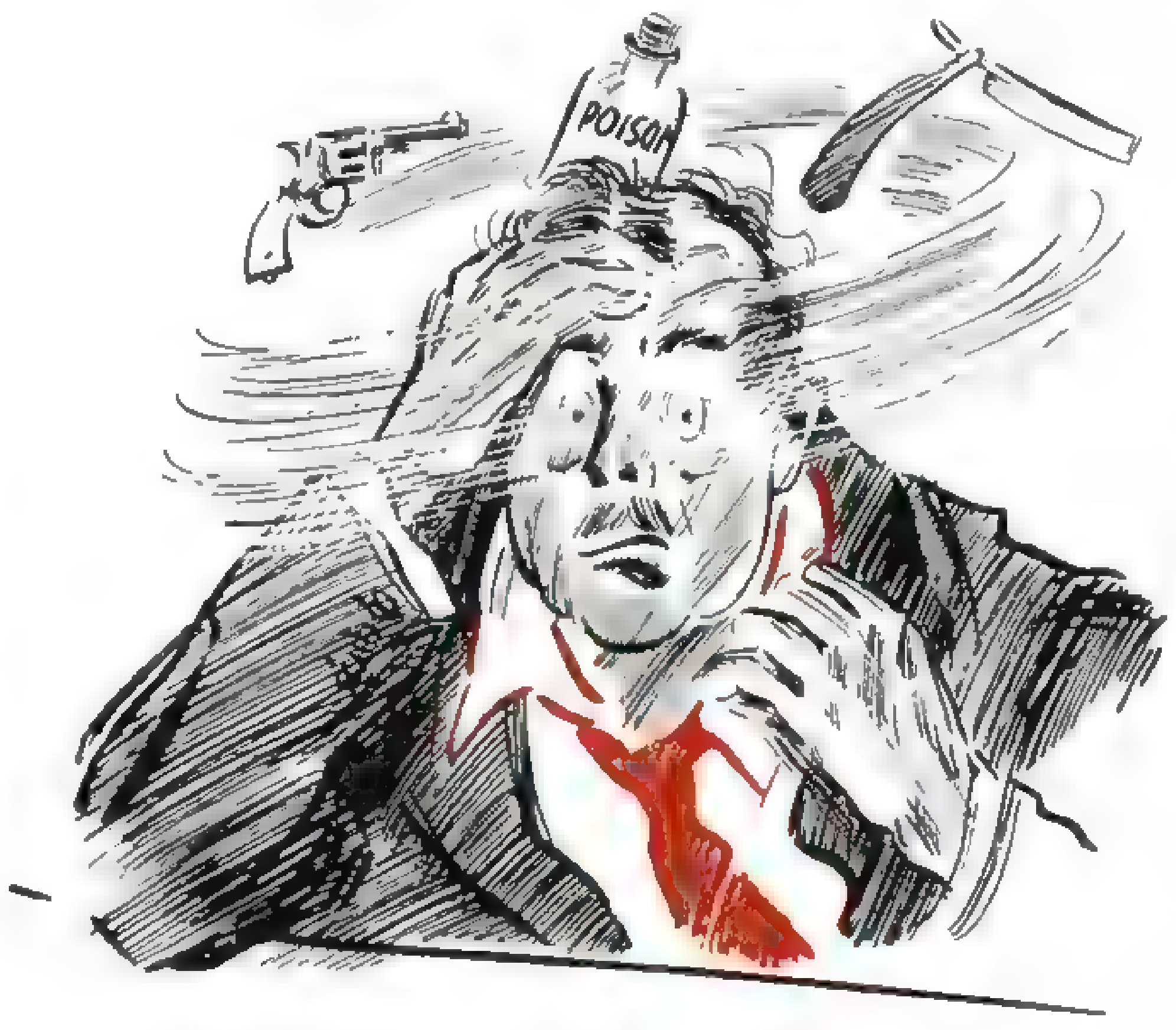
[3] *The Male Climacteric*, Finis W. Ewing, Journal of Arkansas Medical Society, July, 1938.



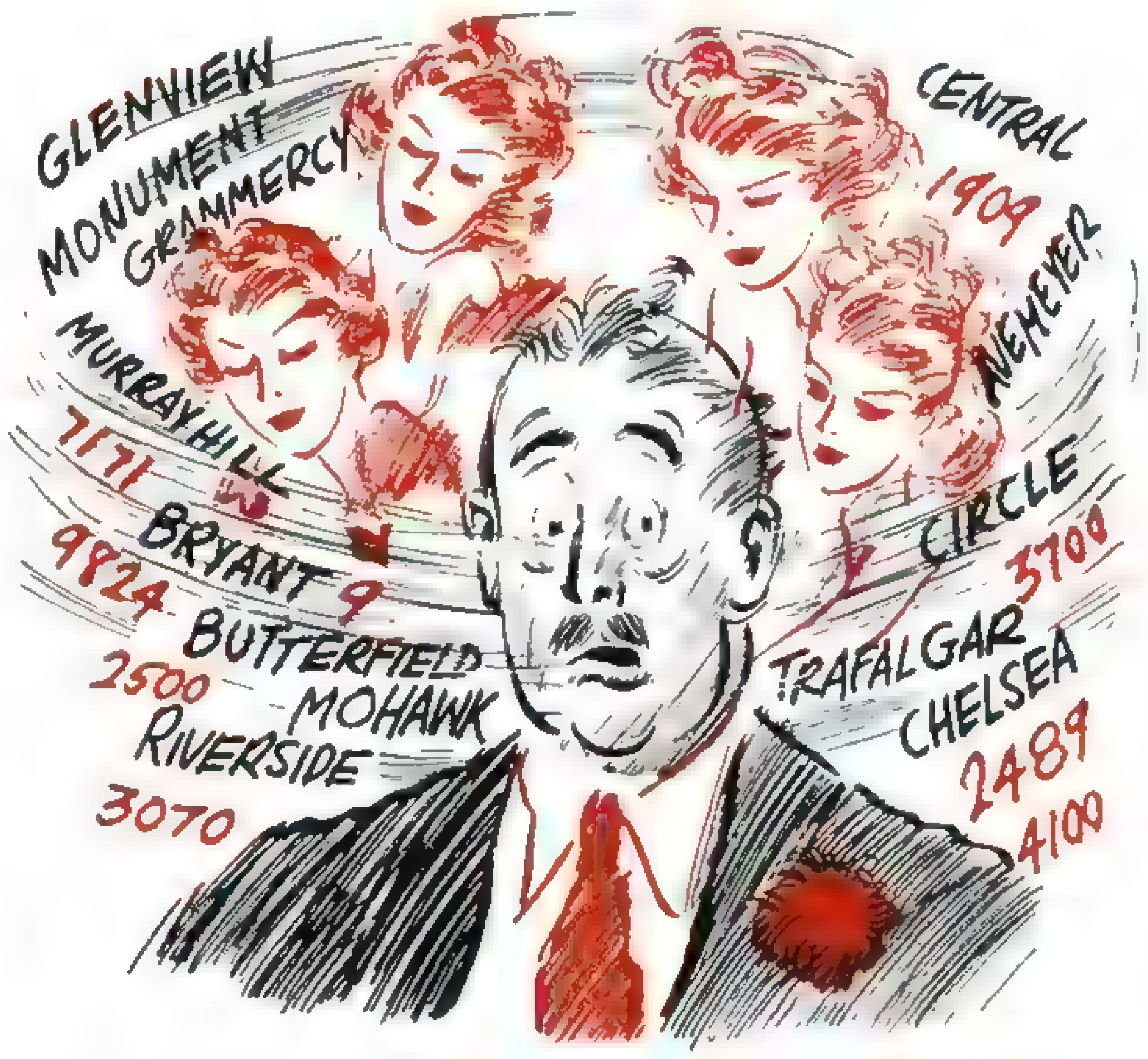
1—Let us now present a V. P.
At his desk, unnerved and weepy;



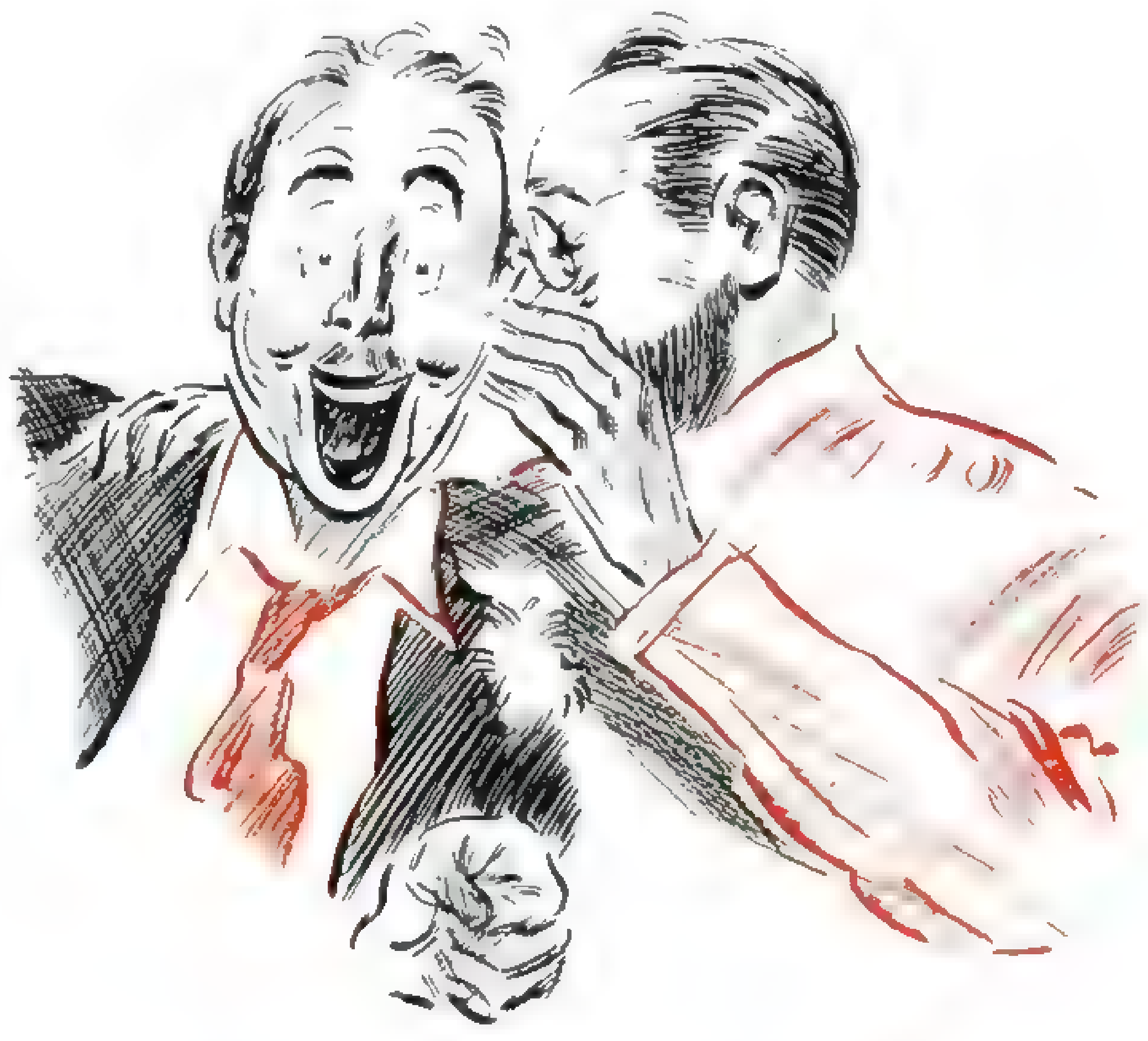
2—Physically, the gent is groggy,
Mentally, he's very foggy;



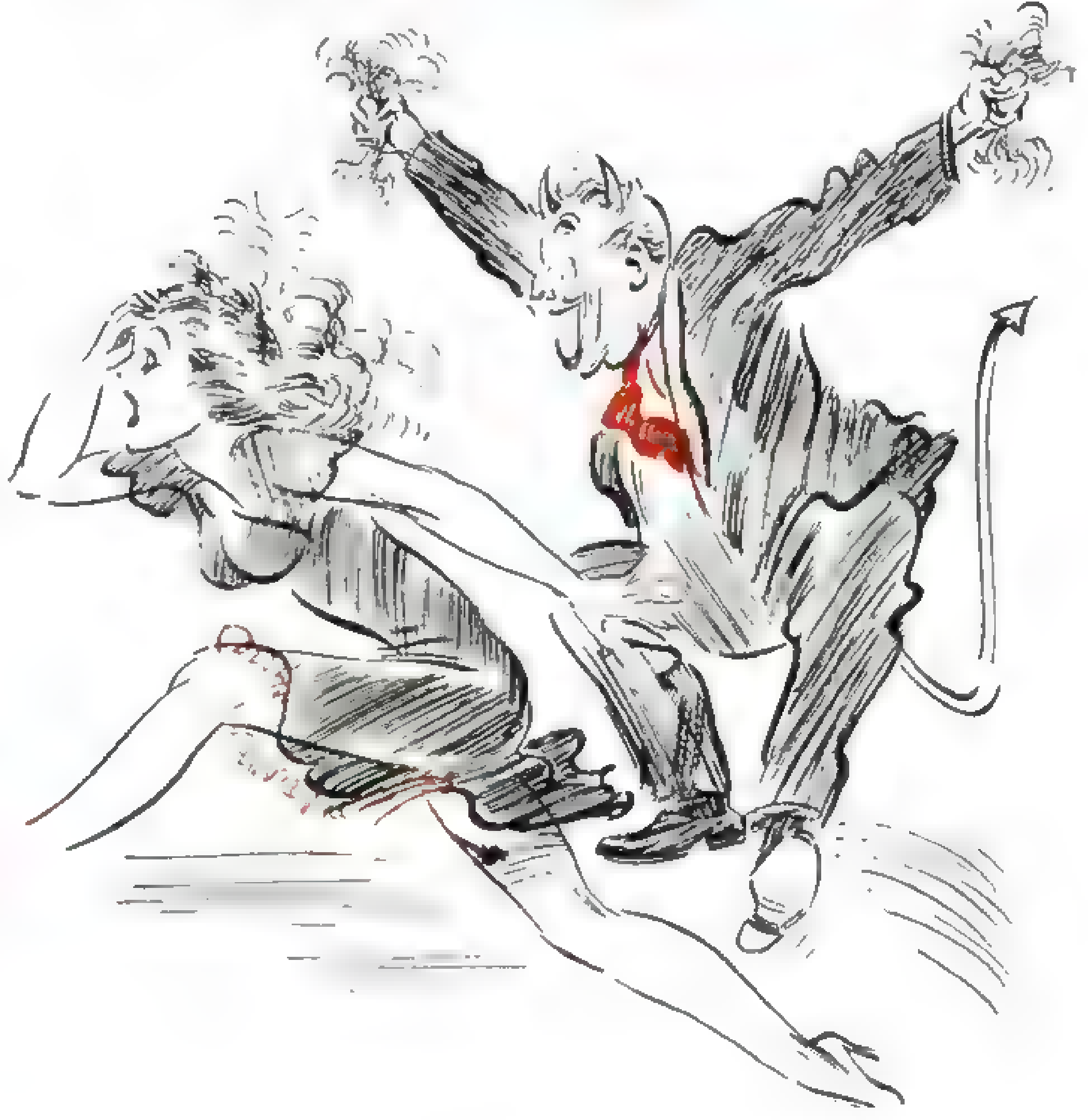
3—Sad to state, this former sage
Is a victim of his age;



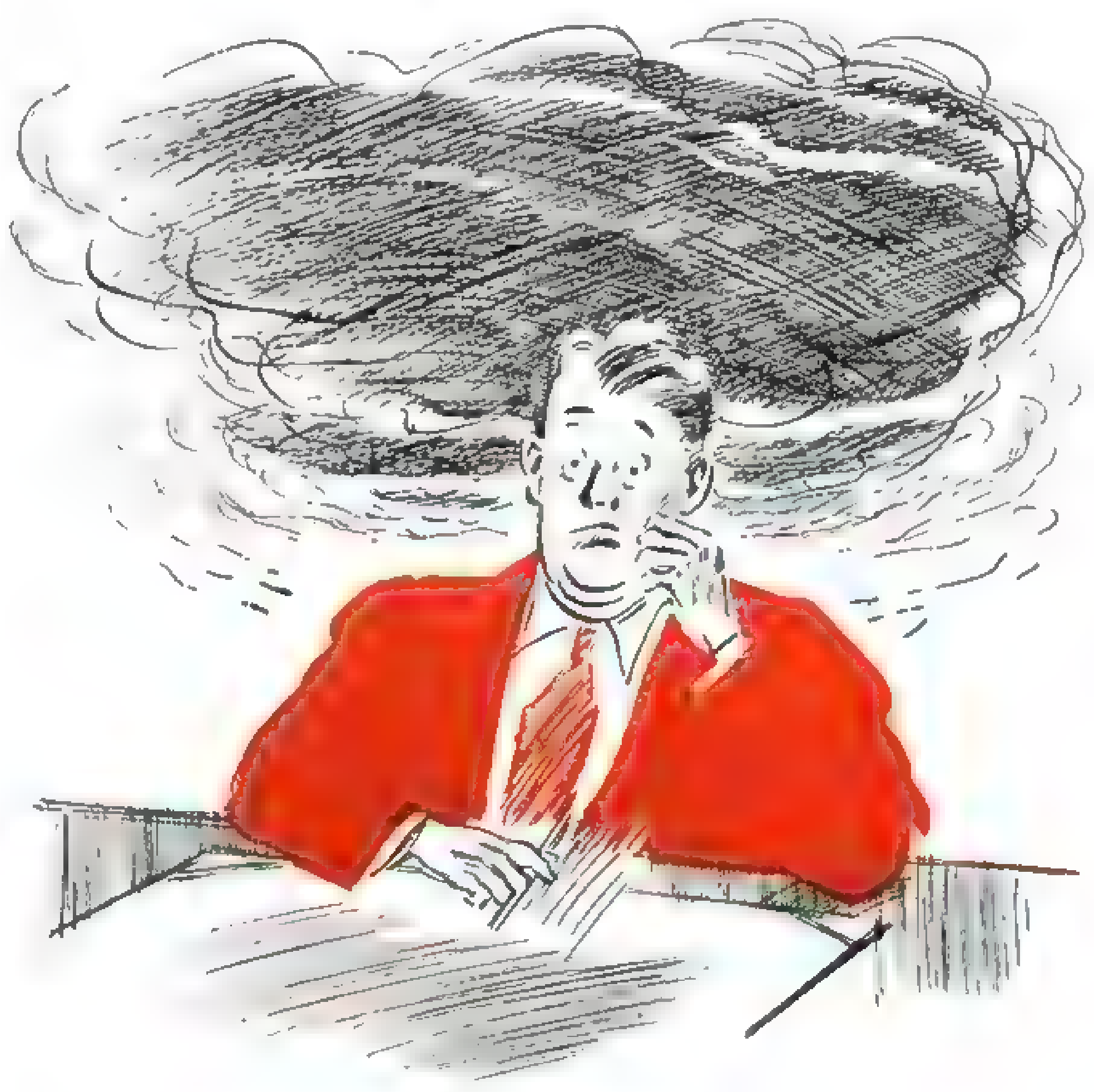
4—Like our Pal . . . the Lil' Red Rooster
He can't do the things he uster,



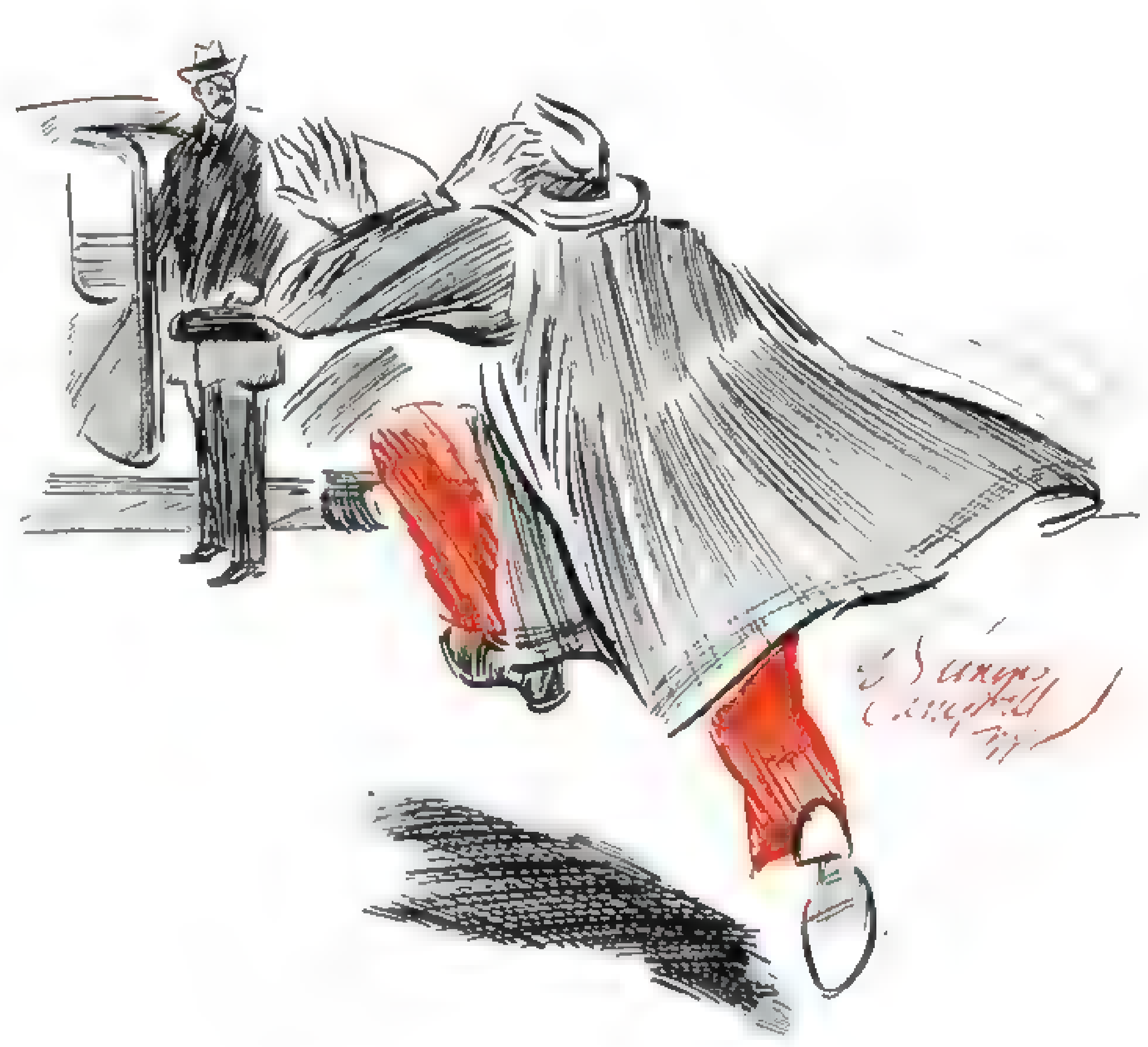
5—But in some physician's hands
He can learn about his glands



6—And indulge in rest and quiet
Far from Mammon's daily riot;



7—So, if over you there's stealing
A most gland, inglorious feeling



8—Don't go out and buy a gat
See your Doc and have a chat!

—PHIL STACK

No Harm Trying

With a honey like Miss Starheim and three strictly original ideas Pat was surely back in the money

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

Pat Hobby's apartment lay athwart a delicatessen shop on Wilshire Boulevard. And there lay Pat himself, surrounded by his books—the *Motion Picture Almanac* of 1928 and *Barton's Track Guide, 1939*—by his pictures, authentically signed photographs of Mabel Normand and Barbara LaMarr (who, being deceased, had no value in the pawn shops)—and by his dogs in their cracked leather oxfords, perched on the arm of a slanting settee.

Pat was at "the end of his resources"—though this term is too ominous to describe a fairly usual condition in his life. He was an old timer in pictures; he had once known sumptuous living, but for the past ten years jobs had been hard to hold—harder to hold than glasses.

"Think of it," he often mourned. "Only a writer—at forty-nine."

All this afternoon he had turned the pages of *The Times* and *The Examiner* for an idea. Though he did not intend to compose a motion picture from this idea, he needed it to get him inside a studio. If you had nothing to submit it was increasingly difficult to pass the gate. But though these two newspapers, together with *Life*, were the sources most commonly combed for "originals," they yielded him nothing this afternoon. There were wars, a fire in Topanga Canyon, press releases from the studios, municipal corruptions, and always the redeeming deeds of "The Trojuns," but Pat found nothing that competed in human interest with the betting page.

—If I could get out to Santa Anita, he thought—I could maybe get an idea about the nags.

This cheering idea was interrupted by his landlord, from the delicatessen store below.

"I told you I wouldn't deliver any more messages," said Nick, "and *still* I won't. But Mr. Carl Le Vigne is telephoning in person from the studio and wants you should go over right away."

The prospect of a job did something to Pat. It anaesthetized the crumbled, struggling remnants of his manhood, and inoculated him instead with a bland, easy-going confidence. The set speeches and attitudes of success returned to him. His manner as he winked at a studio policeman, stopped to chat with Louie, the bookie, and presented himself to Mr. Le Vigne's secretary, indicated that he had been engaged with momentous tasks in other parts of the globe. By saluting Le Vigne with a facetious "Hel-*lo* Captain!" he behaved almost as an equal, a trusted lieutenant who had never really been away.

"Pat, your wife's in the hospital." Le Vigne said, "It'll probably be in the papers this afternoon."

Pat started.

"My wife?" he said, "What wife?"

"Estelle. She tried to cut her wrists."

"Estelle!" Pat exclaimed, "You mean Es*telle*? Say, I was only married to her three weeks!"

"She was the best girl you ever had," said Le Vigne grimly.

"I haven't even heard of her for ten years."

"You're hearing about her now. They called all the studios trying to locate you."

"I had nothing to do with it."

"I know—she's only been here a week. She had a run of hard luck wherever it was she lived—New Orleans? Husband died, child died, no money . . ."

Pat breathed easier. They weren't trying to hang anything on him.

"Anyhow she'll live," Le Vigne reassured him superfluously, "—and she was the best script girl on the lot once. We'd like to take care of her. We thought the way was give you a job. Not exactly a job, because I know you're not up to it." He glanced into Pat's red-rimmed eyes, "More of a sinecure."

Pat became uneasy. He didn't recognize the word, but "sin" disturbed him and "cure" brought a whole flood of unpleasant memories.

"You're on the payroll at two-fifty a week for three weeks," said Le Vigne, "—but one-fifty of that goes to the hospital for your wife's bill."

"But we're divorced!" Pat protested. "No Mexican stuff either. I've been married since, and so has—"

"Take it or leave it. You can have an office here, and if anything you can do comes up we'll let you know."

"I never worked for a hundred a week."

"We're not asking you to work. If you want you can stay home."

Pat reversed his field.

"Oh, I'll work," he said quickly. "You dig me up a good story and I'll show you whether I can work or not."

Le Vigne wrote something on a slip of paper.

"All right. They'll find you an office."

Outside Pat looked at the memorandum.

"Mrs. John Devlin," it read, "Good Samaritan Hospital."

The very words irritated him.

"Good Samaritan!" he exclaimed, "Good gyp joint! One hundred and fifty bucks a week!"

II

Pat had been given many a charity job but this was the first one that made him feel ashamed. He did not mind not *earn*ing his salary, but not getting it was another matter. And he wondered if other people on the lot who were obviously doing nothing, were being fairly paid for it. There were, for example, a number of beautiful young ladies who walked aloof as stars, and whom Pat took for stock girls, until Eric, the callboy, told him they

JUST MARRIED
RIDE THE BUS
DOWN TOWN
Tony Barlow

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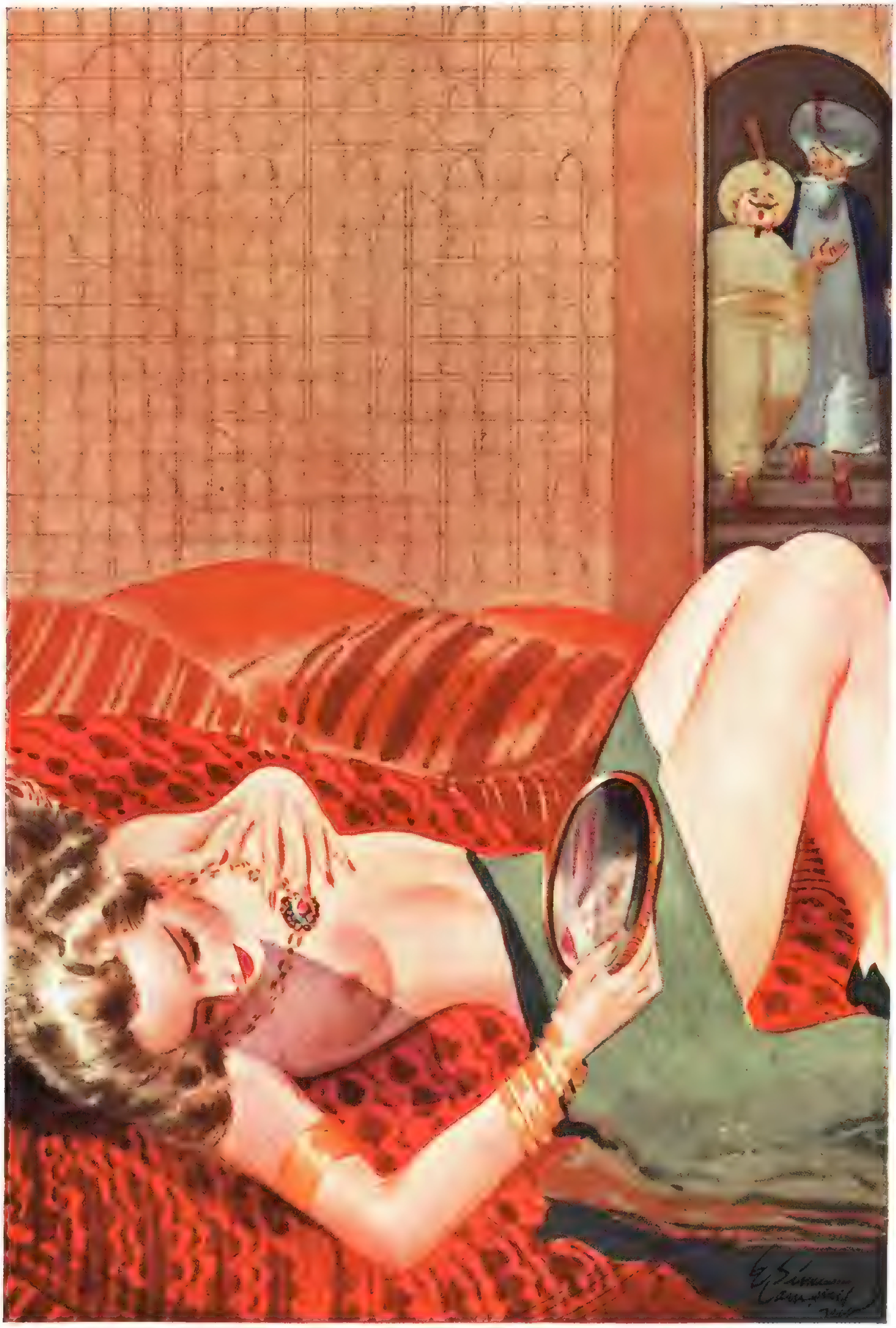
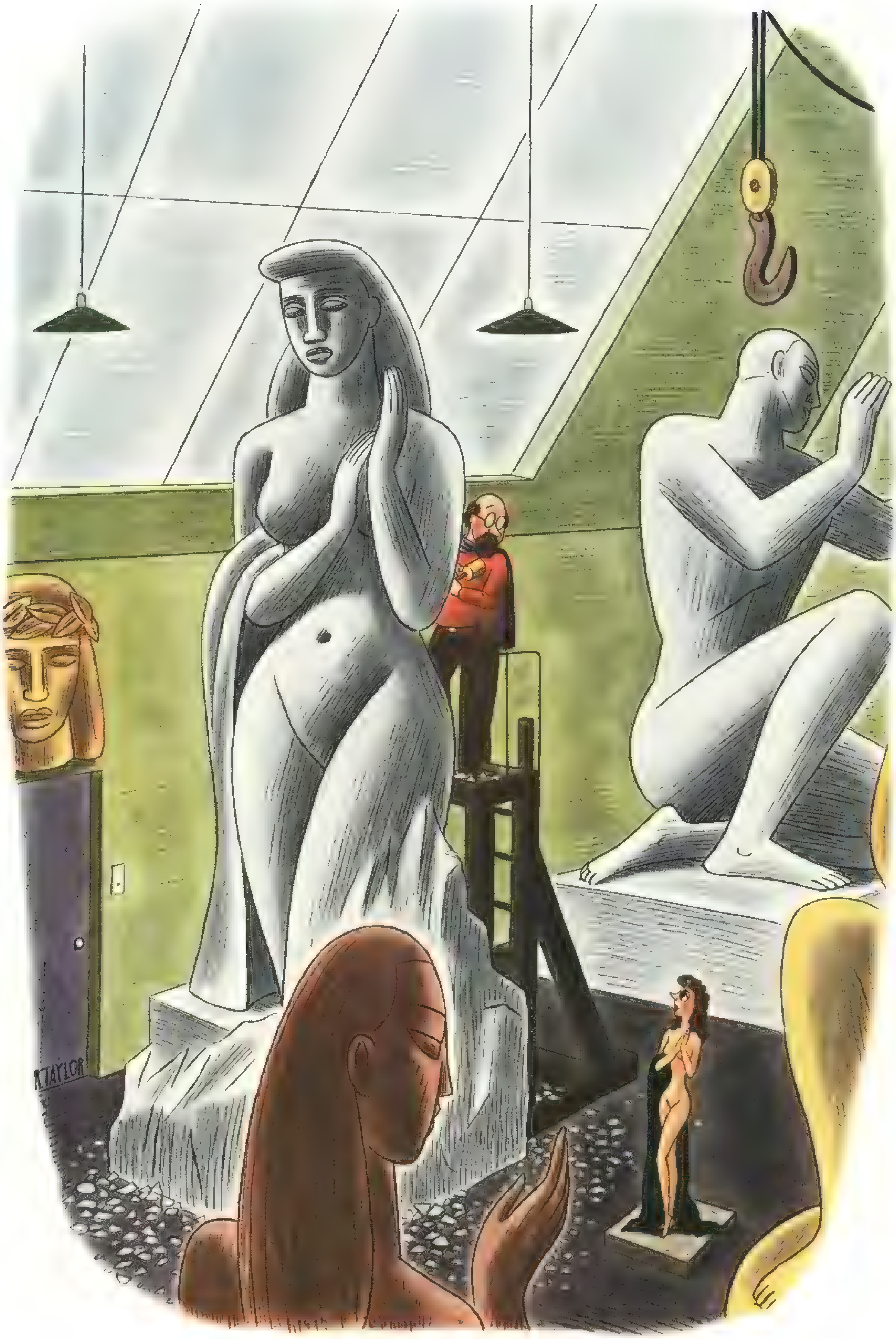


"It's a little something I put away for a rainy day"



"Getting tired, Miss Fenwick?"

They Asked for Food

When the long war had ended, the scientist was ready to give his discovery to the starving people

by HUMPHREY HUME

• SATIRE •

THROUGHOUT the closing years of the Second World War, Ressick toiled doggedly at his researches. The comfortable fortune that had enabled him to imprint his name brilliantly on the scroll of contemporary science not only dwindled in value with each successive depreciation of the currency, but the continual rise in prices made it increasingly difficult for him to purchase the chemicals and apparatus he needed. Towards the end it became a choice between food for himself and food for his laboratory, and his gaunt features and shrunken frame showed which he favored.

The pangs of hunger caused him to smile cynically. It was paradoxical that he, of all men, should be starving in the midst of a starving world. Yet the tangled skein of his researches was unwinding swiftly now. Problems were solved almost before they were formulated; one successful experiment would clear up a whole train of difficulties, and he knew the day was not far distant when he could straighten his back and say "It is finished."

The final problem was solved almost simultaneously with the announcement of an armistice. For the first time in ten years people could sleep at night without the fear of being disintegrated by a bomb. The statesmen and the generals prepared for the interminable discussions that must ensue before the terms of peace could be agreed, but the weary, hungry peoples turned to their leaders and cried for food.

Ten years of war rations, ten years of bare existence on the minimum amount of food that would support life, ten years of malnutrition and semi-starvation. People had almost forgotten the rich savor of succulent meats. There were thousands of youngsters in their early 'teens who could not remember ever having tasted fresh meat. The appetizing odor of cooking was a lost memory. And now, relieved from the intolerable burden of war, millions of pinched and empty stomachs craved for food, good food, rich food, as much as they could eat. But there was no food.

A world that has been organized on a war basis for ten years cannot suddenly turn to the plentitude of peace. Flocks and herds were depleted, ravaged by disease, deprived of essential foods that were more urgently needed for war purposes, or which had not been grown or manufactured through lack of men to perform the task or money to pay for it when it was done.

Governments everywhere announced that war rations would have to continue for the time being, while a comprehensive program of production was organized to relieve the shortage. And into this turmoil of shattered hopes strode the figure of John Ressick.

It had been scientifically possible for many years to take a piece of flesh, or even an organ such as a heart, from its place in a living body and keep it alive indefinitely in a laboratory. Bathed in a sterile solution, nourished by suitable chemicals, the flesh would go on living, the heart would go on beating, year after year—for centuries, if need be.

But though the tissue remained fresh and healthy, although the tiny cells that composed it were continually breaking down and rebuilding themselves just as they do in a living body, there was nothing that would change its size. No scientist had yet been able to copy Nature and to make flesh grow. It was that secret, the great and mysterious secret of growth, that Ressick had pursued all through the war years. He saw the people were starving, he knew that most of the world's troubles originate from lack of food, and he was determined to solve the secret that would place unlimited supplies of cheap and nourishing food in the hands of the hungry millions.

Master the secret of growth, and Nature can be short-circuited. No longer is there need to go through the slow and expensive process of breeding great numbers of animals, feeding and caring for them while they reach maturity, and then carrying them on long journeys by rail and steamer from the remote and empty lands where large scale farming must be done. If flesh could be made to grow independently of a living body, it would only be necessary to stock great factories with original supplies of meat. These could be made to grow indefinitely, and each day enough freshly grown meat could be cut from the main pieces to supply whatever might be needed. That was the secret John Ressick had discovered.

Ressick wrote a formal and dignified letter to the Prime Minister, outlining the principles of his discovery and stating his willingness to place it at the disposal of the nation. A fortnight later he received a reply from the Prime Minister's secretary saying that the Prime Minister had read with interest of Mr. John Ressick's remarkable discovery and felt sure that it would prove of inestimable benefit to humanity should further investigation show that meat produced in this way was not unsuitable for general consumption. It was, however, outside the province of the Prime Minister to decide upon the merits of his claims, and it was therefore suggested that Mr. Ressick should approach the Scientific Advisory Board and request that a full and impartial inquiry should be made into the details of his process.

Nearly a month passed before Ressick had an answer to his letter to the Scientific Advisory Board. The Secretary of that learned body stated that meetings of the Executive Committee, without whose sanction no investigation could be undertaken, were held

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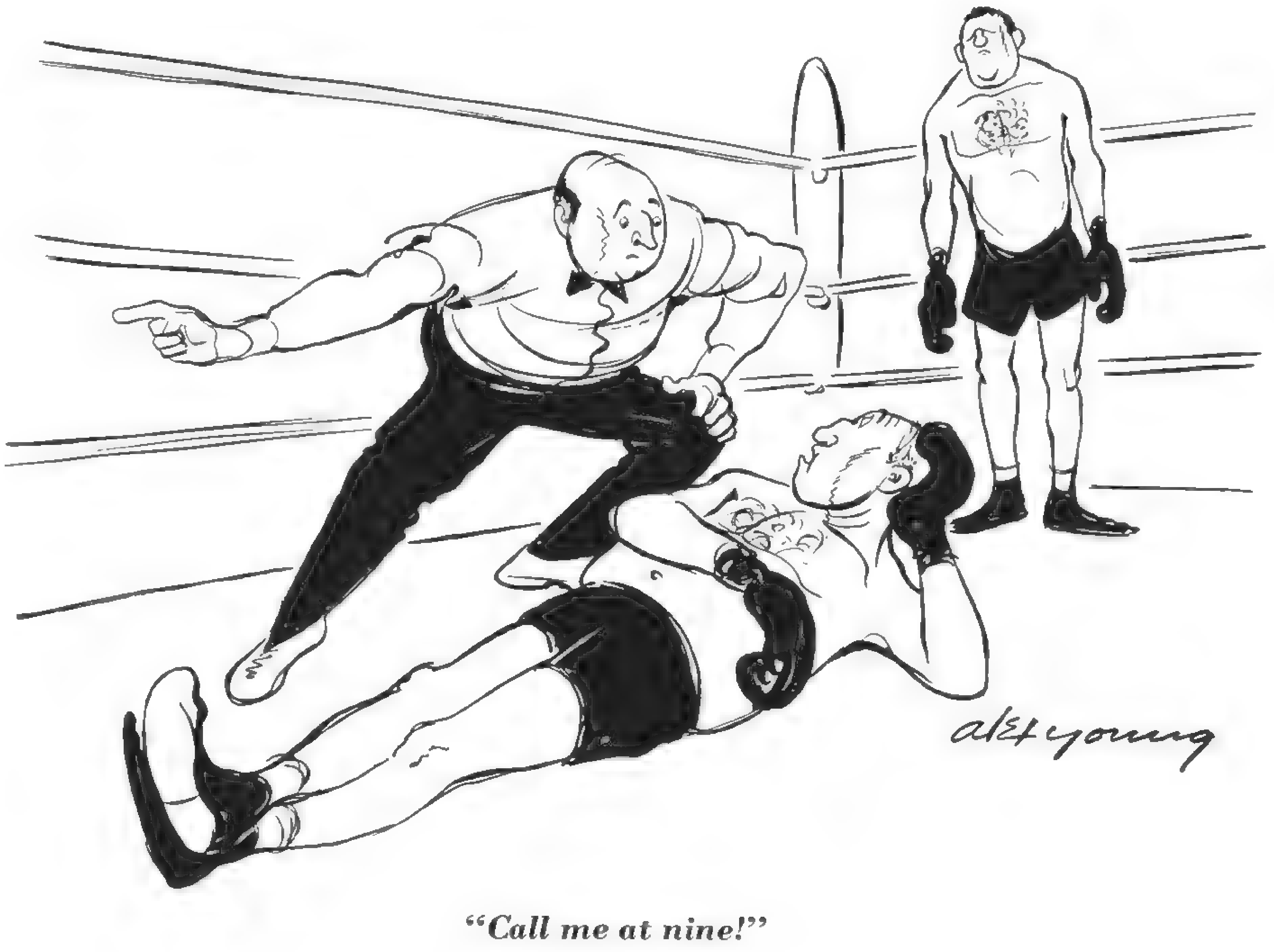


"Call me at nine!"

How to Play Bridge

One well-placed kick under the table is worth a damn sight more than all the informative bidding

by HART STILWELL

• ARTICLE •

Bridge is rapidly losing its grip on the American people, and all because the game is surrounded with so much bunk that it simply fails to achieve its primary object, which is to furnish a bit of mild amusement.

Due to making a cult out of it, the game has reached the point where it is played much like chess. Even a heavy sigh during the deep contemplation of one player brings forth a flock of nasty looks.

Whereas the game actually should be played, if it is to survive as a popular pastime, much on the order of craps, or at worst, of poker.

And until such a system of playing bridge is adopted generally, the game will continue to wither among the ladies' clubs, and will finally be abandoned generally, especially by the males of the country. It will remain as a sort of emotional orgy for a bunch of old fogies and disappointed women—that is all.

Yet there are two simple tricks which would bring bridge back to its once thriving position among our lighter recreations.

First—All artificial conventions of bidding and play, and many of the other conventions should be abandoned at once.

Second—All sorts of conversation, both about the bidding, the play, and about any other subject, should be encouraged during the play of bridge hands.

Now I have played bridge for a number of years, and I am what might be called an average bridge player. If I ever work a squeeze on anybody, the chances are I will be the last person among the four players to know what's going on, and after it's all over I am somewhat puzzled by all the extra tricks that kept piling up in my lap.

But I take it in my stride, claim credit for some brilliant playing, and go ahead and bid the next hand wrong, knowing that it won't make any difference in the long run, for I am not one of those people who believe that if you are going to play a game at all you should become an expert at it.

And in spite of my poor bidding and play, I guess I derive about as much pleasure from bridge as the experts. I attribute this pleasure, furthermore, largely to the fact that I refuse to be bothered by any conventions, by rules of bridge etiquette, and by the other raft of humbug that has made it sacrosanct to so many people.

Let us take four bridge players at work, and I say work advisedly. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are playing bridge against Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

Well, Mr. Jones has the contract at four spades, let us say, and Mrs. Smith leads the king of clubs. The lead of the king of clubs, in case you don't know, ordinarily means that the person leading it also has the ace, or he has the king and queen both, or the king and queen and jack, or possibly just the singleton king. That's another trouble with conventions—they aren't always exact.

On the first lead Mr. Smith drops the eight of clubs. Then on the continuation (as the bridge boys say), of the ace of clubs, Mr. Smith drops the trey. This a come-on signal. But in spite of the come-on, Mrs. Smith, for one of those strange reasons which Mr. Smith can never figure out, shifts to a heart, leading through Mr. Smith's king, and Mr. Jones rattles off the rest of the tricks to make a contract he had no business making.

After it is all over, during which time Mr Smith has been looking icily (as the bridge boys say) at his wife, he says, "My Dear, if it should ever occur to you that you have a partner, and that he is giving you a signal..."

Then the recrimination goes on, and there is a wealth of built-up bitterness, Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith not being able to say what they really want to say because of the presence of other people. The internal turmoil will go on for three or four days, until the Smiths and Jones get together and play again. So instead of enjoying a pleasant couple of hours of bridge, which might be a sort of emotional release to these four people, they have had two hours of keyed-up nervous tension that will leave them in a brown fuzz for days.

All that is bunk.

There is no excuse for it. In the first place, as I have said before, I think all signals are boloney, except kicking under the table, and in order to be sure that they can't be misunderstood, I think the partners ought to be permitted instead simply to announce their cards. If your partner drops two clubs in reverse order, you might miss it. But if, instead, he simply said, on the first lead, "Look, Baby, I'm playing the eight." Then on the lead of the ace he remarked, "Now, I'm playing the trey, which means I am entirely out of clubs." Why this is giving fair and sure information to everybody—no chance of error. The result is the same, and the player isn't bothered with having to remember fool rules of play.

Take the four-five no trump convention, for instance, and see what it does to the life of a man who has to play bridge. Suppose I open with a club and my partner replies with two diamonds. This means he has a pretty swell hand and also support (as the experts say) for clubs.

Then I bid four no trump, which isn't an honest four no trump bid, but simply a question, asking him to show his aces. Instead of worrying around about complicated responses, which are pretty sure to be missed somewhere along the line by average players, why can't he simply reply, "Partner, I have the aces of diamonds and hearts."

Better still, why can't I simply ask him, if we are going to have artificial conventions, "What aces do you have?"

No chance of a mistake there, and everybody knows exactly what's going on. I may continue further, after he's told me about his aces, and say, "Since you have those aces, I'd like to know what you have in the way of kings." In reply he might say, "Listen, pal, what's wrong with me playing this thing at six diamonds or even seven. After all, I'm in this, too."

Well, you say this couldn't be permitted.

But it is permitted right today in all bridge circles, the only difference being that the information is supplied by a bunch of trick bids. Even that would be all right, except for the fact that the use of them requires

too much study on the part of the average man, who looks upon bridge as simply a game. Furthermore, there are too many opportunities to slip on them.

Even the experts at times miss some of the finer points of the bidding and play as set out by the conventions, and then hell's to pay. And the average man is just in a fuddle.

As I say, I learned to play bridge years ago, and I have played it all these years. And after learning the fundamentals of bridge conventions, I threw them all overboard and now I have a swell time playing. I am at times a decided shock to my partners, that I will admit. But they have to take it or leave it, if they want to play bridge with me. And since I never play with experts, who would of course shun me with an "icy" stare, why I get along all right. I will give a few samples of fun at bridge, and demonstrate how they work.

Rodney de SARRO

Just the other day the opponent on my right opened with a spade and I promptly bid three clubs. The opponent on my left then bid three spades. But the opponent on my right was afraid, because of my bid, and let the thing die there. They made five spades and bid only three.

True they could have doubled and set my bid pretty badly, because all I had in my hand was the king of clubs and the jack of hearts. But the point is I indulged in a little fancy, and it added life to the game.

I have the same things pulled on me, time and again, and I enjoy them. Not long ago an opponent opened with three spades, and he played it there, doubled. He didn't have a card higher than a ten in his hand. But he came out of it with less loss than he would if he had passed.

Hundreds of similar bids have taken place in our bridge. They don't make sense. But they take the game out of its dull routine, add a great deal of uncertainty to things, and make the game at least tolerable from the standpoint of the bidding and the play.

Most people who are going to play bridge should and will ordinarily get a fair grasp in a little while of the value of hands, and of the play of the cards, even if they don't know an honor trick from a trey.

As a matter of cold fact, honor tricks don't mean all they're cracked up to mean. Some bridge experts, recognizing this, have even gone so far as to work out intricate systems of counting the value of your hand, including long cards, voids, etc.—systems in which a man has to have an adding machine that can figure in halves before he can bid one club.

But when you play bridge a while, you get the feel of the hands. You pick this up much quicker if you aren't hidebound by a lot of rules that you have to obey. You soon realize that a hand having nothing higher than a queen in it is worth plenty if your partner opens with a diamond and you have five of them, along with, let us say, six hearts and no spades. It's too much trouble to figure out winners in such a hand and too uncertain anyway. You just know that it's worth taking a fling at something high.

Bridge conventions, furthermore, are of not much value to players, outside the elementary ones such as the one over one and the opening two bid, because most players never learn them thoroughly.

In fact, there are hundreds of cases in which the use of conventions actually hurts the average players. I have seen it so much that I never bother with them.

If my partner opens with a spade and I feel fairly certain we have six spades in our two hands, I bid six spades. Maybe I miss it—then on the other hand, maybe if I had tried to go up by conventional methods, we would have ended at five spades and made seven.

So I speak from the point of view of the average man when I say most conventions ought to be dropped, even if the sale of Mr. Culbertson's books would automatically be affected by any such decision.

I am beating around the bush, though, and not getting down to what is perhaps the main thesis of the Stilwell System, or Hand over Hand contract.

And that is the etiquette of bridge.

Now according to strict bridge etiquette, all bids must be made in a monotone, so that you can't let your partner know by the tone of your voice that you think things have gone far enough. Furthermore, there should be no comments on the bidding either while it is going on, or during the play of the hand.

Furthermore, there should be no comment on the play until it is over, and on top of that there should be no comment on anything else. The perfect picture of bridge etiquette is Mr. Culbertson looking at one card for fifteen minutes while Mr. Sims smokes a package of cigarettes.

Well, this is also boloney.

In the Hand over Hand system of bridge we throw all of that to the breeze, and adopt instead a system which permits any combination of comments, by all four players at once if desired, during the bidding and the play.

If Mrs. Smith opens with one spade and her partner jumps to three hearts and Mrs. Smith then bids three spades in a very puny voice to let Mr. Smith know he'd better be careful, why under my system of bridge it's perfectly all right for Mr. and Mrs. Jones to shout out, "She's trying to tell you be careful, you dumb cluck, she's got a mighty weak opening bid."

This would add life to bridge.

And open conversation on the bidding and play would help to prevent cheating. I say cheating advisedly, because I have found that practically all bridge players cheat, the women being the worst offenders.

In poker it is permissible to take advantage of any information you can gather by all kinds of unfair methods. The only thing barred is stacking the cards. In bridge it's unfair to do anything. Yet poker as it is usually played is a fairly honest game, while practically all bridge players cheat.

You want to know what they do? Well, I'll tell you. They work out little systems of bidding whereby the tone of voice or a cough after a bid carries the message. They watch how you pick your cards out, and count your hand that way. It's much more effective than the drop of the cards. I know many good bridge players who will never assemble their cards in suits, for fear (well-founded) that the opponents will watch and get a line on the hand.

There are dozens of other little methods they use, particularly the women, who are much shrewder than men at such things.

Well, suddenly abandoning all artificial conventions would go a long way toward curing that. And permitting any kind of conversation would go the rest of the way.

In other words, I'd make the rules of poker apply to bridge, except that the deuces wouldn't be wild. And I think the politeness should be taken out of it. There really is no politeness in bridge—it's cruelty.

It is much more humane to say to your partner, "You big ape, even a child would have had enough sense to switch to a club," than to say, "it's too bad *we* didn't see that a switch to clubs would have defeated the contract."

To the first remark your partner has an answer, no matter how shoddy it might be. He may say, "Why don't you stick a few extra aces in your sleeve so you can win occasionally," or "What the hell are you talking about, when you gave up the hand by leading away from your ace-queen on the opening play."

At any rate, he has an answer. Whereas the lonely partner has nothing to say if he is frozen by politeness. He can't get rough, for that marks him as a boor. If he starts to explain he simply looks silly for ordinarily there is no explanation.

I believe bridge should be played like poker, and comments should be encouraged, in order to make it endurable to the average man who so often finds himself compelled to become a fourth upon whose head a bunch of dames heap all sorts of *polite* abuse.

Either that—or the males of the country should flatly refuse to play the damn game and go on back to a decent pastime such as straight, draw, or even stud with deuces wild. #

The Case of Mr. Pelham

The mental specialist couldn't help him and he knew the police would never believe his story

by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG

• FICTION •

℞

THE very first intimation that Mr. Pelham received—the, as it were, tiny wind ripple that so lightly brushes a field of wheat but is nevertheless the unrecognized herald of a devastating storm—occurred at about six o'clock on Tuesday evening the 20th of May, halfway along Cornhill. It was outside his City office and he was just hailing a taxi to take him home to his bachelor flat in Maida Vale. An acquaintance called Camberley-Smith, passing briskly by, gave him a brief squeeze at the back of the elbow and said: "How goes it, Pelham? . . . Saw you at the Hippodrome last night, but you didn't see me. I was up in the Circle . . . Well, so long! Can't stop!" A friendly pat with a folded newspaper and he was on his way, before Mr. Pelham had time to tell him he had made a mistake.

For Mr. Pelham hadn't been inside the Hippodrome for months. Last night, in fact, he had got home at 6:30, had eaten two nice cutlets, served by his man, had played a little bridge with neighbors, and had gone to bed at eleven . .

He shrugged his shoulders, climbed into his taxi, and promptly forgot the matter. Nine days later, however, it returned to his mind.

He was lunching, rather heavily, at Simpson's with an American businessman—though it was called "completing the deal"—when he saw a friend two tables away. Sociable with food and drink, he signaled the other to come over and be introduced.

They chatted a while. Then the friend said, laughing: "Thought I wasn't on speaking terms with you, Pell!"

"Why on earth not?"

"Last Monday you gave me the dirtiest cut I've ever seen. Walked right past me."

"Me?" Mr. Pelham, friendly and inoffensive by nature, was staggered; then was apologizing even before he knew the facts. "I'm extremly sorry. I suppose I can't have seen you."

"You saw me all right. Looked straight into my face. And when I said 'Hullo, Pell,' you stared and walked on."

"It can't have been me."

The friend, who had known Mr. Pelham for twelve years, said simply and directly: "I couldn't mistake your mug anywhere, old man."

Mr. Pelham, quite worried, asked the question he should have asked before: "Where exactly was this?"

"About one o'clock, in Lombard Street. I guess you'd just left the office for lunch."

"Monday?" Mr. Pelham pondered a little. Then he brightened. "No, not guilty, old chap! I was down at Chislehurst all Monday seeing a client. It wasn't me you saw."

The friend started to argue, seemed to realize that it would lead nowhere and instead said banteringly: "Then you must have a double. Good God! Two Pells in one world!" He moved on, grinning.

"Say, does this sort of thing happen much in London?" asked the American, interested. Mr. Pelham was checking up the Chislehurst visit in his engagement book and did not answer.

"Do you think I'm really likely to have a double?" he said at last, quite seriously.

His guest looked at him. He saw a small rather precise man of about forty-five, with neatly brushed hair, small moustache, and a round palish face. His general expression was earnest and faintly imploring, like a spaniel asking to be friends. To the American he looked exactly like dozens of other English businessmen of the more inoffensive, humdrum type.

Not caring to say so—for the other was buying the lunch—he replied with a guarded: "Maybe." Then he suddenly added, "But I doubt it," for he had just noticed that his host had eyes of slightly different colors—one bluish-brown, one hazel. "Those eyes of yours are darned unusual, you know."

"I know. Well, it's a relief." It was then he suddenly recollected the Camberley-Smith incident nine days previously. "Still, it's queer. Twice within a fortnight that's happened. Ah, well . . . What about trying some real English port? Don't get *that* over your side."

"Not so's you'd notice it," agreed the American politely.

Actually Mr. Pelham's "twice within a fortnight" turned out to be an understatement. For the very next morning he found himself puzzling over a letter. It was from a certain James Mason, a young stockbroker he knew, and it ran:

> "Dear Pell,
> This is to confirm the sketchy appt. we made in the White Lion on Wednesday. I find I'm quite free to beat hell out of you at golf on Saturday. Shall I meet you at the Golf Club? Or at Baker Street Station and we'll go out together. Give us a tinkle!
> J. M."

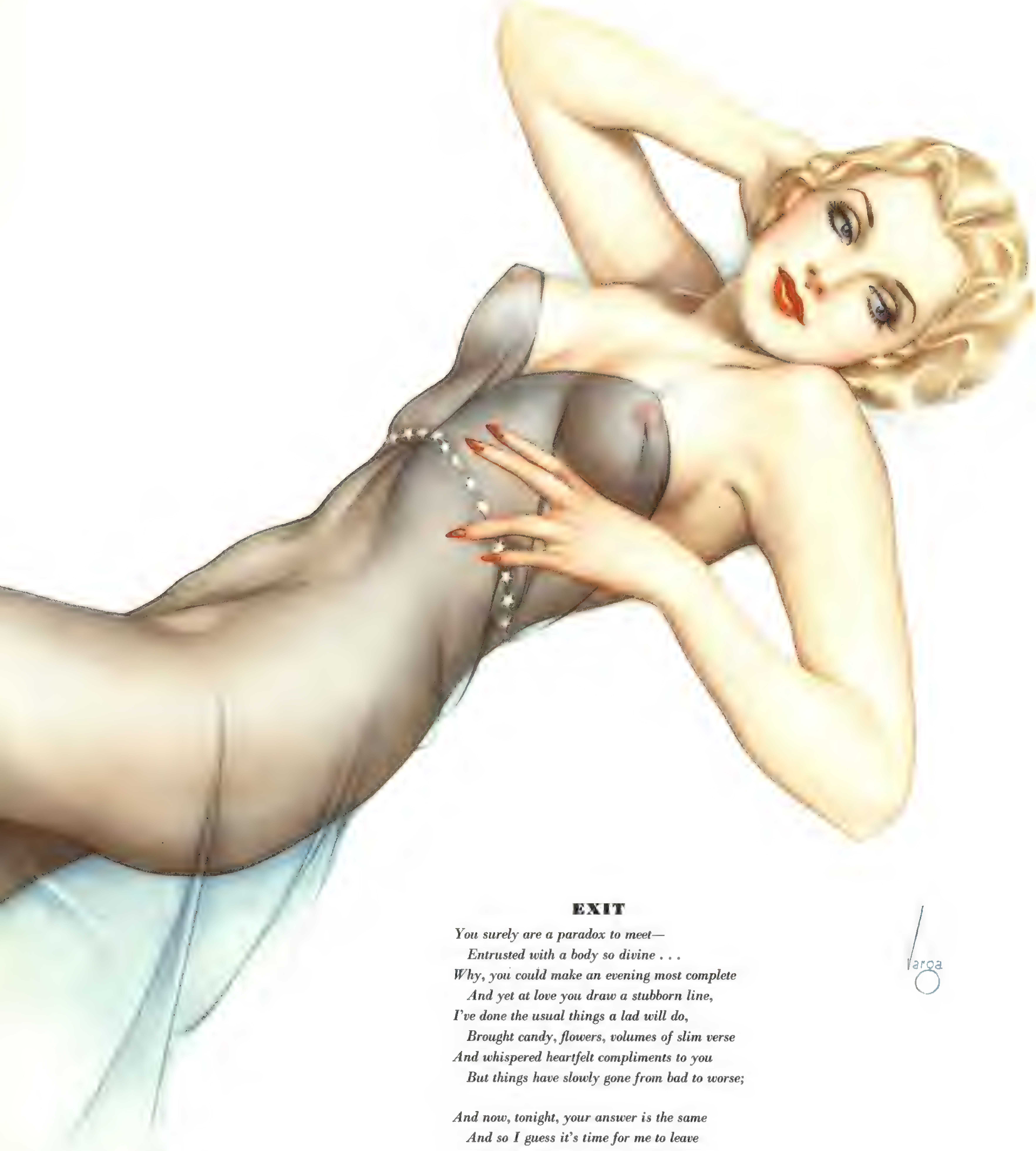
Mr. Pelham left his breakfast at once and went to the phone. He returned with an extremely worried frown and poured himself a strong cup of coffee. According to Mason, they had met on Wednesday evening at the White Lion, a pub in Bishopsgate near their respective offices and occasionally visited for a short drink after the labors of the City day. A game of golf for that weekend had been suggested. Yes, it had definitely been Wednesday and they had parted at about a quarter to seven: Mason, a little surprised at the urgency of the immaterial questions, had been certain of those points. Yet Mr. Pelham

Continued on page 160

ARRINGTON
DICE
&
MARTIN
ATTORNEYS
AT LAW
PRIVATE
Barlow

"The character witnesses for Spike Dolan are here!"

CAROL HUGHES
Hurrell Photograph



EXIT

You surely are a paradox to meet—
Entrusted with a body so divine . . .
Why, you could make an evening most complete
And yet at love you draw a stubborn line,
I've done the usual things a lad will do,
Brought candy, flowers, volumes of slim verse
And whispered heartfelt compliments to you
But things have slowly gone from bad to worse;

And now, tonight, your answer is the same
And so I guess it's time for me to leave
And trust some other lad can find the flame
That burns within the heart of ev'ry Eve;
For if your lack of warmth is not a pose—
You either need more lessons . . . OR MORE CLOTHES!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

Never Give a Sucker...

Broadcasting coaches, college spirit, phony publicity—all help gamblers fleece the saps who bet on football

by JOHN R. TUNIS

• SPORTS •

"Now folks, here in the studio through the courtesy of Zippo Gudgeon Grease is Head Coach Joe Burp of Sub Normal Aggie; he's going to give us his weekly preview of tomorrow's big games. Maybe he'll be willing to hand us out some red hot dope on his team's chances against their old rival, Useless U. Come on in, Joe, how about it . . ."

Up steps the Old Master set to go into his act. That script through which he will stumble was composed by a $25-a-week assistant in the Information Bureau of the Athletic Association. It has been cut, censored and tailored by a smoothie in the station's Program Department.

"Harrumph . . ." He gallops quickly over the short introduction. ". . . season's getting into its stride . . . hard-fought battle . . . crucial clashes . . . brilliant contests all along the front . . . looks to me like the Cougars are too strong for the Tigers . . . the Antelopes will take the Horned Toads and those Seals are going to find the Wharf Rats tough eating . . . I'll pick Ursinus against Canisus . . . and the Greyhounds look plenty good to me against the Bearcats . . . that's if Dufflebag is back in there pitching . . . them Boll Weevils are too strong for the River Hogs . . . and Notre Dame should come through tomorrer . . ."

After four or five minutes of this, Coach Burp gets around to his own team and suddenly waxes coy. The only thing in the world he knows about is his own squad, but for fear of giving away information which might be of use to his rival, he starts to trim. Tarzan Tilton, his best tackle, has a bruised leg and may not play. The star passer is laid up with "stomach trouble." All in all, one gets the impression he'll be pleased if he can manage to field eleven men who walk the next afternoon. This is a national hookup, and a million fans all over the country including every red-blooded alumnus of the two institutions, are sitting with ears attuned.

What happens? Hearing their coach's doleful song, the majority of Aggie boys become cautious, while the Useless U alumni run out and bet their shirts. Of course Tilton plays the entire afternoon, the star halfback chucks passes all over the field, and Sub Normal wins, 36-6. But the people who really win are the bookies.

If there is one thing which has helped the gamblers trim the football sucker each fall, it's the coach who sounds off on the air. Nothing any gambler could say, or any card he could compose would have such effect as Coach Burp's unmelodious tones. Not that gamblers pay the least attention to him. But the graduates all do.

The coach on the radio plus the information dispensed by the Athletic Office Press Bureau and published in the newspapers, is an ever-ready aid to the gambling fraternity. Few race track followers permit sentiment to sway their betting on a horse. But in football, gamblers estimate that 85 per cent of all betting today has an emotional tinge. You will realize this inevitably works in favor of the gamblers.

The betting crowd first got wise to the bonanza in college football sometime after 1918. But they, or some of them anyhow, had to pay to learn. Football betting started in Wall Street back in the days when varsity halfbacks could always land a job in the brokerage office of some rich alumnus. These young men had all played the game and knew what it was about. They had great fun picking Yale over Bates and Dartmouth over Hampden-Sydney. But the gamblers gradually got wise. They began to restrict their cards to a choice of eight to ten games like Minnesota vs. Northwestern and Yale against Princeton. Naturally the odds against picking all winners in such selections were nearer 75-1 than anything close to the pay-off price.

At first the professionals were trimmed by the amateurs because they knew less than the clients. That couldn't last. Soon the gamblers studied the situation and before long they were in a position to know as much as anyone about the uncertain game which is college football. But it must be admitted that at this time there were a good many phonies in the game, and on the last "card day" of the season there was a tremendous mortality of cards. It is said that during the early history of college football betting as many as 60 to 70 per cent of the operators went over the fence on the last afternoon of the season. Those days have gone. At present there are ten large and strictly reliable pools operating in the East alone, with about the same number in other parts of the country.

Reliable? Yes, why not. The thing which makes football so sweet for the promoter is the fact that you, the sucker, must pick winners. This is like picking an eight-horse parlay, calling a single number at roulette, or naming the teams in the World Series from a Florida training camp. Actually the odds are greater. At Monte Carlo the Casino has paid all taxes for the natives, disbursed heavy dividends to the Societé des Bains de Mer, the official holding company, on vastly better odds than those in a football pool. In roulette when zero comes up the house sweeps the table. (Save for those chips actually on zero.) That's one in 37. Whereas in the eight-game football card, there is one, and often two, ties. And the house takes all ties.

So great are the odds against the sucker that gamblers pay forty cents per card for distribution purposes, as against thirty cents paid by agents of sweepstake tickets. Even when set-ups abound during the first few Saturdays of the season in early October, you

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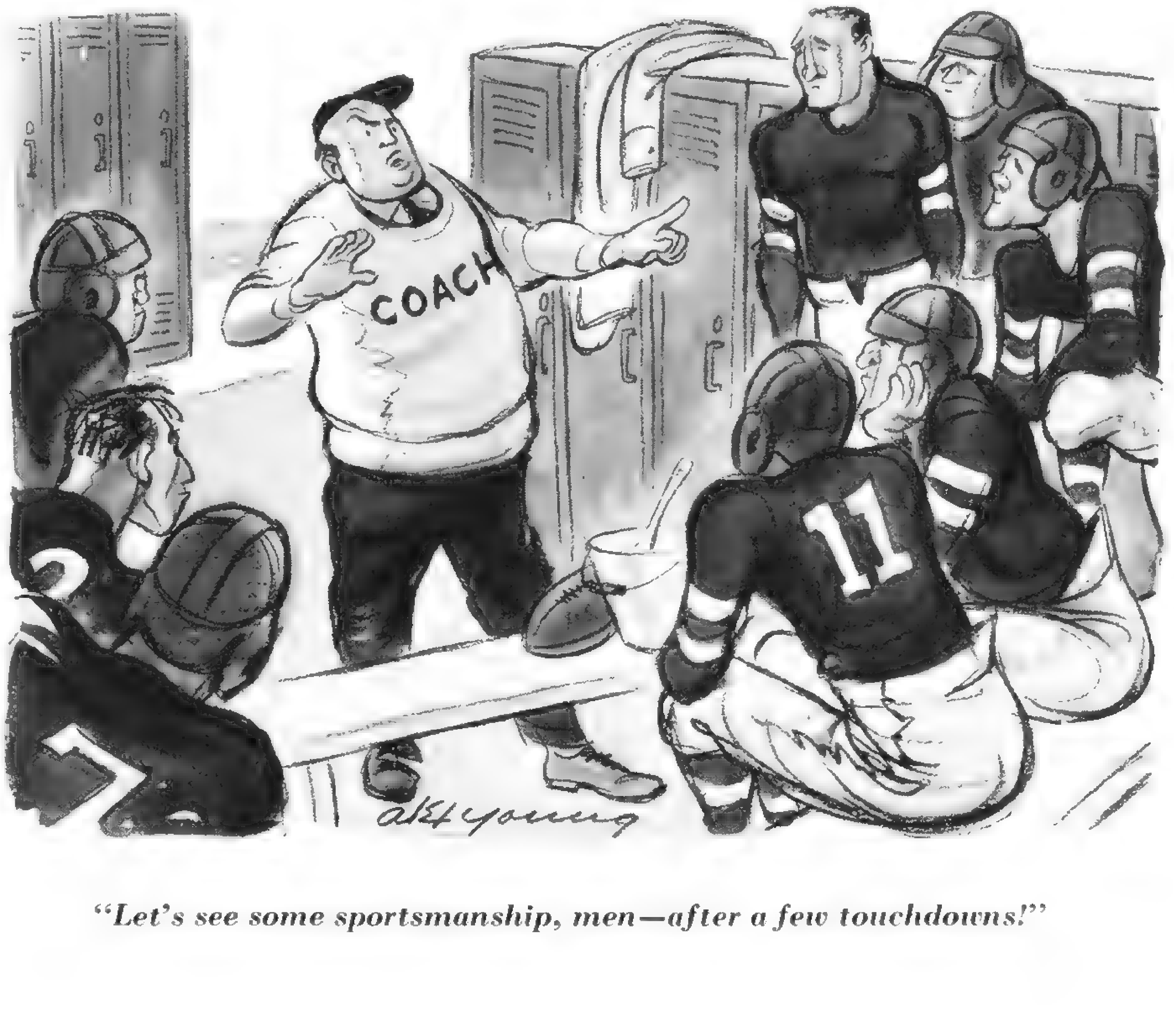


"Let's see some sportsmanship, men—after a few touchdowns!"

Looking Down a Gun

If you have enough guts and know what to do you don't necessarily have to give in to a holdup man

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

• ARTICLE •

There are few things which ruin a man's initiative as completely as the sight of a revolver barrel staring him squarely in the eye. Yet only the other day I talked with a New York cop who had just made an arrest which gives you an excellent idea of just what you can do in the face of a gun—if you know your way around.

In this instance postal inspectors had built up a mail case against a suspect and then, as is customary, asked the local police to go with them and make the pinch. When the plain-clothes man assigned to the job opened the door of the man's office and stepped in, the latter leaped to his feet, whipped a revolver from his desk drawer, and warned the officer not to move a step nearer.

In reply the cop walked quietly across the room and smacked the playful gent on the jaw with a lusty, roundhouse right, sending him and the gun sprawling.

"But," I said, "suppose he had pulled the trigger?"

"He wasn't the type," was the laconic reply. "And besides, he would have missed me because he was pointing right between my eyes which showed he was a greenhorn with a gun. The bullet would have gone right over my head."

The first part of the analysis was a pure hunch, of course, and a hunch is a mighty slim thing to stake your life on. But the second phase was sound enough, as any revolver shooter knows, for the "lift" of the barrel in the recoil always throws a shot high.

Be that as it may, it takes iron-clad guts to walk across a room empty-handed and smack down an armed man even if he is only a floorwalker. Yet the incident serves to indicate that if (1) you know what you're doing and (2) you have the nerve to try it, you don't have to wilt when a gun is aimed at you.

That was impressed upon me years ago when my work on a police magazine brought me in contact with a number of revolver experts, and I have seen it demonstrated since by army men, by some of my colleagues in the U. S. Revolver Association, and, most recently, by some of J. Edgar Hoover's efficient "G Men" in Washington. Inasmuch as we seem to have arrived at a stage of civilization where the decent citizens are disarmed by statute while the thugs are all exceedingly well heeled, it might be advantageous for the law-abiding to know a few of the fundamentals of unarmed defense. For with a stickup occurring every ten minutes in the United States—and with 59 per cent of them being pulled on city streets as against 26 per cent in stores and commercial establishments—the chances of your number's coming up next are excellent.

Suppose, therefore, that tonight some thug steps out of a doorway, sticks a rod in your middle, and rudely orders you to elevate your dukes—what are you going to do?

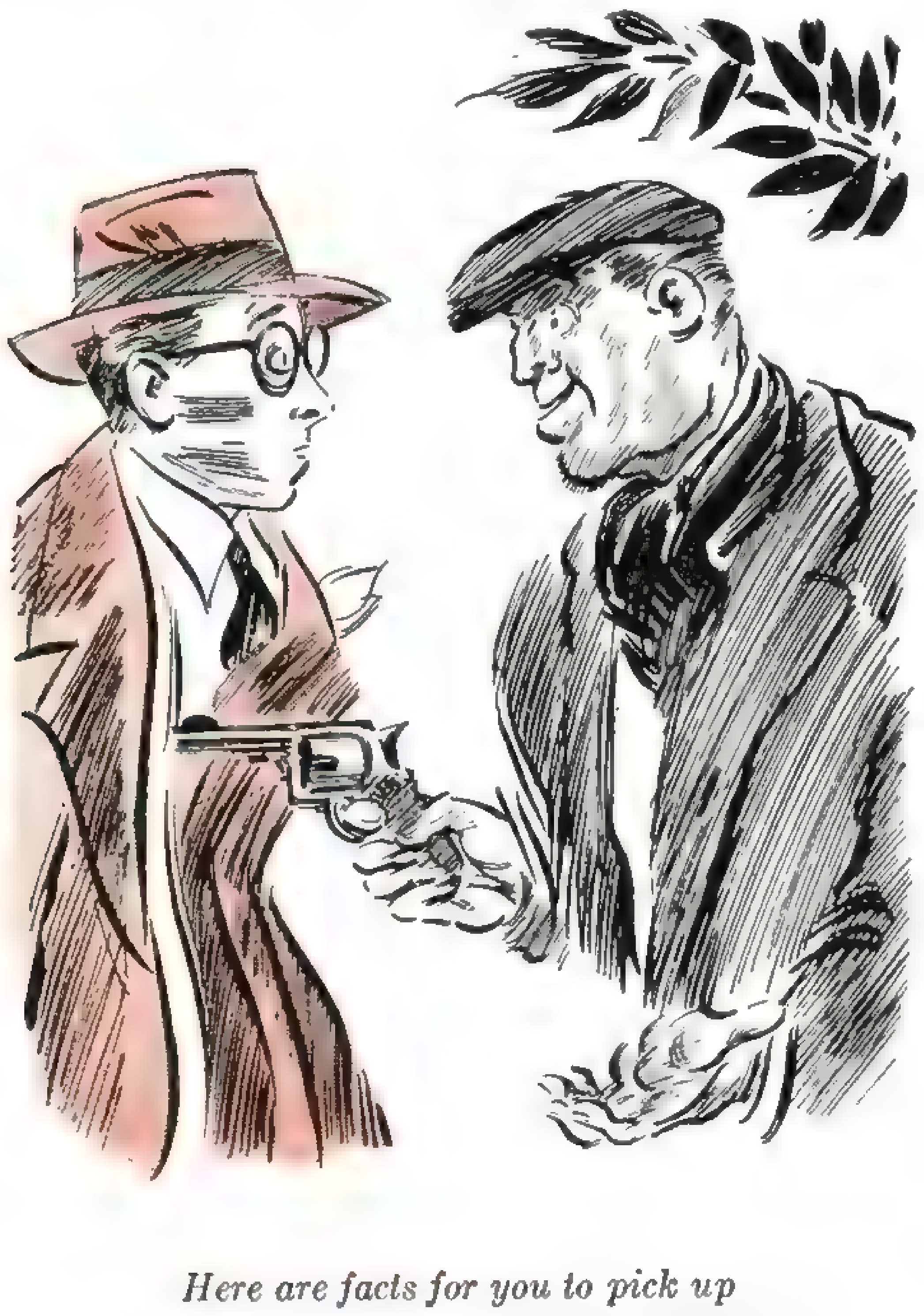
Well, God knows nobody is going to criticize you if you do what you're told. But if you follow the technique as taught to the FBI agents in Washington and in all police schools where they teach anything, you will feel out your adversary first by raising your arms not in two straight lines but bent at the elbows. That is, your upper arms will be at right angles to your shoulders and your forearms vertically erect.

If this satisfies your new acquaintance, you've already got the edge on him. Your next move will be as quick as lightning with three separate actions fused into one, and although a description is necessarily wordy, the action itself is simple as shown in the accompanying illustrations.

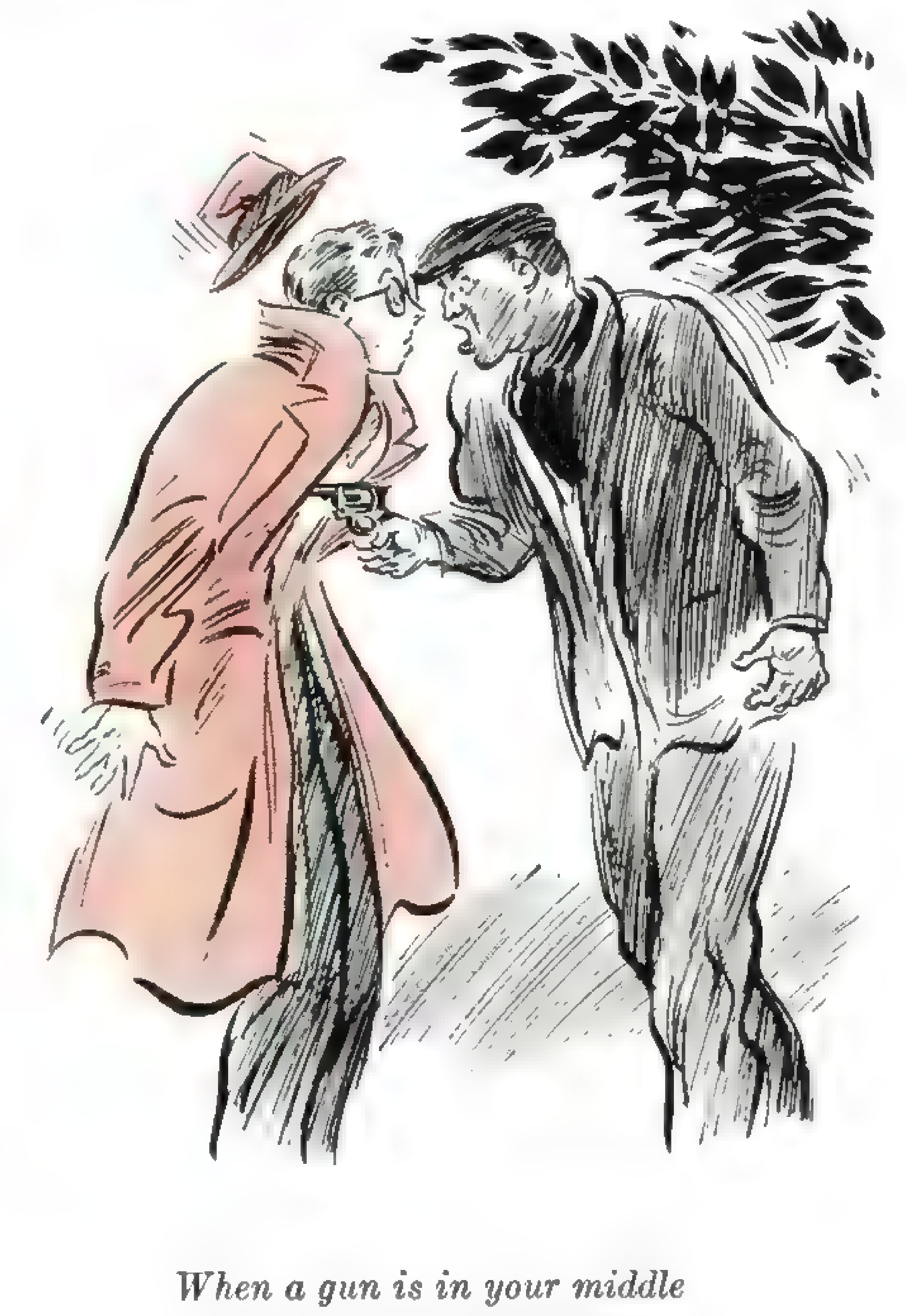
First, you pivot to the left exactly as you do in the follow-through with a golf club. This removes the full-width target and presents only a "profile" of your middle—which is a great advantage unless you have been unwise in your diet! With a normal physique, you've turned so far in this maneuver that the bullet will most likely miss you even if the surprised thug does get one off.

Simultaneously with this pivot, which is done in a flash, your *right* hand crosses in front of you on its way down and is clapped around the cylinder of the revolver (where the bullets are) with a vigorous, twisting motion, pushing the gun away from you—your *left* hand at the same instant grabs the thug's wrist, shoving it inward; i.e., toward your right. In short, your right hand thrusts the gun away from you while your left pulls his wrist in the opposite direction, thus accentuating the very painful, wrenching motion which quickly relieves him of the gun. And so long as you hold that cylinder firmly, the gun won't go off.

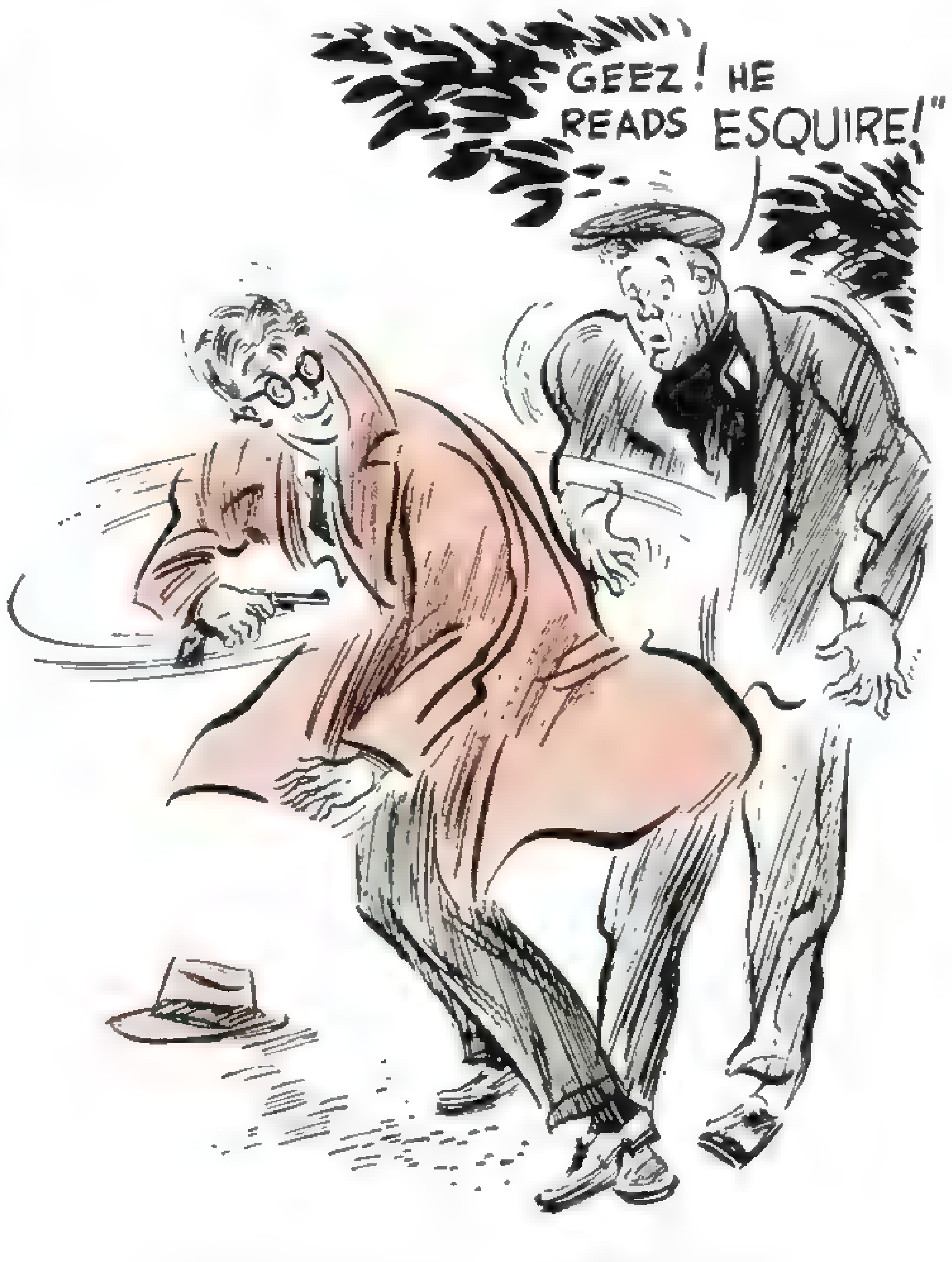
The natural question is, why can't he shoot



Here are facts for you to pick up
Just in case you're in a stickup . . .



When a gun is in your middle
That is not the time to fiddle . . .


GEEZ! HE READS ESQUIRE!"

Put your arms up . . . elbows bent . . .
Pivot! Grab! Relieve the gent!

while you're going through all this? And the answer is that you don't read it to him: you do it all in about a fifteenth of a second or less, hence he hasn't time to do anything. Hundreds of peace officers have done it successfully in actual combat, one of the most recent instances involving the arrest of "Fatso" Negri in a hotel room on the West Coast. When two FBI agents walked into his room, Negri pulled a gun and covered them. They took him, nevertheless, without suffering a scratch.

Obviously, what it all boils down to is the well-known "reaction time" about which you've read so much in automobile safety propaganda. We know that it takes the average man three-quarters of a second to get his foot off the gas and on the brake pedal after he decides to do it. And since your movements in this disarming maneuver are lightning fast, that is your assurance that you can accomplish quite a bit before the other fellow's brain telegraphs to his finger and his finger reacts to the command.

If you're still skeptical, get an *unloaded* gun and try it with some stooge. Let him pull the trigger the instant he suspects trouble, and I'll lay long odds that even on your first attempt he won't be able to get off a "dry" shot before you've got the gun.

Incidentally, where certain automatics are involved—the snub-nosed types of a higher caliber than .22—the experts introduce a slight change in technique. There being no cylinder to grab, they slam the palm of the right hand against the muzzle, pressing it forcefully back into the man's hand, thus locking the action momentarily. The left hand, of course, follows the same course as in the original instructions.

But, you say, suppose the thug comes up from behind me and sticks the gun in my back?

Well, so much the better, for it is even easier to take a gun away from a man close behind you. Here it isn't necessary to wrassle for it—you simply knock it out of his hand by the simple expedient of suddenly swinging your arm sharply downward and behind you as you whirl around on your right foot to face him.

As goes without saying, you've first got to be certain that he is close enough to you. If so, the whole principle is that the violent swipe with your arm strikes the outside or back of his wrist with sufficient force to cause his fingers to fly open and the gun to go hurtling off to the left. Naturally, if the thug is left-handed, you pivot on the left foot and strike with the left arm.

Here, again, I say try this a few times and surprise yourself. Only this time use a stick of wood for a gun if you have any respect for your revolver because it will take an awful beating in this jolly little exercise. With a phony gun, let the phony stick-up man say "Bang!" the instant he suspects trouble. And both of you will be surprised to note that whenever he utters the word, the "gun" will be bouncing around on the floor fifteen feet away!

If you will practice these routines a couple of times, you will see that they aren't nearly as complicated as they read and you'll be able to do either of them smoothly and swiftly, hence safely, if the occasion should arise.

If it does, however, don't fail to keep in mind the fundamental point that the fellow with the gun must be close to you else any monkey-business on your part will probably prove fatal.

Obviously, in the personal holdup he has to come in close in order to go through your clothes: in a store stickup he won't necessarily come within reach unless he's going to tie you up.

In the first instance you may figure that resistance isn't worth the gamble unless you have considerable money on your person, and that is certainly sound reasoning except for the fact that you'll probably get a belt over the skull with the gun butt anyway as the thug leaves—and that may be just as fatal as the bullet.

In the second instance you may decide to charge off the loss to Excitement—or collect on it through your robbery insurance policy if you have one. Unfortunately, however, it isn't as easy to collect as it appears on the surface!

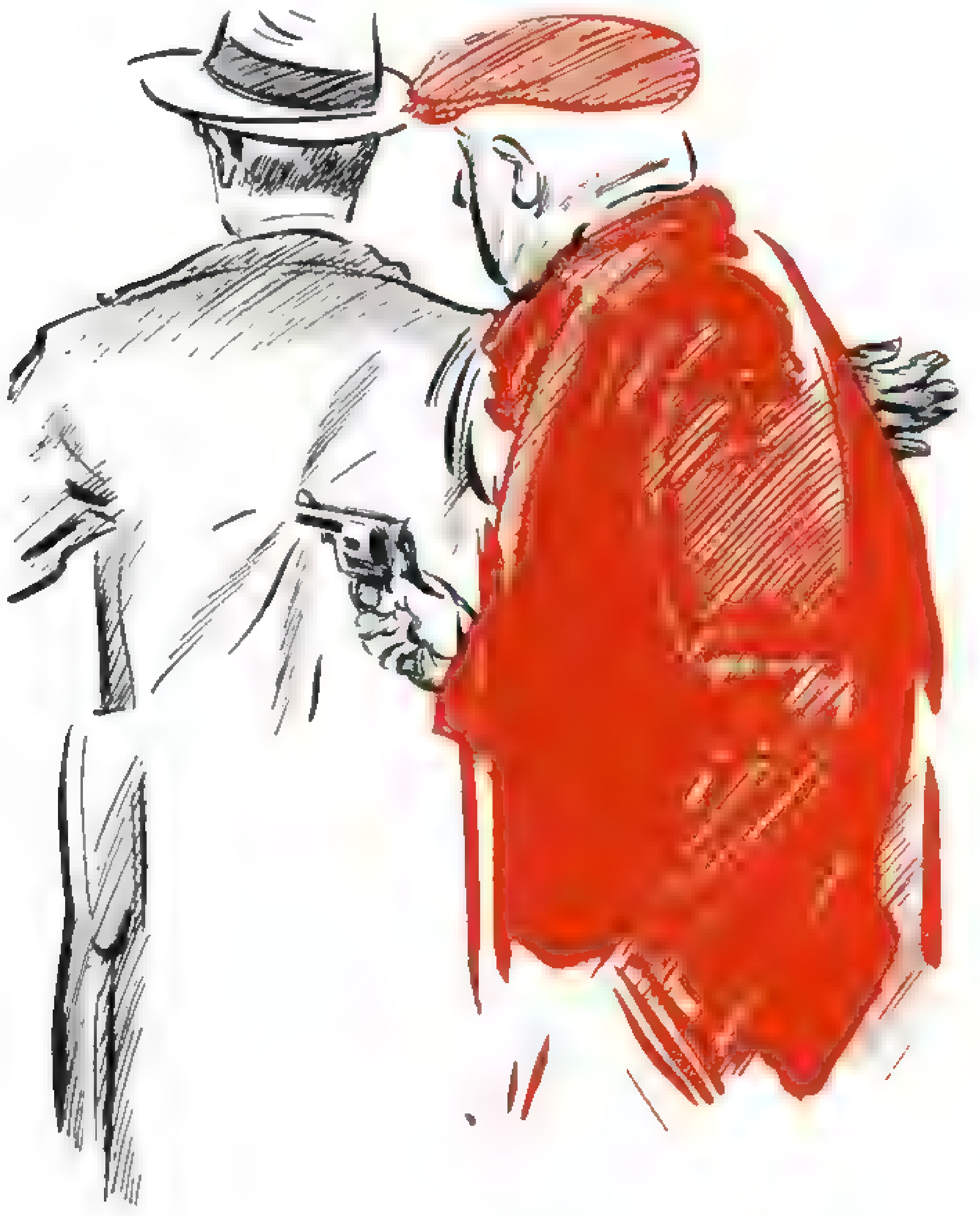
That's quite another story, however, and the decision as to whether you will obey or resist is strictly your worry. All I'm concerned with at the moment is the technique of disobeying an armed man as perfected by some very disobedient boys in the service. And the basis of their procedure is the simple fact that today the average man's acquaintance with the handling of a revolver for anything other than target shooting or play is through the medium of the movies. Time and again you've seen both thugs and peace officers on the screen poking captives in the ribs with their pistols and walking along with them almost in lock-step. And invariably the latter are as meek as Moses, which they wouldn't be in real life if they were half as tough as painted.

The constant repetition of these scenes in pictures doubtless has its effect on a great proportion of the thugs, too, for many of those who operate in the stickup field are untrained in the correct handling of firearms even for their illegal purposes. Something over 28 per cent of those arrested for stickups are under twenty-one. And while this fact testifies to their inexperience, thus affording some comfort to the man who contemplates putting up a fight, it by no means indicates that these kids are harmless.

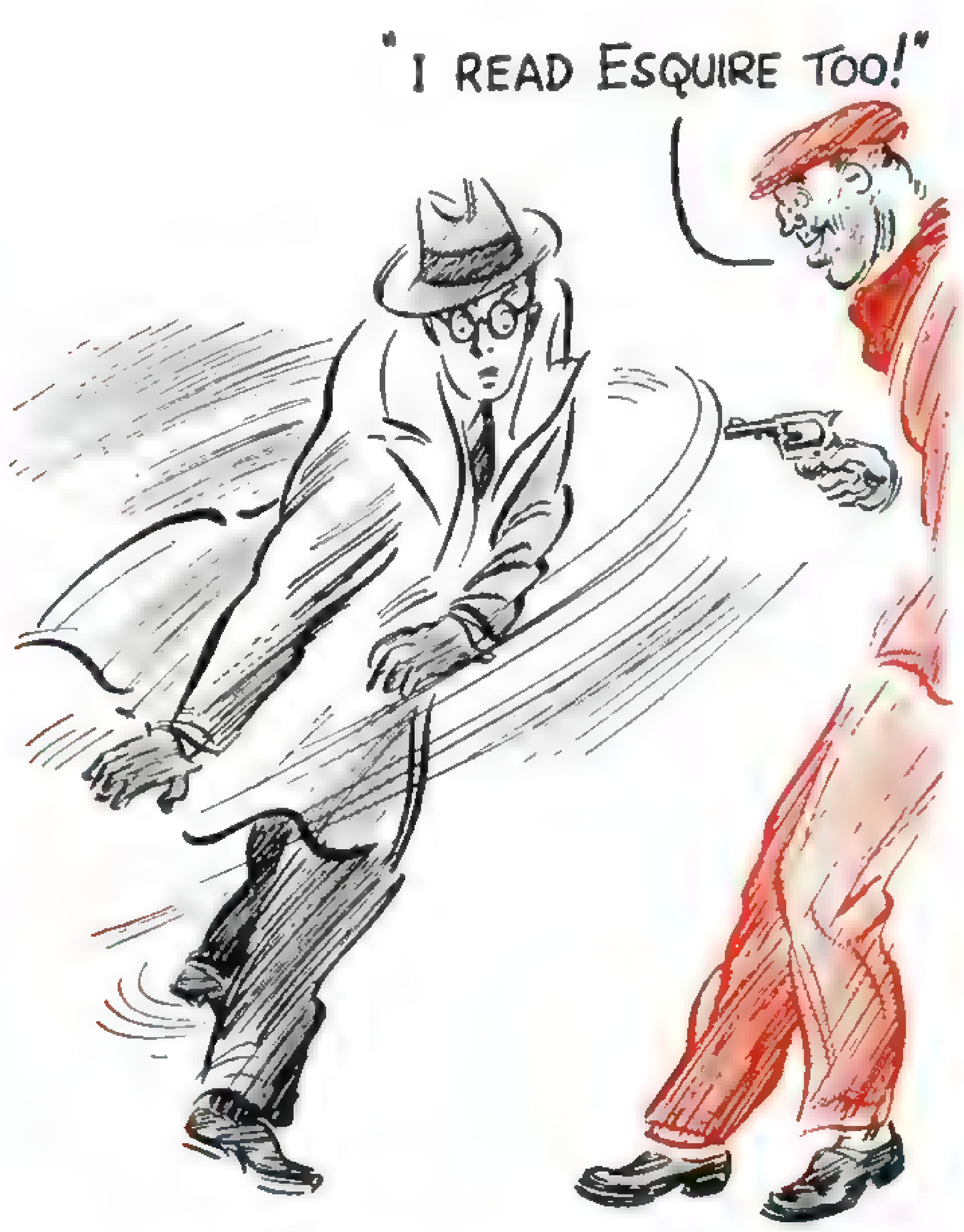
On the contrary, as Director Hoover has repeatedly pointed out, law-enforcement officers have little stomach for the callow "first timer" whose trigger finger is just as apt to twitch from pure fright as from an intent to kill. Only the other day in New York one of these neophytes on his virgin stickup shot himself in the knee in his own nervous tremor, which was OK with the amazed hold-up victim.

But that bullet might just as well have hit the victim. And when you view it from that angle, it becomes apparent that your chances of being drilled by one of these kids is just about as great if you don't resist as if you do. Which makes it a little more plausible to take the chance provided he comes close enough to give you a fair opportunity.

However, let me repeat that that decision rests with you, not me, and I don't want any sarcastic letters from your widow in the event that you make the wrong decision. My sole purpose is to outline the accepted procedure in case you want to try it. And to advise you to move with alacrity once you begin! #



Now let's take another tack . . .
Say the gun is in your back . . .


"I READ ESQUIRE TOO!"

Swing your arms down and behind—
Slap his wrist . . . the cops won't mind!

"—WELL JUST AT THAT MOMENT I HAD HIM COVERED WHEN SUDDENLY—"
"YEAH, I KNOW— IT DIDN'T WORK."

And in case the thug outwits you—
Here's a hope your halo fits you!
—PHIL STACK

Homecoming at State

Johnny was crazy to be an engineer so he was a pushover when William the Wiz offered to pay his tuition

by HERB GRAFFIS

▪ FICTION ▪

MAYBE you won't remember it now, but when State opened its big stadium back in the terrific twenties, that historic event was heralded by the hurling of practically every fancy adjective in the bright lexicon of sports reporting.

The palace of pigskin got publicity that stirred State's alumni to giving down funds like a slot-machine jackpot. And no wonder. State's new press coop was a corner of heaven itself compared with some of the storm-swept sties at other schools where snow whipped into the typewriters late in the season.

State's new padded cell for the ink-stained wretches had windows and steam heat like a bridal suite. We lived through our labors in the other schools' sties by heating with community jars of gin. Naturally all the boys plugged for State. It saved us the expense of gin—during the games.

Of course State wouldn't have had its vast and pretty plant if it hadn't had a football team.

The first year State's stadium received its hundreds of thousands was the last year of the great Pinky Fowler. Pinky really made football at State. He was a back who could do everything and had everything, except, perhaps, a brain that was good for anything else than football. Ten other kids always were playing on the club at the same time Pinky was performing, but I'll give you long odds you can't remember the name of any one of those other lads on the squad.

Pinky had figured himself lucky to get a job on a coal truck right after he got out of high school, so old William the Wizard Everall got him for State at a Woolworth price. I always said the late and sainted William was the best judge of football possibilities who ever lived.

For books, catch-as-catch-can tuition, and $75 a month during the school year William got Pinky. The first year, when Pinky plainly was ineligible, he was a deficit, but only then. Even as a back on the freshman squad Pinky was such a standout that Everall began planning his teams and his play around the carrot-topped wonder child.

"If the Lord will only give me the right kind of a blocking back to run with Fowler, you fellows can reserve berths to the Rose Bowl," the Wizard used to tell us when we sat around trying to get some copy straight from the coach's feedbag. Alumni and scouts from the coaching staff and Everall himself followed leads all over the country trying to locate the missing link. They shanghaied or seduced talent by droves and shipped it into the state corral. Some of the kids were better than good, but none of them was anywhere near Pinky's class.

Until Old William himself happened to see a kid playing for the high school just two blocks from his own home!

The boy's name was . . . well, I will have to paw through the old record books, so wait a second; I can't think of his name offhand, so help me!

Now I have it! Smith. John Smith. Funny I couldn't think of it.

Smith was a push-over for William the Wiz. Just think; the kid lived at home, and that meant he didn't have to get the room and board money needed by most other kids William brought into his fold. It was a plain, neat little house the Smiths had. The boy's father worked in a garage. Come to think of it now, the old man got pneumonia washing cars and died a couple of years ago; so a fellow on the local paper at State's town told me.

Johnny was crazy to be an engineer. With the few dollars his old man was making Johnny didn't have any more chance to go to engineering school on a cash basis than I have to write *Romeo and Juliet.* So when foxy William made the deal with Johnny the boy went overboard for tuition only. They gave him book money later, only when they found that earning book money by holding a job during spring practice and at nights during the season was interfering with his football.

Although Pinky Fowler showed circus stuff when he was a sophomore and a junior, it was when he was a senior and had Smith in there blocking that Pinky became the sensation who still sparkles in the record books and memories.

Even though I had forgotten Johnny's name, I still can remember that 60-yard run of Pinky's that beat the Prowlers 13 to 7 in the last minute or so. That was the next to the last game of the regular season. It started out, as I recall, like it was going to be a pass. Pinky saw a chance to leg it, and he did! Three or four guys—I forget exactly how many—were hit by Johnny and taken out of the play just as though they'd tied with a fast freight train. Johnny took so many of the opposition out of the play Pinky could have scored walking on his hands. Now it comes back to me that Johnny did get swell mention in the papers for that.

I even did a feature story on Johnny after that game. I bumped into him at a hamburger joint on my way to the train late that night. The kid said he had a chance to pick up a buck washing cars on the night side at the garage where his old man worked. There always was pretty heavy automobile traffic into State for those games when Pinky was in his prime. Plenty of the folks got hitting the gin and scotch from the Capone hielands and were in no condition to drive home.

Johnny was reading an engineering magazine while he was gnawing his hamburger. That's how I happened to recognize him. State's athletic department had sent out

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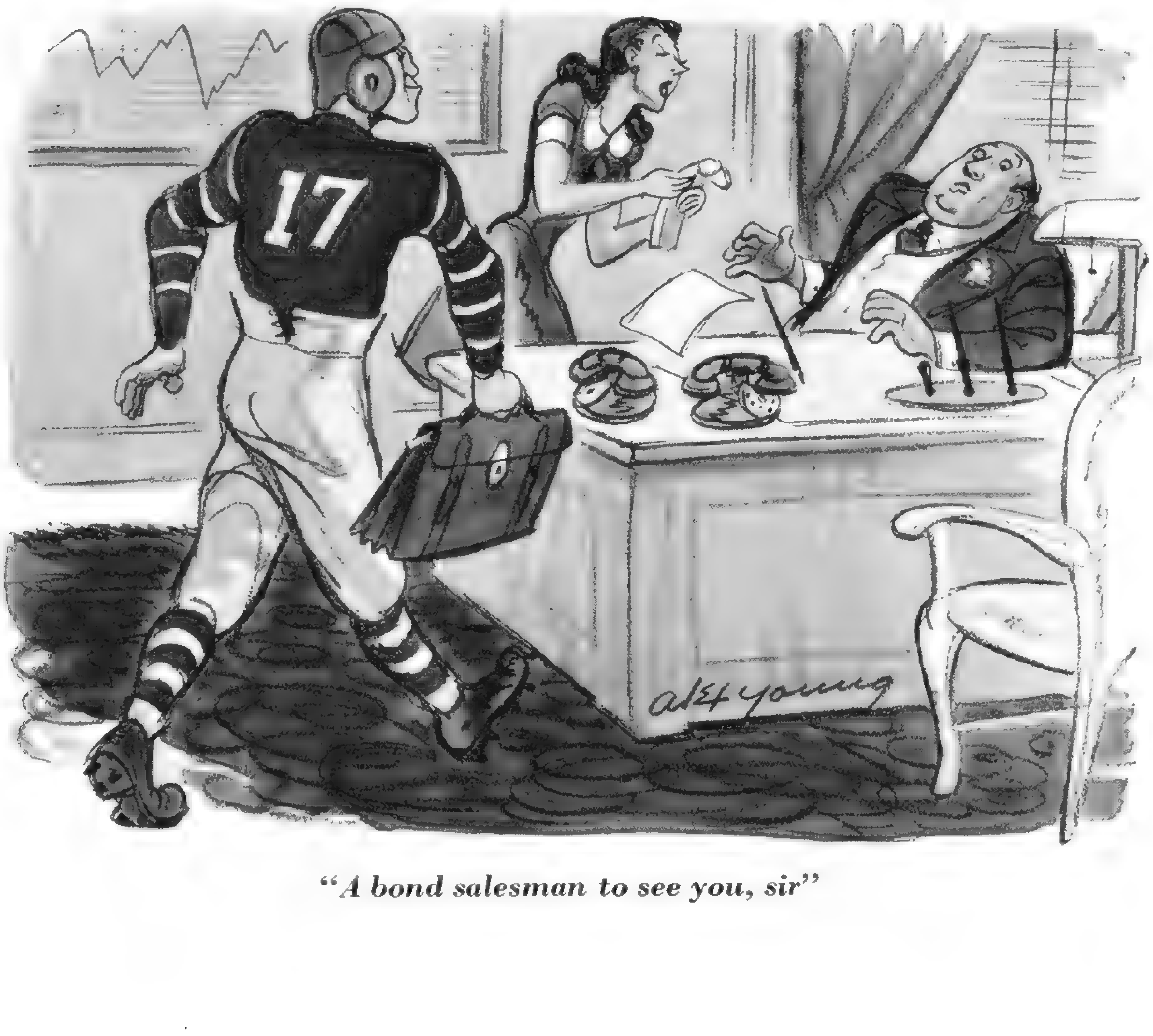
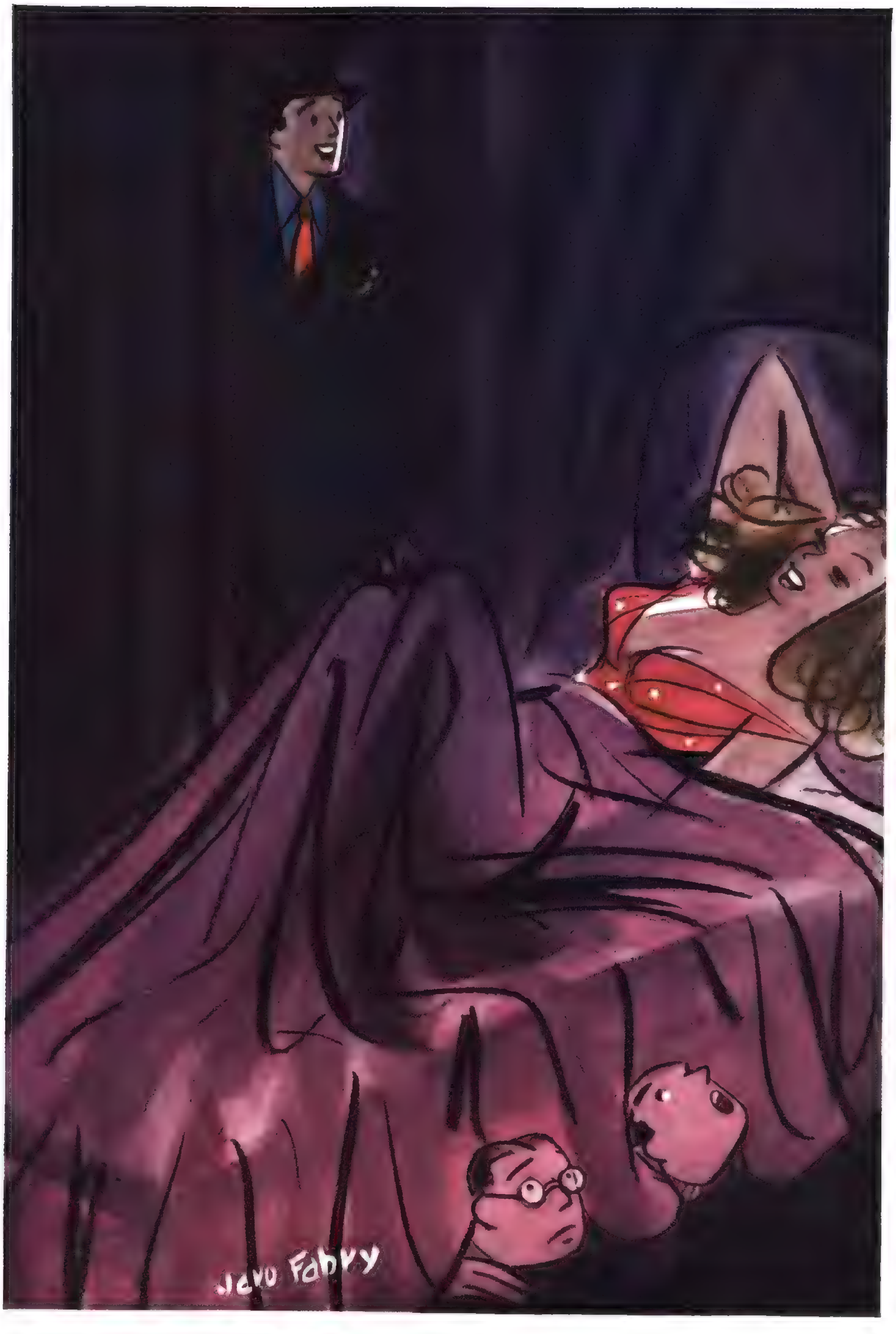
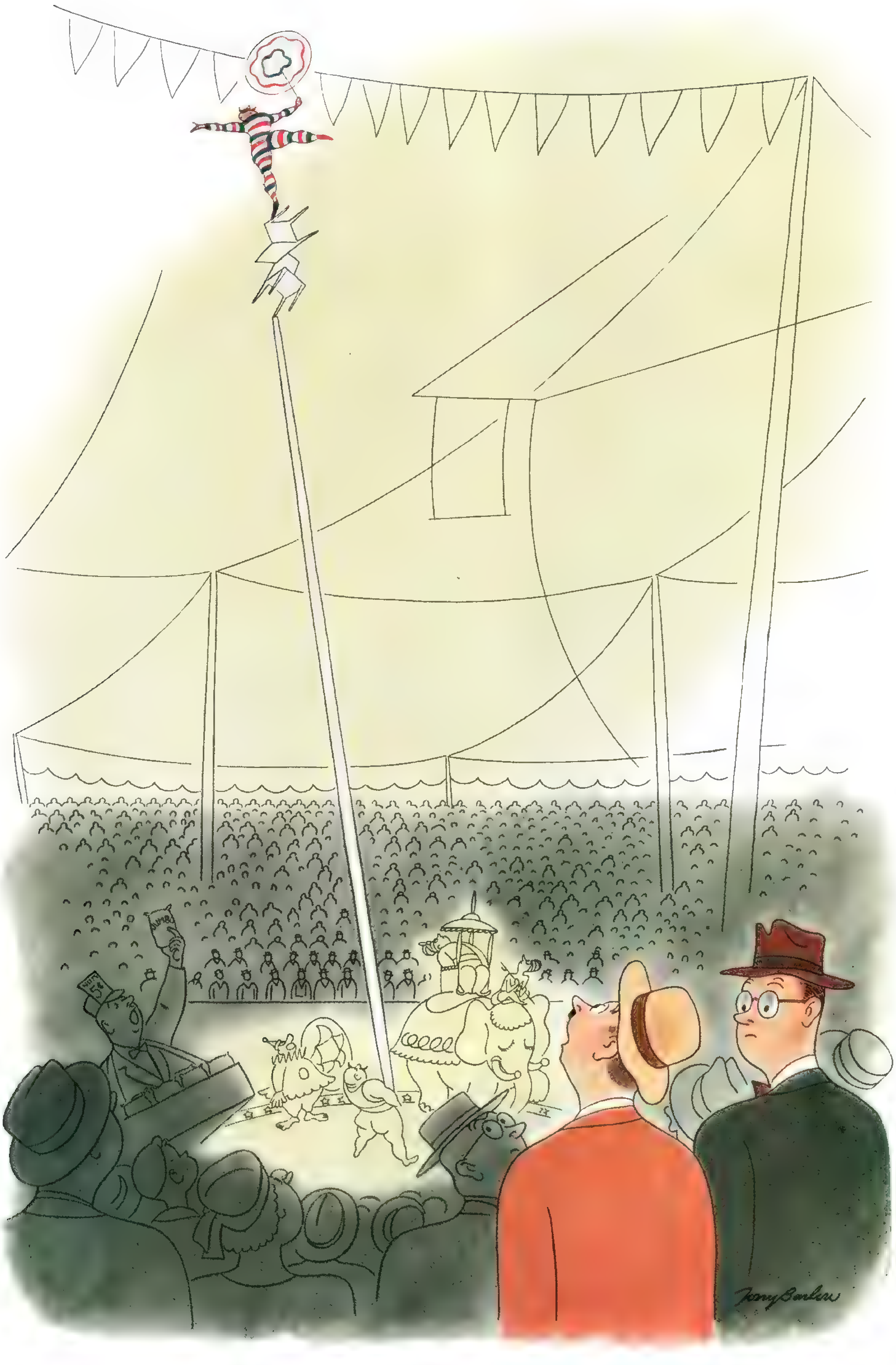


"A bond salesman to see you, sir"



"It looks like the whole damn convention is going to be held in this room"


5¢
Perry Barlow

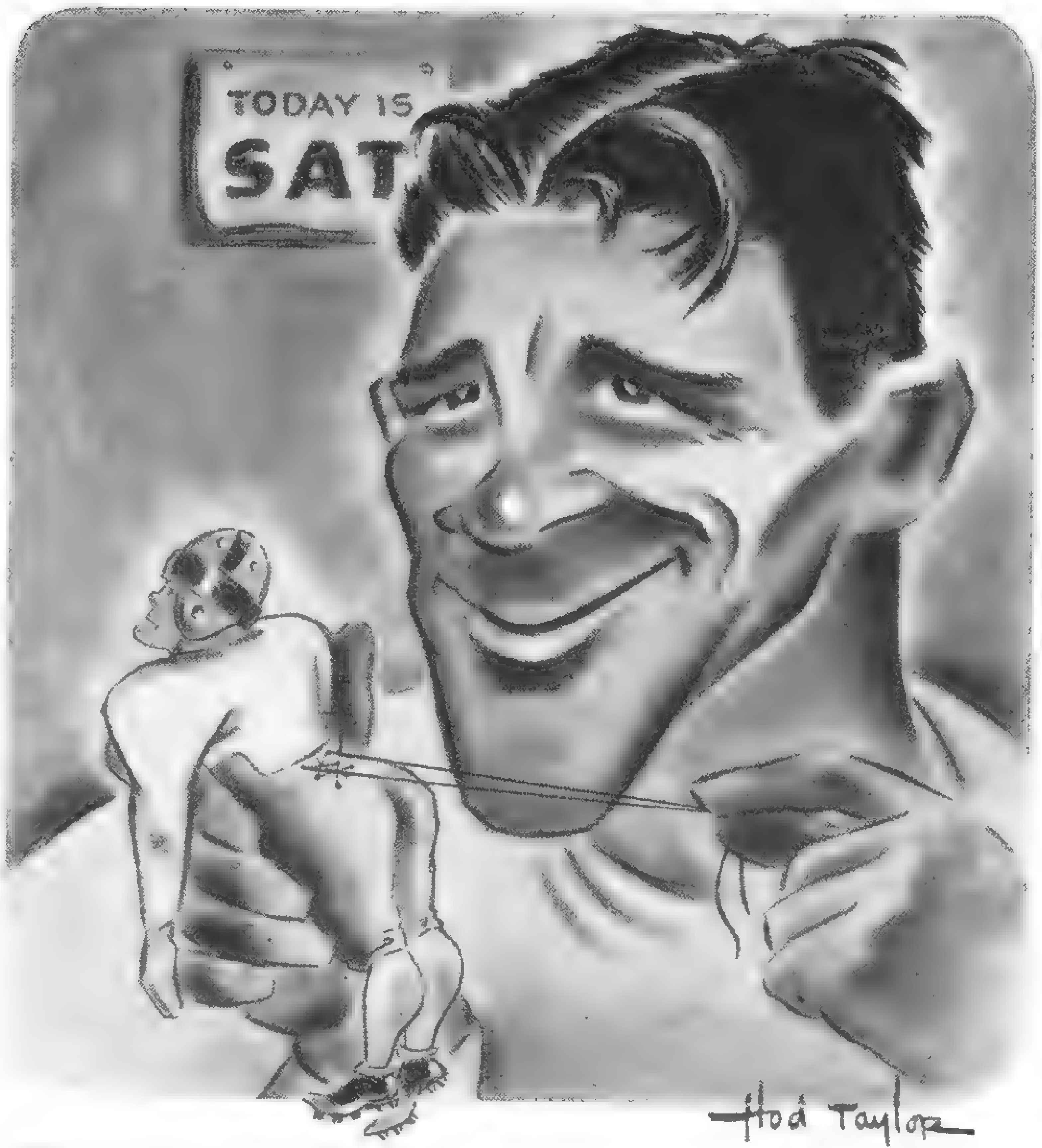
"Oh, he uses an umbrella"

Layden, Saturday's Master

Since the Miracle of Ohio State, football sages rate Notre Dame's Coach the best in the business

by JAMES S. KEARNS

• SPORTS •



CARICA-TRAIT OF ELMER LAYDEN BY HOD TAYLOR

Mr. Joe Boland, a large and usually calm individual, had reached a stage which he himself later described as "gibbering." His telephone connection between the press box of the Ohio Stadium and the Notre Dame football squad's bench had gone dead.

All around Mr. Boland in the press box a sort of hysterical nervous explosion was popping. Men who were supposed to be a little tired of it all and used to the worst that college football can produce in the way of nervous and emotional strain were bellowing with excitement. It became one of the minor miracles of the age that any press copy at all was filed out of that concentrated bedlam.

Occasion for such a demonstration in the haven of experts and second guessers was the Notre Dame-Ohio State Game of 1935. It was the biggest college grid contest, from the point of view of interest, crowd—81,018 spectators squeezed into the stadium—advance buildup and intense rivalry that the football world had known since the crazy days of 1929 and 1930. Probably there has been no game since to match it.

Ohio State was undefeated up to that point. The Columbus press and populace hailed their Scarlet Scourge as unbeatable. Nobody had a chance with that football team, surely not Notre Dame, which had been forced to rely on a field goal—despised as an offensive weapon for a dozen seasons by the touchdown-conscious Irish—to eke out a 9 to 6 victory over a Pittsburgh team that was less than brilliant. There is a story that a veteran Chicago sports writer, who never bet more than a dollar on any sporting event, became so irritated by the confidence of Columbus that he wired home for $500 of his savings and plunked it down on Notre Dame the night before the game, just as a gesture of defiance.

The feeling was like that to start with, so by the time Boland's phone went dead it was something beyond description. Ohio State had scored two quick touchdowns in the first half, led by 13 to 0 going into the final 15-minute quarter. Notre Dame was using its second team, having decided at the half that the alleged No. 1 unit was too baffled to go on. By the time the fourth quarter was a bit more than 10 minutes old the Irish had, in some manner, come up with two touchdowns, but had missed both kicks for points, so were still trailing by the slender margin of 13-12.

Elmer Layden, squatting down on his heels in front of the Notre Dame bench, was running the show. On both sides of him were piles of cigarette stubs. He paid no attention to how he smoked, though he was on the chain system by then. He just watched the game and spoke his orders in distinct and quite grammatical English. Out on the field his boys picked up a loose ball and were ready to try for one more touchdown.

That was when the phone went dead and Boland, Notre Dame's line coach, was left jabbering to himself in the press box. Layden, the head coach, went on with his orders as if he didn't know Boland's advice from up above had stopped. He sent Bill Shakespeare in to replace Andy Pilney when the latter was hurt. He sent a new quarterback in to call a pass from Shakespeare to Wayne Milner, an end. Shakespeare threw to the wrong man and the pass failed.

Layden turned to look down his row of substitutes, few of them eligible to return to the game. He spotted Jimmy McKenna, a sophomore who had never before been in a collegiate game. McKenna was in uniform by accident. Layden had given him a suit so that he could get into the stadium and see the game. He sent the boy in to call the same Shakespeare-Milner pass. This time it worked, and Notre Dame won, 18 to 13.

In the locker room a few minutes later, while players and assistant coaches danced and screamed in the joy of winning, Layden borrowed a few more cigarettes and patiently drew diagrams of the winning plays for sports writers who could barely talk. He visited with all who came his way. He was like that all evening. While the Deschler Hotel rocked on its base and the Notre Dame minority swung the steel goal posts crazily through the lobby, Layden stretched out on a bed upstairs and was no more disturbed than he might have been had he watched some other coach's team win by 40 points in a game where he had no interest.

Out of that day, and supported by a considerable quantity of evidence piled up in the meantime, has come the almost unanimous notion in football that Layden, then 32, now 37, is probably the ablest Saturday Coach in the football business.

Against Ohio State he used five quarterbacks for five plays in the closing minutes. His substitutions all worked out, his plays produced an impossible victory. In glaring contrast was the Ohio record of changing its backfield at just the wrong moment, immobilizing the first team so that it couldn't return in the last quarter crisis, of not changing its worn out, tired center, or failing to freeze the ball in the last seconds when a 13-12 victory was immediately at hand.

In 1937, when Notre Dame was playing Navy in the snow at South Bend, Layden saw his team in a 7-7 tie with scarcely 100 seconds left to play. Notre Dame had the ball on Navy's two-yard line, squarely between the uprights. It was fourth down and the Notre Dame quarterback wanted to try a field goal for a 10-7 decision. He called time and sent to the bench for a towel to dry the kicker's shoe. Word came back that there was no towel and the young man, being no dummy and knowing full well that there were towels by the gross, interpreted the message as a veto for his field goal idea. He called another running play, failed to get the touchdown. On the next play the Navy punter, trying to kick out from his end zone, fumbled the ball and was thrown for a safety, Notre Dame winning, 9-7.

"It was the better percentage," explained

Continued in center of page 144

Bison Bill and Johnnie Bull

The town turned out to see the Wild West Show arrive but they all got an extra kick, watching poor Uncle Derek

by ERIC KNIGHT

• FICTION •

I WANT to tell you about my Uncle Derek. He was the most fearful liar you could wish to know—or wish not to know.

Yet that isn't solely why I want to get something down on paper about him. It is more because, as I get older, he represents something so eternally human to me: the desire of man to triumph over petty fates, to make life greater than it is in its general grubbiness, to be—a little more god-like. That's it.

He wasn't lying so much (and I see that now) as he was perpetually soaring above the undramatic shabbiness of reality. When I was very small, I didn't know that he was soaring. Those were the blissful days when he was our favorite Uncle and we—myself and my Cousins—were his favorite audience.

I think the first suspicion I had of his swashbuckling attitude toward truth was when I was at school one day, and the teacher began discussing airships. That was back in the days of early dirigible gasbags—airplanes hadn't burst on the world then.

Did anyone present know anyone who had actually flown in an airship? the teacher asked.

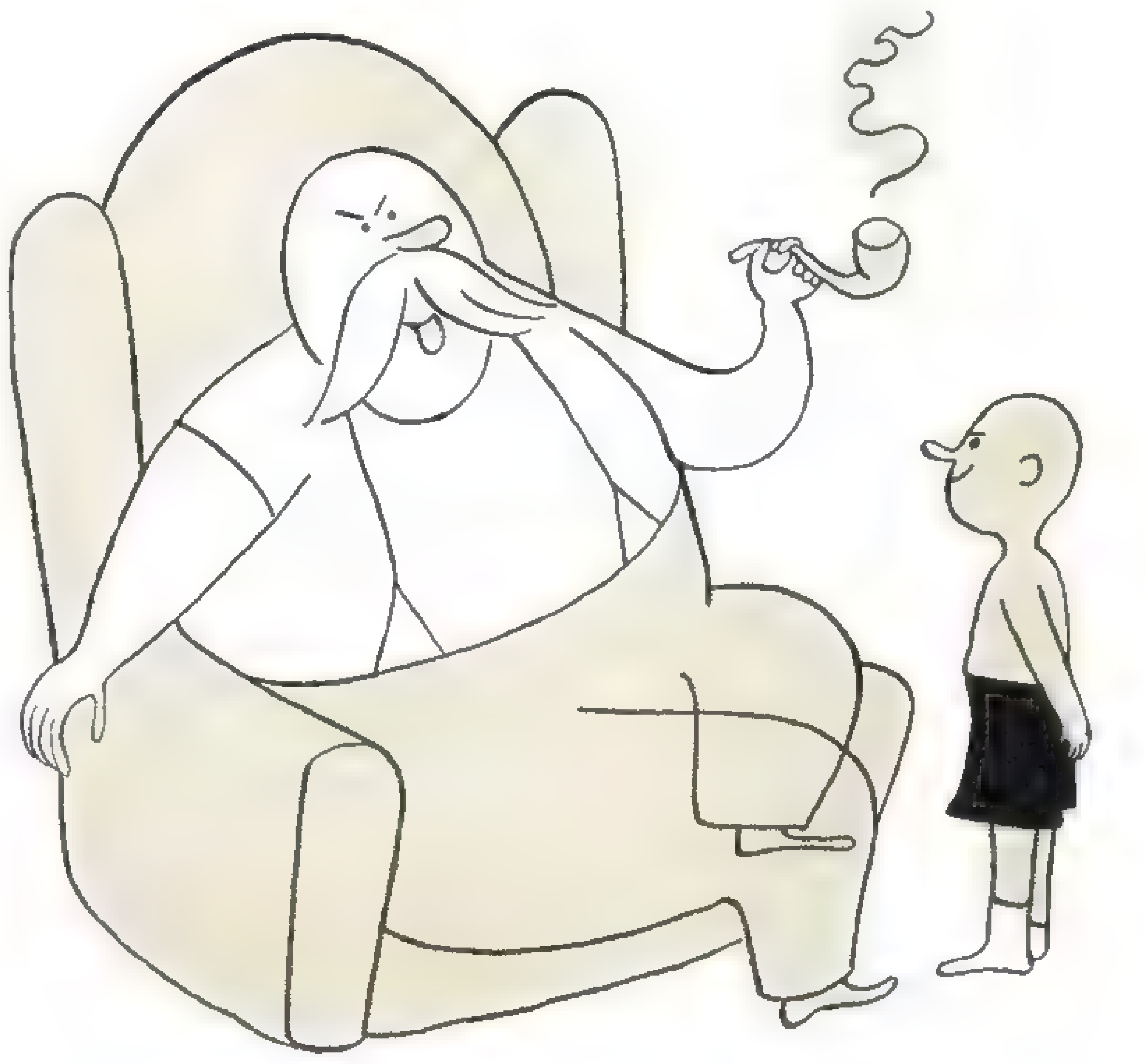
I got up. I did. I had an Uncle who had flown. My Uncle Derek had flown in one of the first airships when he was a young man. To go up, you threw out ballast. To come down, you valved out some gas from the bag. Once when he was flying with a German inventor, the valve was pulled open and it jammed. The airship was coming down too fast. If the valve stayed open the descent would become faster and faster until they would fall to earth like a rock. My Uncle saw that. He volunteered to take the risk. He climbed the ropes. Half a mile above earth, clinging to the tiny swaying lines, he climbed up and up and at last reached the valve. He closed it by hand and climbed down again. The German said that undoubtedly he had saved their lives and was a great hero. He had saved more than lives—he had saved important pioneers for further experiment and research into man's conquering of the air.

After I had finished, the teacher said:

"Well, we must all thank Knight for a very glowing account of his Uncle's remarkable exploits."

And the way he said that, and the way the class smirked, brought that first dawning moment when I began to suspect my Uncle Derek.

Of course, I fought against the idea myself. Hotly I told Uncle Derek how the class had doubted us both. But he only grinned.



It was at school that the seeds of suspicion grew still further. One evening he came in, preceded and followed by that strange, rich smell which always seemed to have its core somewhere in his great, droopy moustaches. He was singing a sea chanty. Then he saw me there.

"What's the trouble now, Eric?"

I explained that I was writing a composition. We had been learning about woods and forest lands and lumbering.

I can remember how his wide-set eyes glowed and his chest expanded.

"Why, I'm just the man to tell you all about that," he said. "Did I ever tell you about the time I was a lumberjack over in the States? Ah, that was long before I met your Auntie and married her. Why, shore—I know all about lumbering. Now the minute the snow is on the ground . . ."

And off he went. This I must record here. He made it live. Never before or since, not by virtue of prose nor even the motion pictures with their wonders, has anything lived so majestically as his painting of lumbering in the West. I can still catch wisps of the magic of it—like torn gusts of smells in the wind that bring back other scenes.

There were the great trees, the tops crashing, the great trunks falling, the horses straining in the snow, the cookshacks, the breakup of the ice, the lumber jams at the waterfalls, the marvelous spiked boots that gripped the floating logs, the sail down the river, the shacks on rafts, the booms, the half-breed Indians, the fights. Ah, if I could conjure up so complete and heroically moving a story to you, then you would say I was a writer indeed. Afterwards I rewrote my whole composition. It was turned in at school. I can still remember some of the words that were in it. I wrote about "slashings" and "skidders" and "hemlock and hickory." Wonderful words, magic words, those were, in the ears and mouth of an English schoolboy.

But they were words that weren't in the textbook from which we had studied about lumbering.

The teacher read some of it aloud. Then he stopped, with a sort of puzzled look in his eyes.

"Knight," he said. "Where did you get all this stuff?"

I stood up gladly.

"From my Uncle Derek. He's been in America. He's been all over. He was a lumberjack once, and he told me all about it."

"Ah, the same Uncle who climbed up the balloon, I gather," the master said, and then the class guffawed.

I think I must have been a great cry-baby as a child, but I didn't cry then. It wasn't until I explained it all to my Uncle Derek. He put his great hand on my shoulder, and knocked my chin high with the other and boomed—with the wonderful aura of richness billowing from his moustaches.

"Keep your head up—and never mind people like that, Eric. Carrion! That's what—carrion! There are lots of people like that. Why, I remember one time—out along the Platte River, it was, in the States . . ."

And off he went. It was an exciting story—when the West was really wild. I remember at the end I asked him, trustfully and, I really believe, hopefully:

"Did you ever hold up the stagecoach and rob the mails, Uncle Derek?"

"I should say not," he said. "Why, I was the chap that *drove* the stage. But I've seen a holdup. Came in one day to pick up the Center City mail, and saw three road agents holding up the postmaster."

"What did you do?"

"Took out my gun and shot 'em."

"All three?"

"Sure, all three."

"Dead?"

"Of course dead. Why, out in the Wild West, a real man never pulls his gun unless he aims to shoot. And he never shoots unless he aims to kill."

"After that I bet the road agents left you alone."

"Left me alone? Why after that, a baby in arms could ha' driven that stage and it'd been safe."

Then my Uncle Derek rose, and curling his great handlebar moustache lifted his voice to my Aunt:

"Ah, Emmaline! My sweet one! I'm just going to take a stroll down to the Hotel Royal—to conduct a little business."

And off he went.

I don't think he forgave my schoolmaster, though, and later he got a nice revenge. I didn't know it was revenge at that time, but it seems like it now. Perhaps you'll think so.

We had been through a sketchy course of modern history, up to and including the American War of Independence. Often I recited my home work to my Uncle, and he would snort and guffaw. Then one evening he saw me thumbing an anthology of poetry.

"Ah, the noble muse," he intoned. "Undoubtedly I'm the man to help you on that. What is it—anything in poetry from 'Summer is icumen in,' to Kipling, I know it all."

I explained that I had to learn some poem by heart for oral recitation. My Uncle's broad face broke into its most disarming beam.

"Then I shall teach you a poem, my lad. I don't think you'll find it in your books, but it's a great poem. Here, recite it after me and don't forget it."

I did recite it after him, and I haven't forgotten it—not over these long spanning years. Nor have I forgotten the look on the school-master's so-British face when I swung into the real meaty part of these unforgettable lines:

"One if by land and two if by sea,
And I on the opposite shore will be."

I don't know whether that fervent patriotic American poem ever before or since was recited in an English classroom—to a class that had just been going over the history of the war with those rebellious colonies. I recommend it as a piece of pure theatre. It is sure to get some sort of result, somewhere.

That evening when I went home and reported how it had gone, my Uncle Derek waxed into one of his most expansive moods. He told of fighting in the first Zulu War, in which his superb horsemanship led him to be promoted three times in one month. Why, even in the Wild West of America, there were, undoubtedly, still men who spoke of "Johnnie Bull." That was the name they had given him—not in derision but in pure admiration. For if there was ever a mustang, broncho, broom-tail, caballo, or other type of outlaw horse that couldn't be ridden by any cowpuncher, it would be brought to him.

"And did you ever fail to ride them, Uncle?"

"Why, I should say not. I rode 'em all. Although one time, there was little pinto devil—or maybe it was a palomino . . ."

And off he went again.

I don't think I should ever have doubted his stories really, though, even as I grew older, if it hadn't been for the others. Their doubts fell like drops of rain into the passing months of my life.

"Of course, our Derek's *such* a profound liar," one of my Aunts said to another one Sunday at tea.

And there was: "If you could ever believe a *word* Derek said," added like a permanent tag to so many adult remarks that we were not supposed to be hearing.

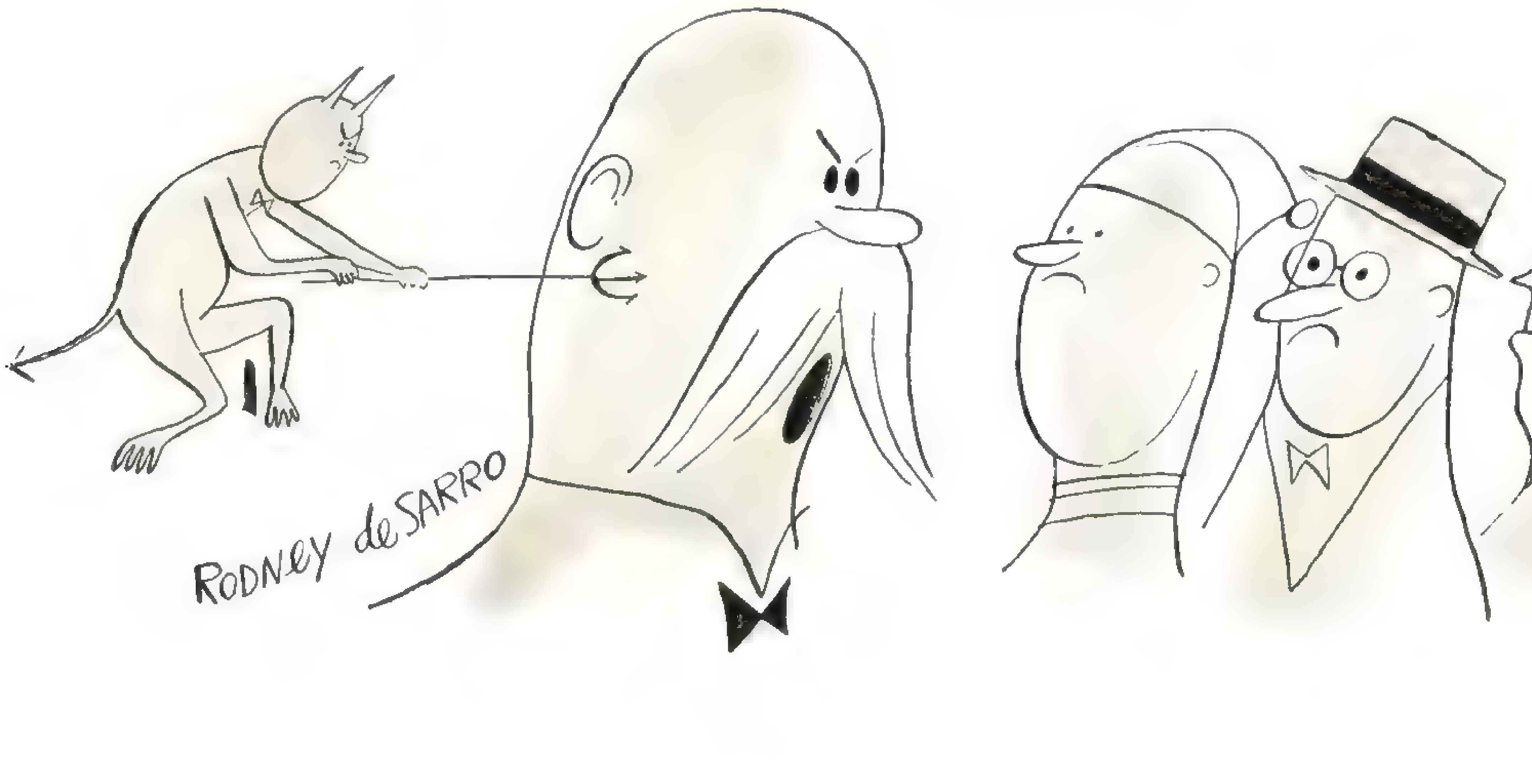
As we got older, these statements became more open. And the magnificence of my Uncle began to fade.

It is curious that while really grand lying is assumed to be fitting for a young man or a very old man, no one condones it in a man's middle age.

I think at middle age my Uncle Derek's splendor had become somewhat tarnished. The stories flowed as grandiloquently from his aromatically moustached lips as before; but the tales of his remarkable exploits seemed somehow bony. My Aunt rated him for it without bothering any more to see that we weren't in listening distance.

"Oh, you old liar," she would say. "I should think you'd be afraid God would strike you dead."

I first learned the name Ananias from her reiterated scoldings administered to him.



He began to lose other parts of his splendor. He had sons growing up who took a more important place in the household. I went away for a couple of years, and when I saw him again I was a little shocked at the change. I suppose I could see it more than those who had been close to him through the gradual transition.

The glory had gone from him. He was looked down on in his family—although he grinned and winked and pretended to ignore the situation. He told no more tall stories in his home. He had gone elsewhere.

I found out that he had transferred his life—for story-telling was his life—to the cab-rank. Those things are bygone affairs now, so I must explain. In the days of cabs—horse-drawn cabs, that is—there was always a heated shelter-house by each station where the cabbies congregated. Outside would be their cabs—hansoms, barouches, Victorias and whatnot—each with the horse standing bowed-head, waiting to move up in the line. Inside was the smell of the soft-coal stove in winter, and the smell of oat-bags, and well-soaped leather, the sweaty horse-blankets and ammonia. The old "livery" smell that is gone from the world today.

Why my Uncle ever selected that place, I don't know. I suppose it was because of horses. There he would find men who knew horses even if they merely harnessed and drove them instead of riding them like conquistadores. There would be men who would listen to horsy exploits, and tales of driving four-in-hands and unicorns and tandems. I suppose that is why he went there.

Perhaps he didn't see that his reputation had followed him. At any rate, when I returned, even the men at the cab-rank were winking an eye as he talked.

There was another change in him, too. Always he had spoken with a curious twang, which he assured us as youngsters was "the Yankee accent" he had picked up in the Wild West of America. This accent had grown even broader. It had become more nasalized, and like his own person, more tarnished. It was as if he were straining harder to make people believe he'd been in America. And no one believed him—for in that town up in far Yorkshire, having been in America seemed as exotically impossible in those days as having been to the North Pole would be in these. The cabbies at the rank would grin and wink at me when I dropped in as he was yarning. I liked to stop in there in the afternoons, and walk home with him for tea. I wanted somehow to listen to his stories without showing any doubt—as if this would bring back his confidence and make him grand like he used to be. But he would keep glancing at me to see whether or not I was grinning or showing any sign of misbelief.

It got worse as the men at

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A Word to the Wise

Mr. Whitiker knew he would be rich, famous and loved by a ravishing girl if only he had a cat that would talk

by JOHN COLLIER

▪ SATIRE ▪

Richard Whitiker drank his milk and carried his serviceable umbrella. When he looked in the glass he saw a face too simple ever to look old, and too worn ever to look young. Clowns have faces of this sort. His hair, well-streaked with grey, looked as if it were a wig, or as if it had been cut at home.

"That," said he, "is the face of someone who has not got very far in life. Damn it, I have hit the nail on the head! I am absolutely right, for nor I have. I have good judgment, you see, yet I have missed the bus on various important occasions."

This bothered him. He consulted the success books, which told him to analyze his past failures, and find out the true reason for them, in order to do better in the future.

This was a tremendous task. He paced up and down the room, he scratched his head; he took his ears in his hands and sat down on the bed to concentrate. At last, as if by a flash of lightning, he saw the very heart of the matter. He sprang up: "There is no doubt about it," he cried, "I should have made none of these silly mistakes, I should have done a thousand times better, I should have been one of the greatest successes ever known, had I only had a cat that could talk.

"Such an animal would have advised me against that wretched gold mine.

"It would have told me frankly I could never do well with a hotel.

"It would have cried 'Look out!' or 'Beware!' or something, when I brought that Colonel Rankin home and introduced him to my wife."

He found it a galling thought, to have missed fame and fortune for lack of a cat and a few words, in a world so abounding with both. But with the humble persistence of all wooden-faced men, he resolved to repair the deficiency, and to make the most of the years that remained to him.

He was not long in supplying himself with a cat, and was careful to choose one that pursed its lip shrewdly and regarded the world through a round and owlish eye. "This," said he, "is the first step, and that is the one that counts. I look forward to the day when this promising cat shall utter the name of a race horse or a splendid investment, or tell me how to discover a delightful young creature who will love a plain middle-aged fellow like me."

At this thought our friend could hardly contain himself for joy, which was well salted with impatience. He gave his cat the best of everything, and talked to it at all hours, taking care to pronounce his words clearly. He bought a radio for its special benefit, and turned it on at the time of the stock market reports. The only trouble was, the cat remained obstinately mute, which was a source of much mortification to our hero, and of infinite amusement to his friends.

"I have solved the major problem," he said. "I shall not allow myself to be defeated by a minor one. Let me see now: drink makes a man drunk, beef makes a man beefy, milk makes a man mild. I drink it, and I am mild: I am talking from experience. Clearly I must feed this cat parrots, and that will make him talk like an oracle. Besides, the toughness of these antique birds will strengthen his jaws, and give him more command of all the muscles of his throat and mouth. One thing fits in with another: I'll be off to the bird market in the morning."

Next morning he was early at the bird market, and came home with a fine Mexican Yellow-head, whose neck he wrung, and plucked it, and made it into a tasty fricassee which his cat licked up with relish.

Next day he obliged the animal with a well-spoken Amazon Parrot, then with a fluent Panama, then a garrulous Lemon-crested Cockatoo, and on his birthday a magnificent Macaw, and so forth, all talented birds, capable of stopping a horse and van in full career, scaring burglars or embarrassing young men who called with bouquets. But they were done with all that when they fell into the hands of Mr. Whitiker.

The cat opened his mouth fast enough when the birds were set before him, but still kept it shut at other times except for an occasional yawn. Meanwhile the cost of this diet was prodigious. Our friend soon felt the strain.

He denied himself everything, he grew very emaciated, his coat wore out at the elbows, his shoes let water at every step, his roof leaked in a dozen places, and everything fell into decay. The little children cried after him in the street as he hurried home from the bird market, fearful lest his cat should be uttering a few crisp words at the moment, and he be missing them.

At last there came a day when he was at the end of all his resources, and could regale the creature with nothing better than a love bird, while he himself dined on despair. On that very day, whether it was astonishment at the scanty portion, or whether his ears deceived him, he could have sworn his cat emitted a low and rather tuneless whistle.

At once his hopes revived, and he saw years of happiness spread shining out before him. "Hurrah!" he cried. "It is beginning to take effect. I shall be rich! I shall be famous! I shall enjoy the embraces of that delicious creature, aged twenty-two or twenty-three, and with a thirty-five-inch bust! I wonder if he will give me a tip or two about diet. After all, I have done a lot for him that way."

Nothing like striking while the iron is hot. Next morning our hero went out pawning and borrowing, and scraped together the price of a superb African Grey, the pride of

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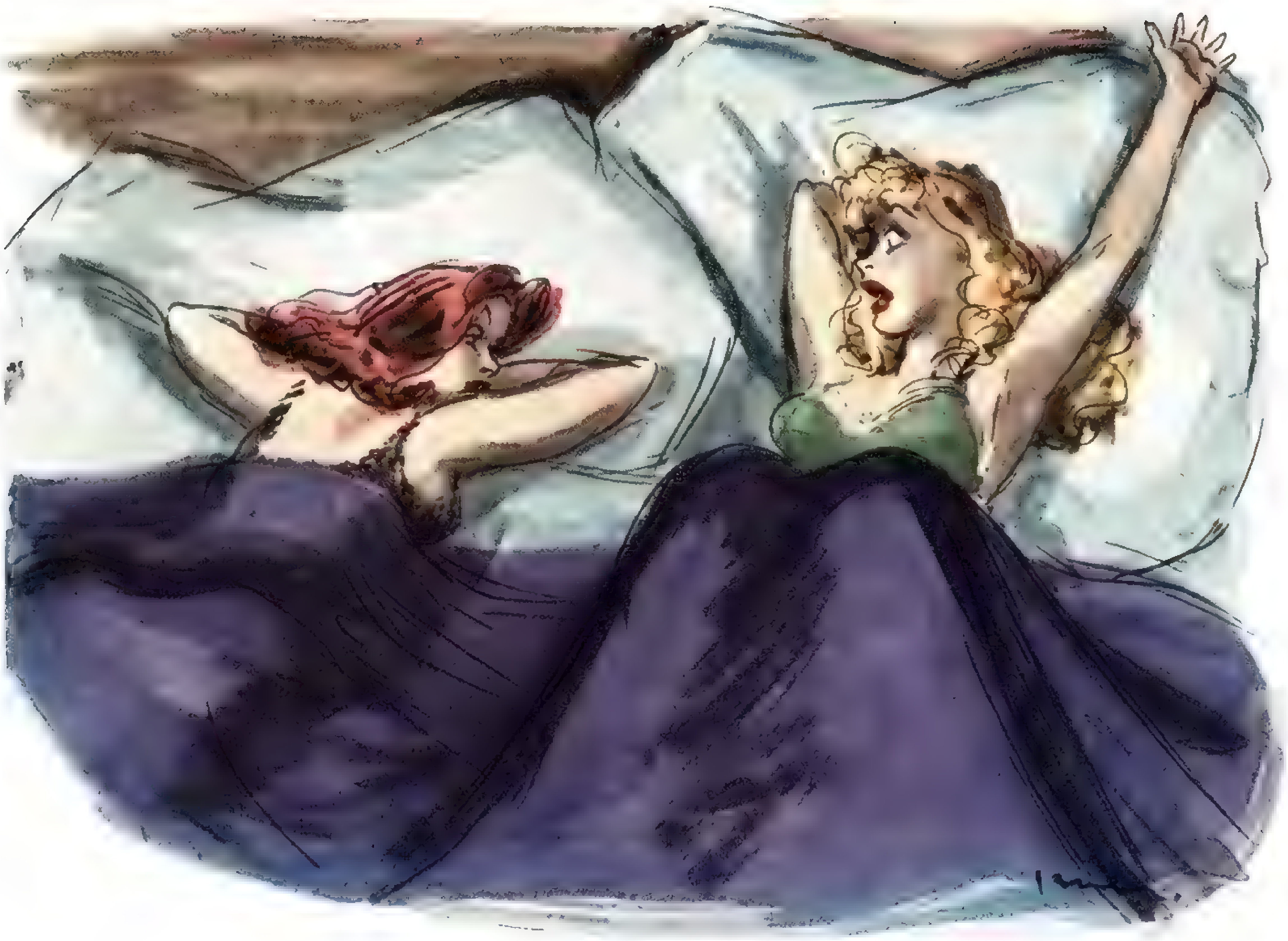
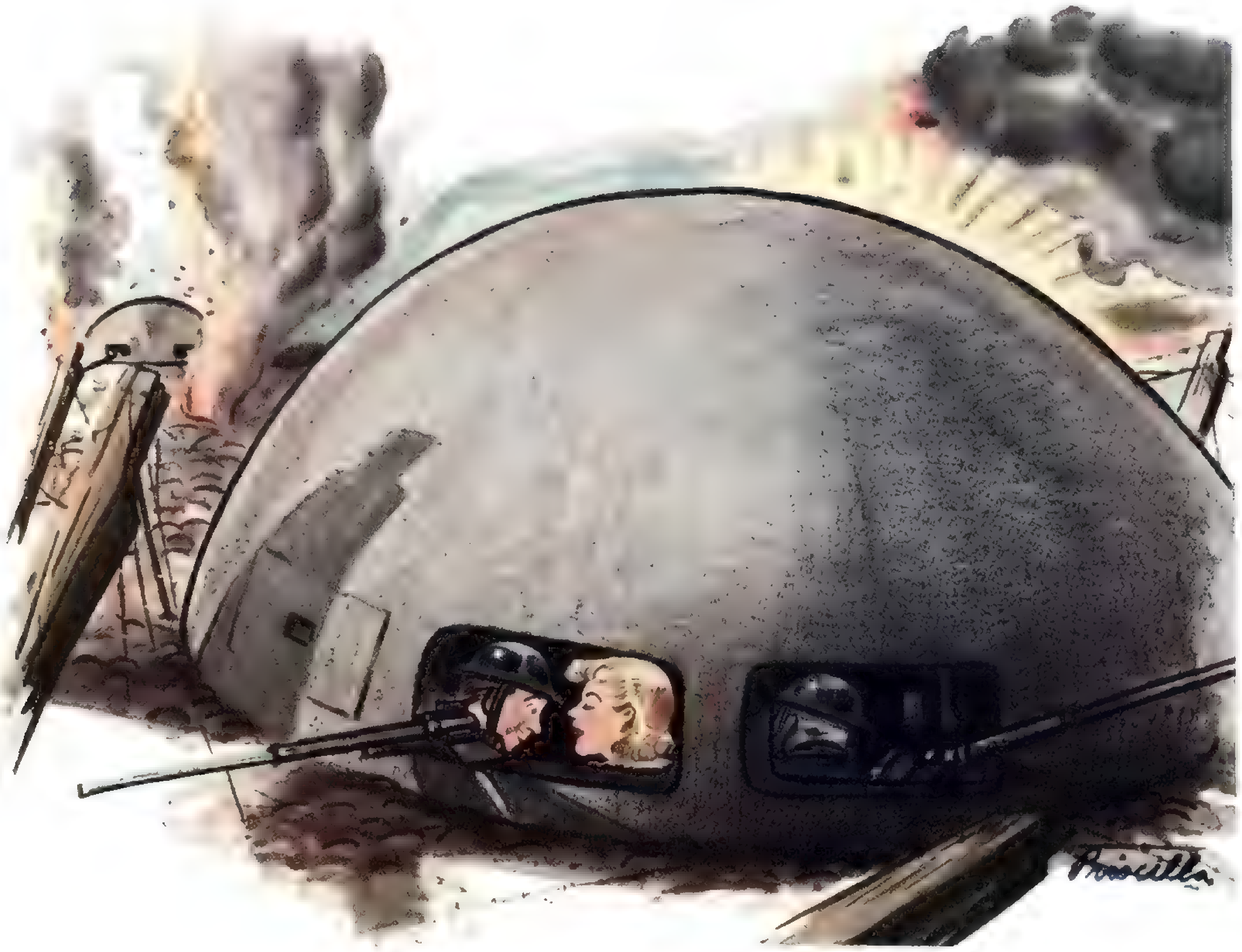
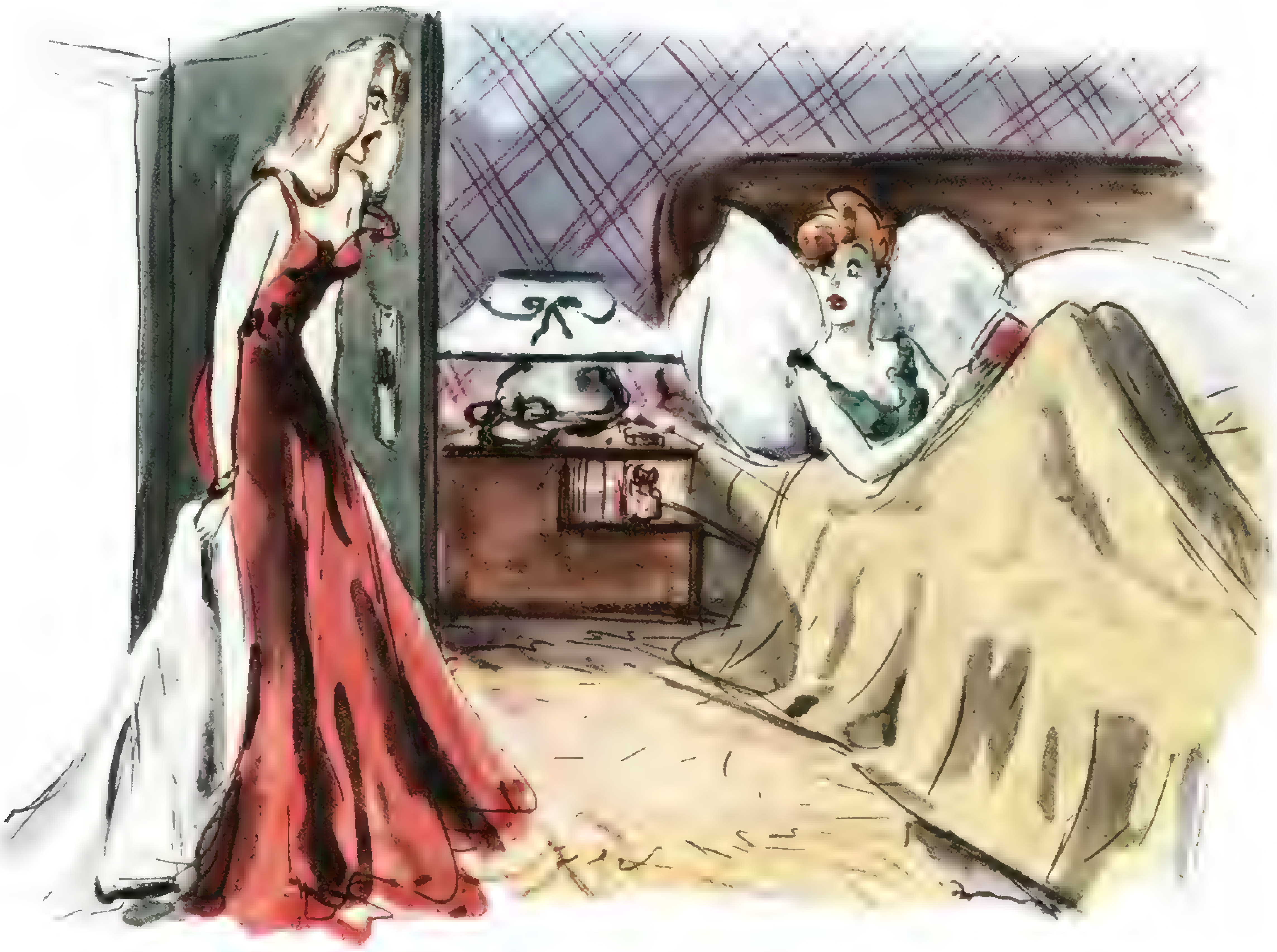


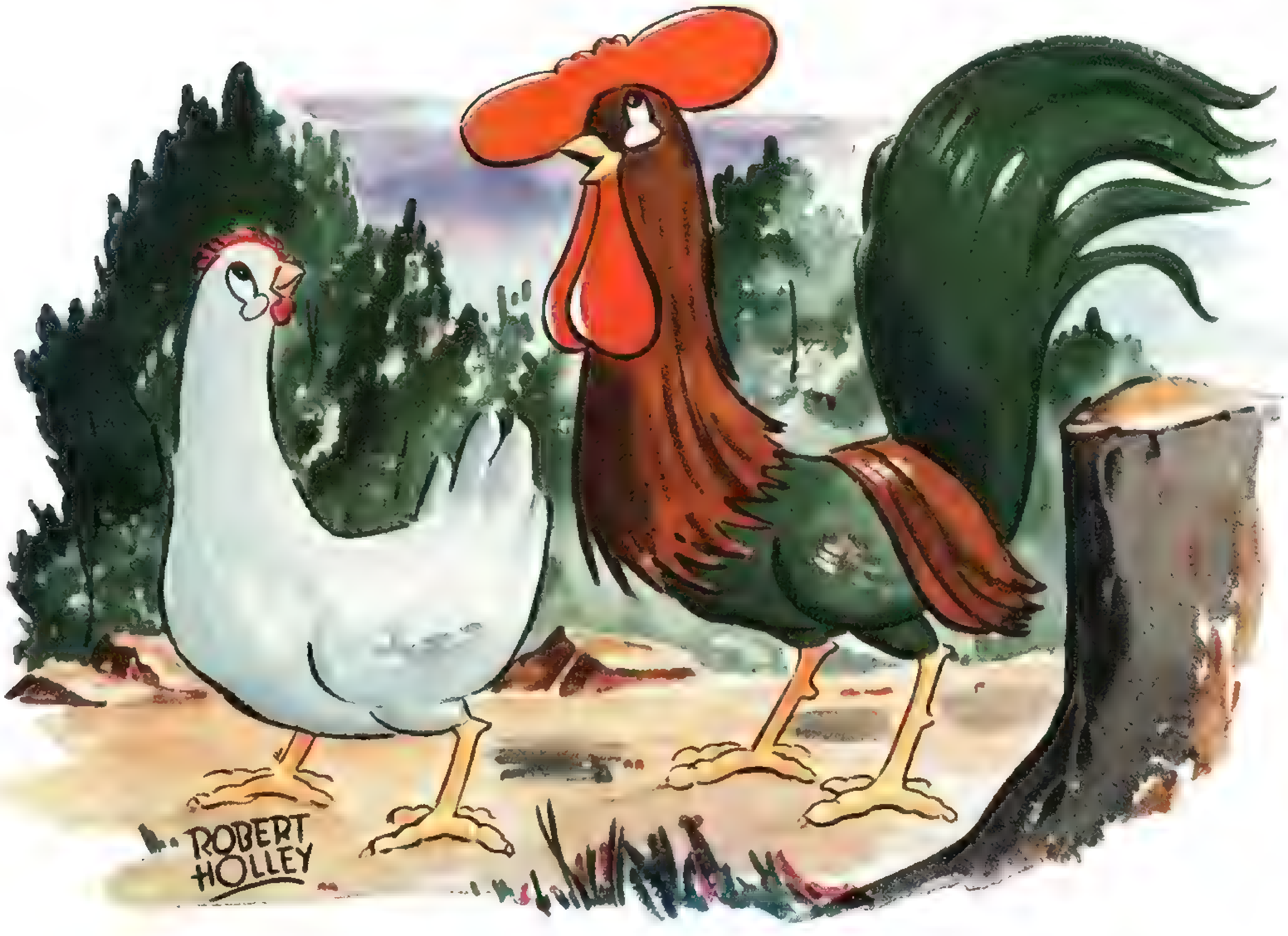
"I had a terrible dream—I had to work for a living"



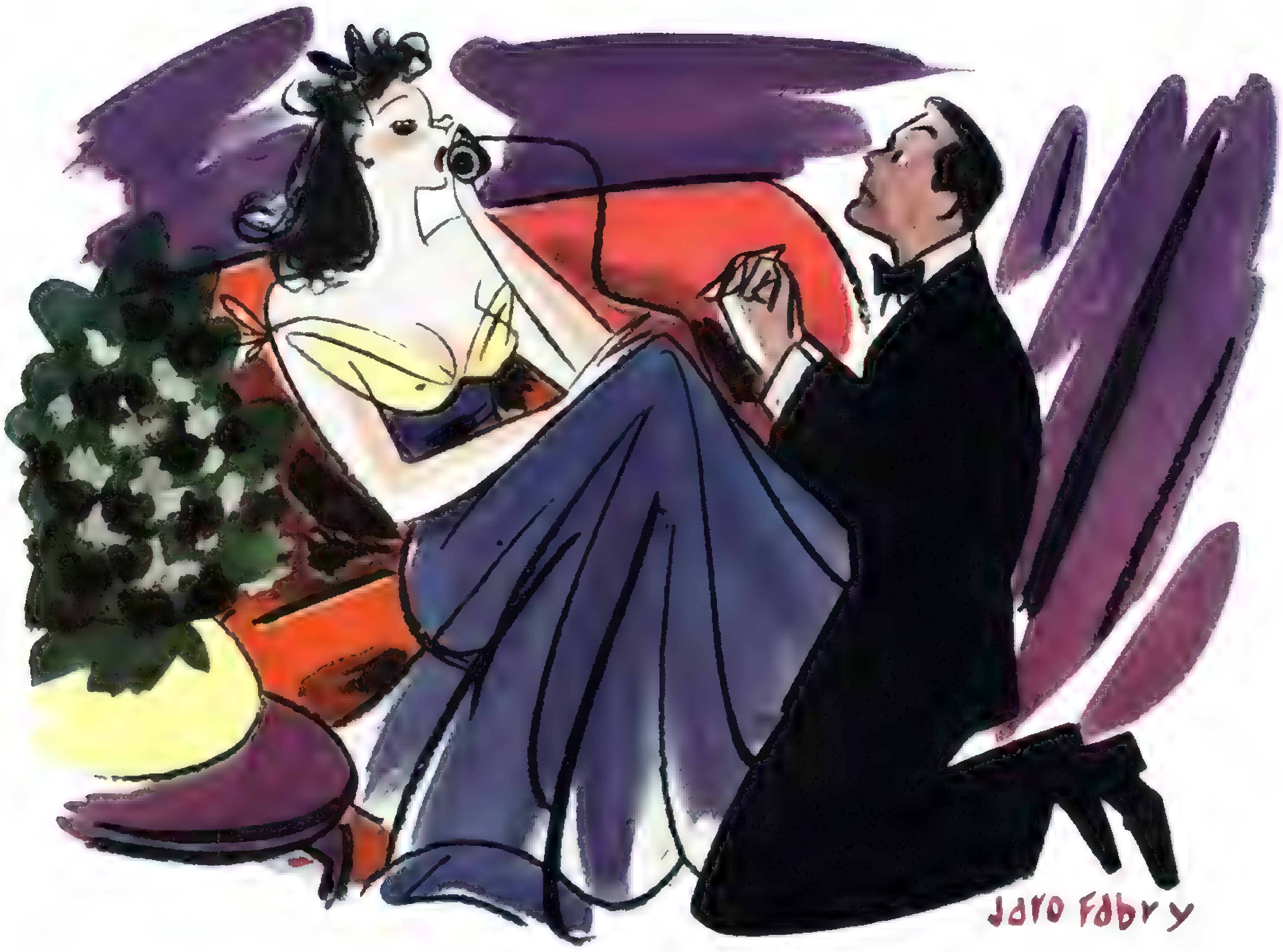
"Well!! The general thinks of everything, doesn't he?"



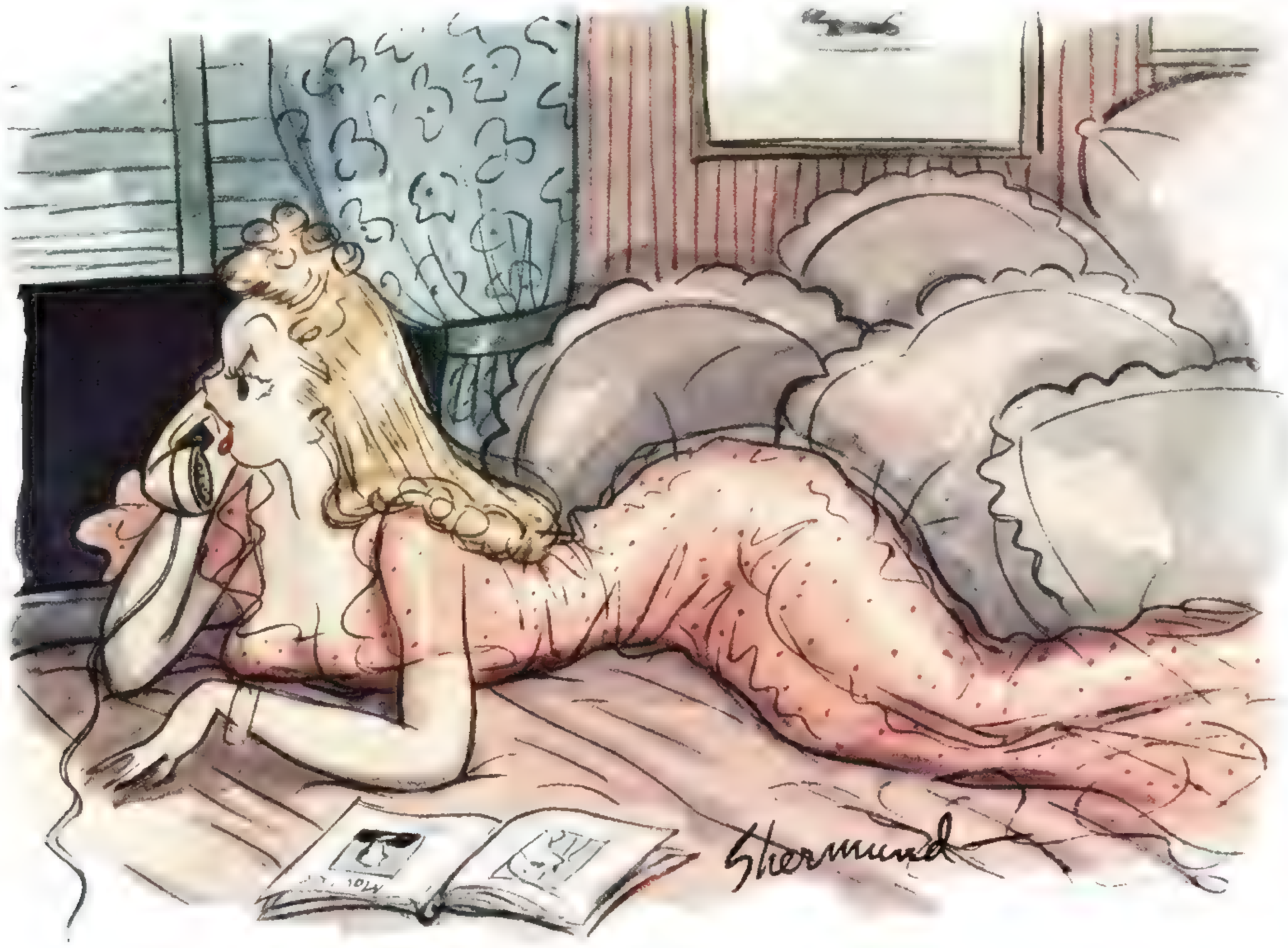
"Well, you were right! He wasn't satisfied with the carpet slippers for his birthday"


ROBERT HOLLEY

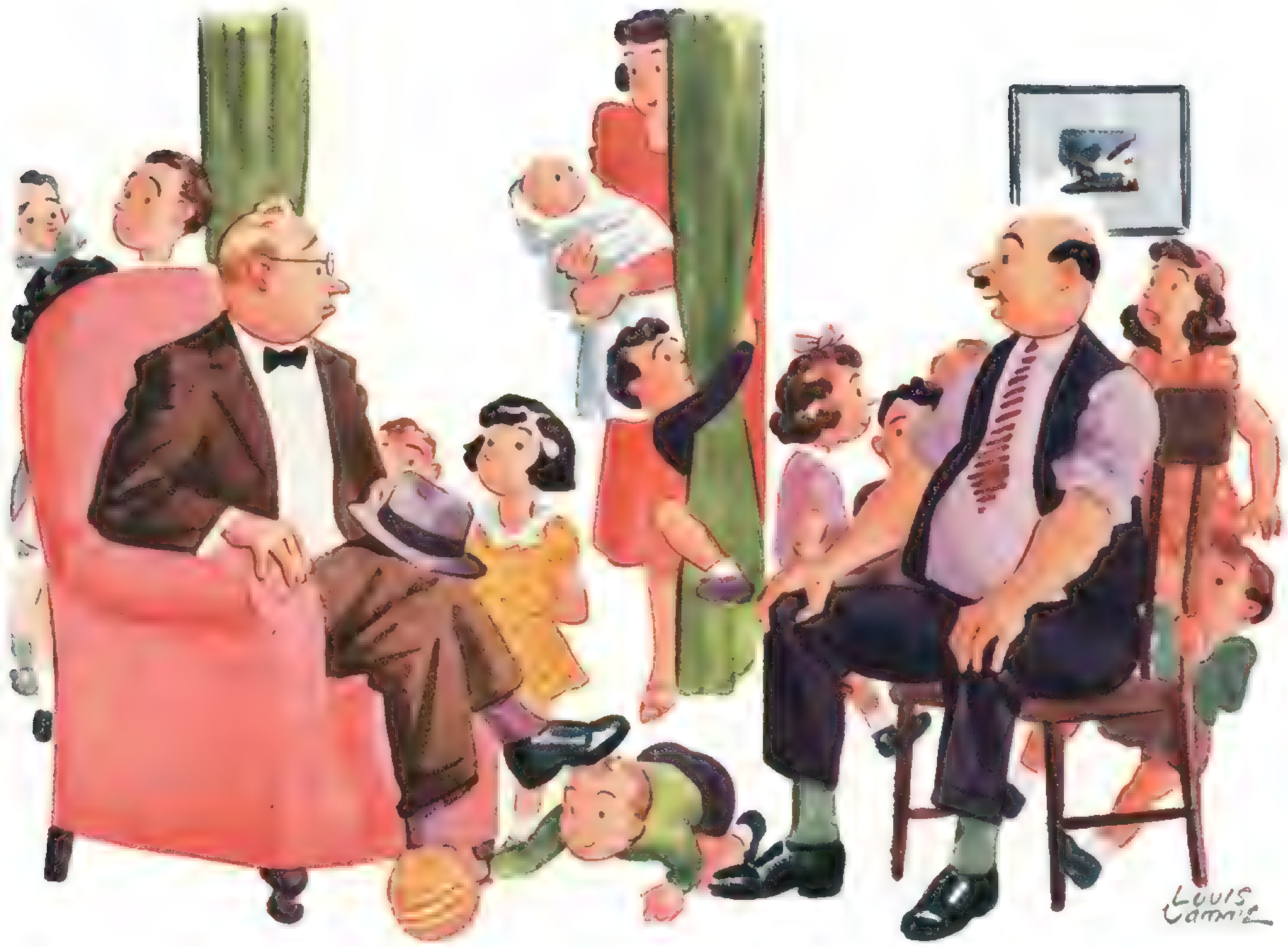
"Ah me! So little time—so much to do"



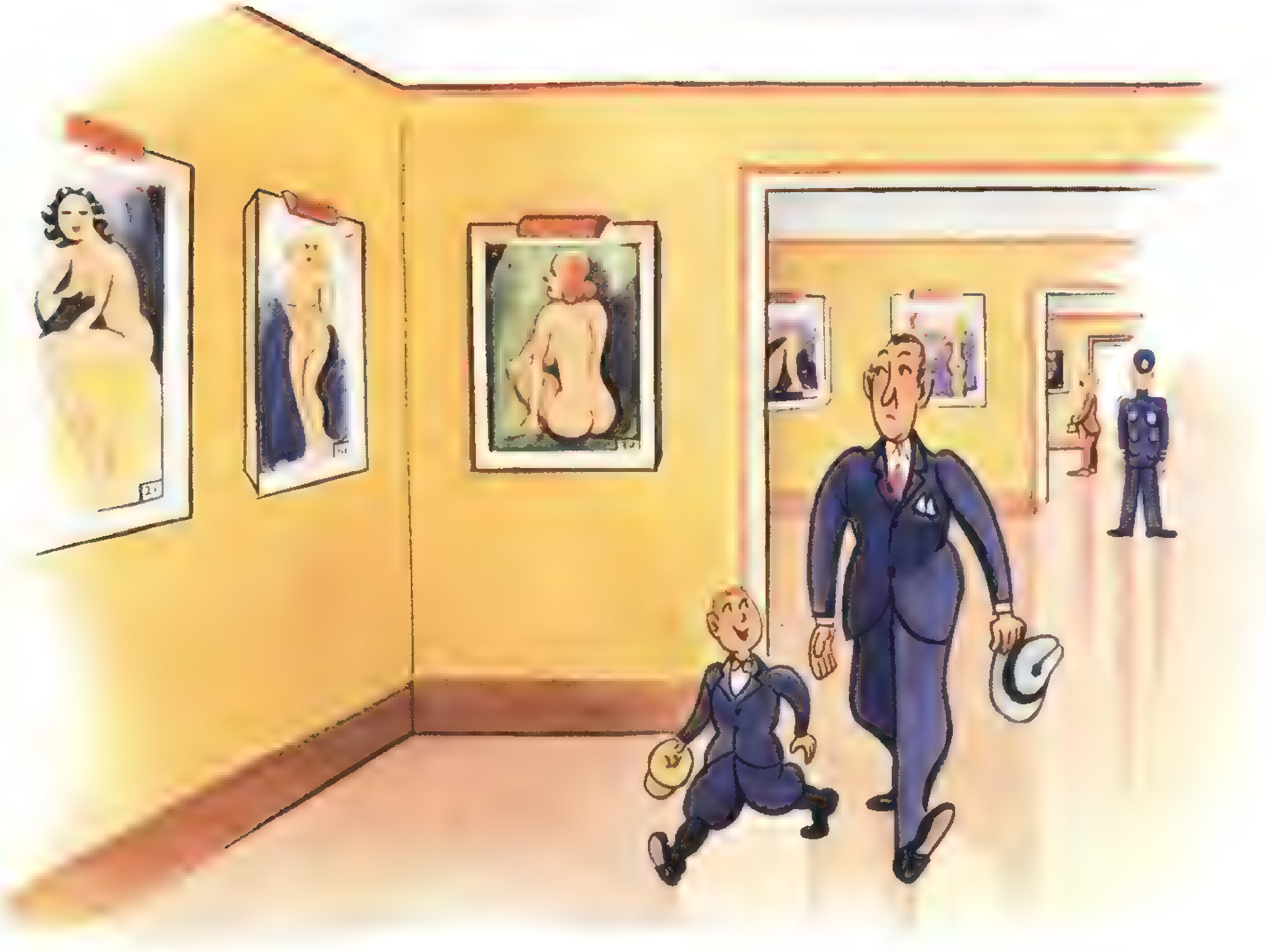
"Why yes he's here, but he's pretty busy right now. Could you call back?"



"He says I've got plenty to be thankful for"



"I guess it's just a knack with me"



"Dad, I changed my mind about being a cop. Know what I wanna be?"

Lost in Jerusalem

And the son of Mary and Joseph was not afraid, for he knew the Temple to be his Father's House

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

For a long time preparations had been made to attend the services of the Passover in Jerusalem. After three short days' journey from Nazareth the little family arrived.

Great crowds milled through the narrow streets. But all were gay and in a holiday mood. At the fountain within the city gate the family waited quite a time for their turn to drink of the water. But once refreshed they proceeded to the great Temple to offer a prayer of thanks to the Lord. This was the first duty of every pious person.

In the Temple the crowds, swelled by visitors from the many towns and villages of Judea, were greater than ever. And with those trying to get out and those trying to come in, it was indeed difficult to reach the main hall. But with much effort the little family avoided being separated and finally arrived to the long columned inner court where the smoke of ten-thousand sacrifices burning on the stone altar filled the air with great clouds.

Joseph prayed to the Lord to thank Him for the safe journey to Jerusalem and for the good health of his family. He prayed also for the days long ago when the Lord had saved his first born and brought them safely to Egypt where he had found work at his trade and had remained for over a year. Then he thanked the Lord for sending the angel to him a second time to announce that the tyrant Herod was dead and that he was free to return to his native land. Finally he asked the Lord in all his goodness to watch over Mary and their son and also their friends Ben Shaba and his clever wife whom he bought as a slave girl. More than once had these friends proved their loyalty and devotion. And he also prayed that Ben Shaba's little son Lazarus might soon recover his health.

Several years after the family left Egypt, Ben Shaba also came to Nazareth where he built himself a fine home with gardens and vineyards and a great walled yard where whole caravans could be stabled for the night. There were several reasons why he chose this little village. The village of Nazareth was on the direct trade route from the East and through this village most caravans passed. It was situated far enough from Jerusalem to please him and yet near enough to allow him to send merchandise to the market. And also, one other reason prompted Ben Shaba to settle in this green and peaceful village and that was his friendship for Joseph and Mary. "A good neighbor," he said, "is worth more than a whole city of strangers." But he was himself the good neighbor and his ten years' residence in Nazareth did not cool the warmth that was ever in his heart.

And this is why Joseph in offering his prayers to the Lord begged that Ben Shaba's delicate little son Lazarus might be allowed to regain his health.

More and more people crowded into the inner Temple for the evening prayers and soon there was much confusion. When he finished praying, Joseph looked up and discovered that his son was not to be seen. He knew that the boy must be close at hand and at first was little worried. They searched as well as they could but saw him nowhere. Finally they came out to the long steps of the Temple hoping to see him in the great open court where the changers of money had their tables and the merchants sold pigeons for sacrifice. But alas, he was not to be seen. Then after some deliberation they went on to the home of the friends, with whom they were to remain during the days of the feast, feeling certain that the youth would be there when they arrived.

As the light of evening fell over the Temple towers, the teachers of the law, as well as several privileged scribes, all gathered together in one of the inner chambers to relax after their work and comment on the day's events. They spoke informally about their problems and exchanged opinions on many subjects.

One very reverend and learned doctor of law, the Elder Edom, began by discussing the vast differences between Roman law and the laws of Judea. But soon voices in this inner chamber turned to lighter subjects.

One said that the wheat of Chorazin surpassed all. But another claimed that the fat soil of Gischala produced, not only a wheat of heavy grain but other farm products which had no rival. And a third claimed that the plain of Jazreel was noted for its splendid wheat.

Then the discussion turned to figs, grapes and fruit. One claimed that for these products the plain of Gennesareth surpassed all others. But this statement was challenged. "The wine of Sigone," said one, "is famous. Then how could the grapes of this place be bad?"

They spoke of the flax and fine linen woven by the women in Upper Galilee and compared them to the wool and fabrics woven in Lower Galilee. One traveled scholar said that the city of Magdala had large indigo works and here were eighty shops of dyers to supply the many looms weaving cloth of wool. Another related that Sidon besides having many looms also had shops of brass workers and beaters in silver and gold.

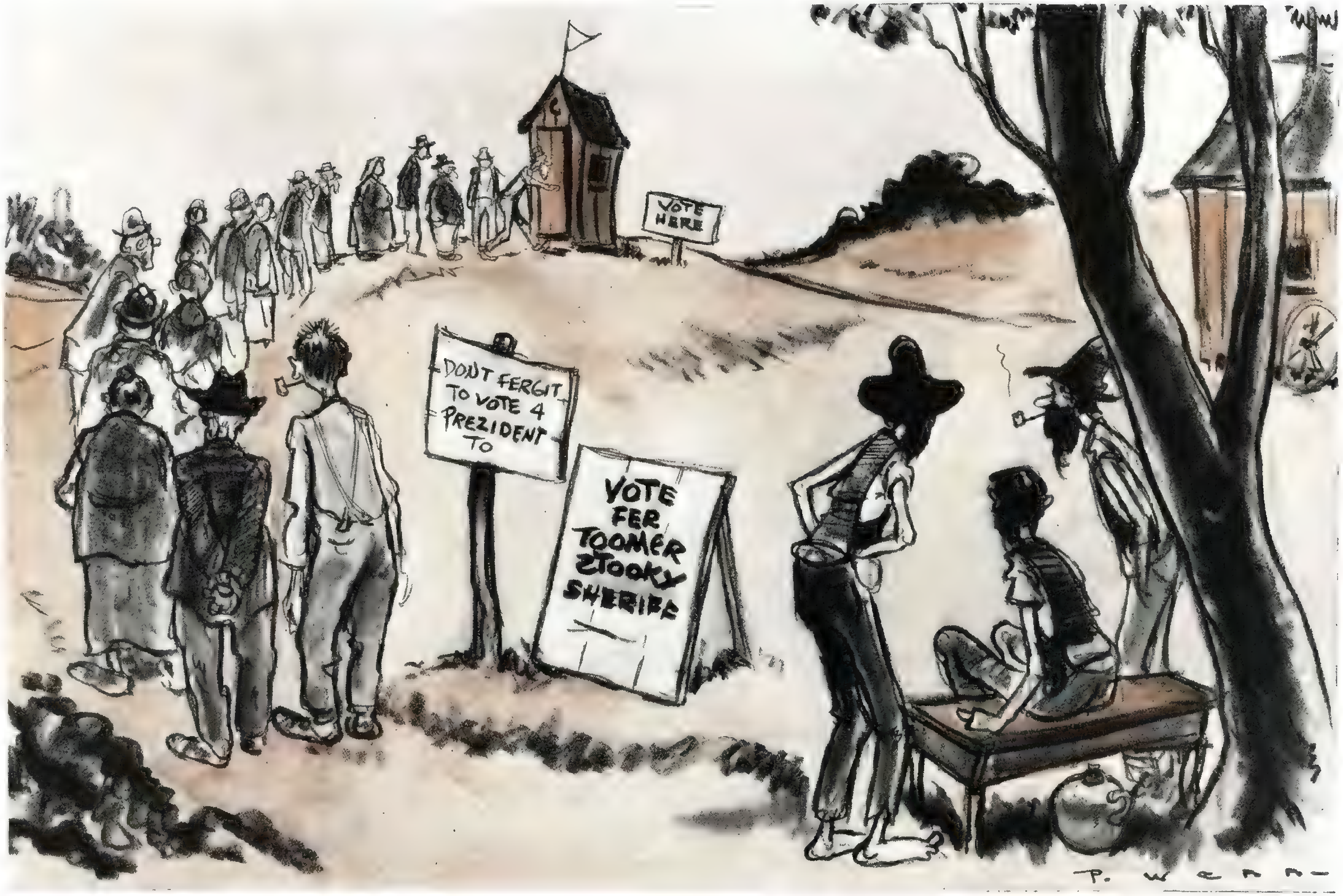
They spoke of the purple dye which came from Tyre and the sand of Belus from which glass was made. And they spoke also of Safed famous for its honey, of Shikmonah where large pomegranates grew and of many, many other places.

"In Asher," spoke one, "olive oil flows

Continued on page 171

Y
H
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"He ran the wrong way!"



VOTE HERE
DONT FERGIT TO VOTE 4 PREZIDENT TO
VOTE FER TOOMER ZTOOKY SHERIFF
P. WEBB

"Lem Hawkins promised to bring his two-headed cousin along . . . that's three votes right there"

What It Takes to Be President

Whatever your feelings about Willkie or Roosevelt, this analysis of our Chief Executive's job may be helpful

by DONALD WILHELM

• ARTICLE •

℞

Editor's Note: *This article is the result of personal acquaintance with all of the last seven presidents and many candidates combined with first-hand study of the Executive Offices, some executive service in the Executive Branch and intimate study of many large businesses, their administrative, public-relations and other problems.*

Three special skills deserve to be mentioned first. Judging by the careers of the last seven presidents (Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding, Calvin Coolidge, Herbert Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt), if a president has these three skills in high degree he is fortunate, since the lack of any one of them, or two, is certain to increase his difficulties immeasurably. These three skills are:

1. *Political skill.* This is necessary, to begin with, to win a nomination as a rule. As soon as he is nominated, a candidate becomes the titular head of his party. It is necessary to the winning of an election. When a candidate has won both a nomination and election this skill is of prime importance because, for one thing, every president is judged largely by the legislation that he achieves.
2. *Skill in dealing with the press*, now including any and all media and men devoted to giving us news and views.
3. *Skill in dealing with the public directly.* He must appear before us as an orator, talk to us as a radio broadcaster and soon as a telecaster with all this is bound to mean: shake hands with countless people; receive from a dozen to twenty delegations or callers nearly every day and reveal himself in countless other ways. Times without number he must appear before the biggest and often the most critical audience on earth with a part to play, with lines to write and say. Indeed the White House is like a stage whose every wall is lined with antennae. Scarcely any word or gesture of his can long escape us. He is our "leading man" much as his wife is our "leading lady." At all times, to quote Charles A. Beard, "he must carry the heavy burdens of a Caesar yet must work in the fierce light of public scrutiny."

He must write well. All of our last seven presidents have been authors. Altogether they have provided nearly a hundred volumes, not counting mere collections of campaign speeches, messages to congress, etc.

He must have a vast range of information, be qualified to grapple with numberless problems, international, economic, social, legislative, financial, budgetary (the annual budget covers more than a thousand pages), legal, labor, and so on. Repeatedly I have gone over the list of individuals and delegations calling on our last seven presidents. Here will be a banker, there a politician from the Middle West; here a railroad president, there an ambassador; here a labor leader, there a naval expert, and so on and on, until you feel, so far have we come since the days when the tariff was the only big and perennial problem and the typical American never had any direct dealing with the Executive Branch unless he met the postman, went abroad or went to war, that, verily, a president must "take all knowledge for his province!"

He must be a great administrator or as Chief Executive of the United States he will be overwhelmed by the ceaseless flood of problems requiring his day-by-day attention. This covers a great deal of ground. It is important because great executives are so rare that those who have demonstrated the gift by organizing or reorganizing and successfully managing large business enterprises can usually name their own salaries. And, worse luck, all that this covers is hard to make understandable. Facts which may be helpful are: (1) Our Constitution was written long before the day of big group efforts, except kingdoms, in the day when the one-man business prevailed, with the one man, usually the founder and owner, personally attending to nearly everything. By its very nature, the presidency is, and it would seem must always be, a one-man job. At least this is true in the sense, as Professor Beard points out, that, no matter the Cabinet or how many assistants a president may have, he, himself, may not delegate much authority, *must* make all or nearly all important decisions because they are so full of meaning to us all and he is held responsible if anything goes amiss in the Executive Branch. But, because ours is a government by law, he may not make any sweeping changes arbitrarily. This, of course, makes the hardest job harder—harder than a dictator's, say. (2) In 1800 the Executive Branch consisted of only the State, War and Navy Departments, and the Attorney General was a mere part-time employee. But today, no matter how you measure the Executive Branch, it is the biggest group effort the world has ever seen with the possible exception of the biggest of the totalitarian states and for many reasons certainly one of the most complicated. Obviously its chief executive must be highly skilled as an administrator or he is bound again and again to be overwhelmed by the vast range and complexity of burdens on him. After all, a president, whoever he is, has only one brain, two hands, ten fingers and eight or ten hours each day in which to do his work.

He must, of course, *be a good judge of men.*

He must be a man of decision—not a mere "yes man" or a mere "no man" but one who is able and willing to make decisions soundly and quickly. Some men just can't. One of my seven presidents once told me grimly in a White House interview, "My idea of heaven is a place where I wouldn't have to be making decisions *all the time!*"

He must be able "to keep cool and use common sense in times of crisis"—an essential, as the head of more than one big business has told me, to any leader who is to retain the confidence of his subordinates and peers.

He must "be able, also, *to get the co-operation of others"*—an art in itself—*"and be able to go it alone and work with the other fellow."*

Although each president must receive each working day as many callers and delegations as his time allows—anywhere from a dozen to twenty, say—and has many facts and figures in mind and his personal affairs to attend to, *he must read enough official, political and other reports to make a college grind groggy and be able to make both critical and constructive use of his findings.*

Although he must also meet with his Cab-

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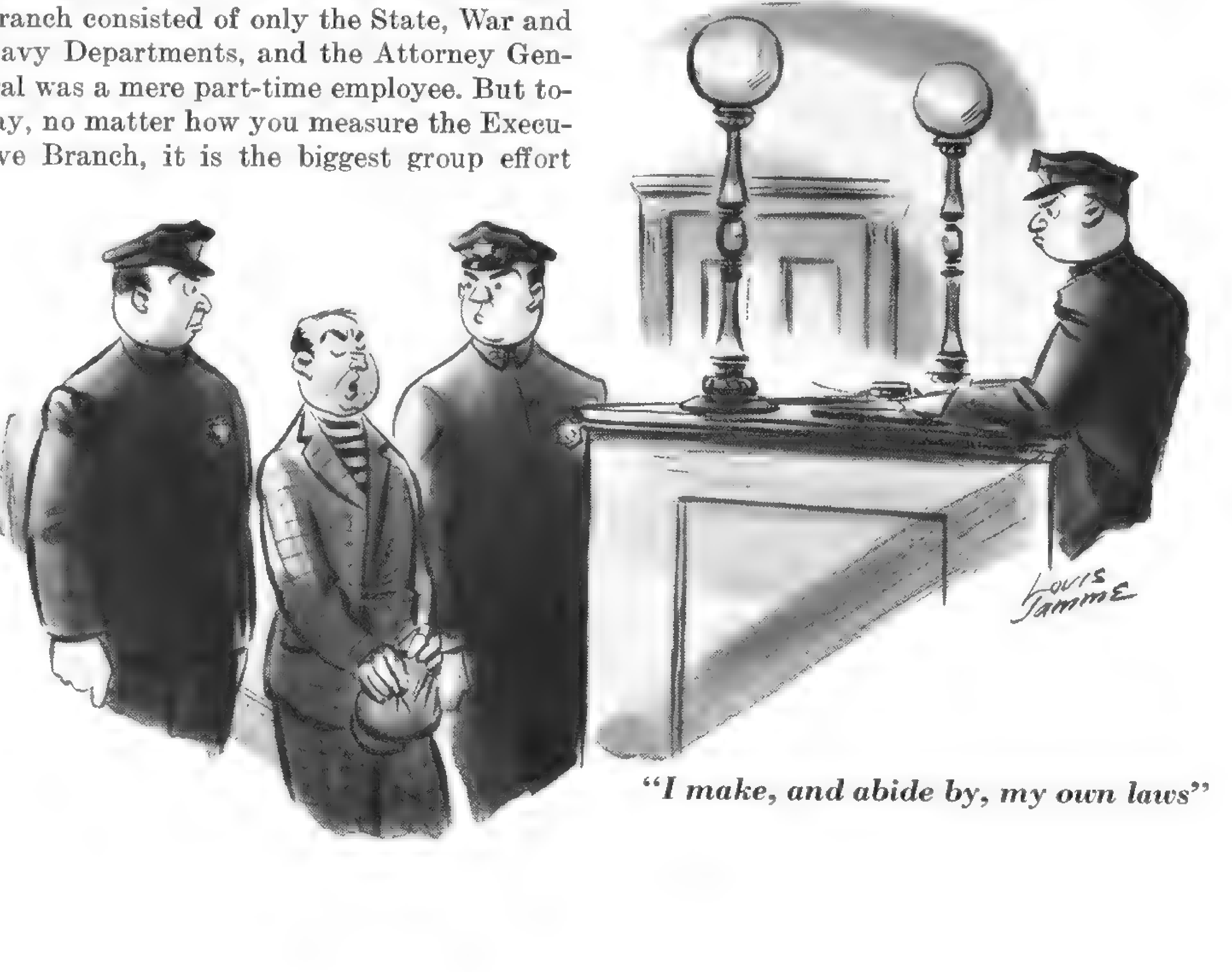

"I make, and abide by, my own laws"

Beauty and the Buyer

Are the millionaires all blind or why do those glamour ad girls have to mop floors and wait on trade?

by PARKE CUMMINGS

▪SATIRE▪

As usual I've been spending a lot of time reading the magazines. I've waded through an article or two and several bits of fiction here and there. But most of all I've been looking at the advertisements as a dutiful American citizen should. In these advertisements I have noticed many beautiful women, most of them in humble walks of life. I have seen a statuesque beauty who works behind a hosiery counter, a dazzling blonde who is a waitress in an unpretentious cafeteria, an eye-filling brunette switchboard operator, a good many opulent secretaries and stenographers, and a considerable number of housewives, all of heavenly perfection of form and face.

All this has got me to thinking, and what I am thinking about is the uniform beauty of females who appear in advertisements. (Sometimes I think about the high level of male handsomeness too, but that is a thought I can abandon with little urging.) I notice that not only young women in advertisements are beautiful but that matrons of sixty, although not exactly ravishing belles, give every indication of having been such in their youth. All the young females are lovely, those who appear as drawings by artists, and the flesh-and-blood ones who have been photographed. Frankly, at the risk of being ungallant to the American model, I am inclined to give the edge to the former, but maybe this is as it should be. After all interpretive art is supposed to be a higher form than photographic.

But don't get the idea that I am complaining because I have to look at a succession of comely damosels in every magazine I pick up. The advertisement of the past, if illustrated at all, usually consisted of a menacing finger pointed pistol-like at the reader's temple with the injunction: "Buy Parker's Pills!" I am not one to regret the demise of the finger-pointing school of selling merchandise. Nor am I one to bewail the fact that the scare-ad or this-is-what-happens-when-you-don't-buy-our-product method also seems to be somewhat on the decline. If advertisers want to put a picture of a pretty girl next to everything from toothpaste to sixteen-ton tractors, that is all right by me.

The only trouble is that I am supposed to buy the product because I associate it with female beauty. Well, I buy the product if I need it and have the cash or charge account, but I don't know how much I associate it with female beauty. I get to *thinking* about female beauty all right, but my mind is apt to go off on another track. When I think about f.b. in advertisements I get to worrying.

What I get to thinking and worrying about is the fact that the women I encounter in real life hit a noticeably lower average of pulchritude than the ones in the front and back sections of the periodicals. Not that I am knocking the American working girl or the American housewife when you stack her up against those of other nationalities. In fact she is head, shoulders and several other parts of the anatomy above the foreign product in my estimation. Not infrequently I have encountered waitresses, nursemaids and receptionists who were not at all difficult to look at, but, to be perfectly honest, I have not constantly been bowled over by the all-pervading loveliness of American femininity. To put it bluntly, the knockouts are few and far between. Only rarely have I felt like exclaiming, on meeting a hat-check girl or a pal's wife: "Darling, where have you been all my life?" And even more rarely have I exclaimed it. (There was that time at Childs, but, after all, I'd had quite a few snorts before I went in there.)

In real life one sometimes runs across stunners in humble occupations, but at the risk of appearing cynical I am compelled to record it as my observation that the prettier a girl is, the more likely she is to be in Hollywood or the wife of a guy who can afford to hire four servants and to arrive at his office at ten-thirty in the morning.

This is why, when I see beautiful shop girls, scullery maids, and factory hands in advertisements I usually forget to associate them with the product that is being advertised. My stubborn mind runs off at a tangent. What I find myself wondering is: "Why the hell is a knockout like that selling chemises in Feinstein's Basement? Where have the talent scouts been? Why hasn't somebody from the Racquet Club grabbed her off?"

One theory is that beauty is only skin deep, and that the beautiful dames in the advertisements haven't any intelligence or personality underneath it. But this must be rejected on two grounds. In the first place it takes a fair amount of intelligence and personality to hold just about *any* job these days, and in the second place the modern advertisement female looks intelligent as well as beautiful anyhow. There is a certain something in the eye which I could describe more lucidly if I knew more about art and psychology.

Even the girls who have been photographed seem to rank well in brains and personality. It is true that some of the ones who pose for tennis pictures look a bit on the dumb side.

At least the physical attitudes they assume in their hypothetical efforts to sock a tennis ball are stupid, subversive, asinine, pernicious, moronic, imbecilic, unsound, inconceivable, unpatriotic, ridiculous and show marked Fascist leanings, but the subject of pretty girls who assume tennis poses is one at which I froth at the mouth at an instant's notice, and I shall get off this subject at once before I spill froth all over my typewriter.

No, the beautiful but dumb theory won't hold up. Assuming that the pretty girl in the ad has what it takes, the question arises: Why hasn't she taken it? Why is she washing dishes instead of living in a Hollywood mansion or taking Caribbean cruises with her lawfully annexed spouse?

After years of bafflement I have finally uncovered a theory to fall back on. To stop myself from speculating on this question (and forgetting about the product which, if it happens to be razor blades, new socks or rye whisky, I may need badly) I now assume that the girl with the $18 a week salary actually *has* had the better things in life, that the talent scouts or the ardent suitors weren't blind.

After all, this sometimes happens in real life. Women do get bored with fame and riches and stupid husbands. Some of them forsake the adulation, the shallow excitement the gilded existence and go back to the simple things in life. They do it in the movies and in the radio serials too. There's plenty of precedent.

This is the only theory that can soothe me, and I am rapidly putting it to use. I am schooling myself to remark, when I observe Venus at the hosiery counter: "Don't kid yourself. The talent scouts weren't blind. She was six years in Hollywood, the fourth best box-office draw in the country. But you know how some of those producers are with a girl who wants to keep her most prized possession.

And besides, the paint on the bottom of her swimming pool kept peeling, and drove her nuts. She's back selling stockings because she *wants* to sell them."

As for Juno at the Automat I tell myself: "Why doesn't she get married? Don't be a sap! She just divorced her third husband. The first one drank too much. The second one devoted too much of his time to polo and court tennis, and number three made her spend all the time on the yacht, and one look at her should tell you that she's a girl who gets seasick at the first puff of wind."

Now I can absorb the beautiful girls in the advertisements dozens at a time. I've discovered the antidote to my literal mind. A quick analysis of the situation along these lines, and I can get right down to the heart of the matter which, after all, is the product. And that reminds me: I need a pair of suspenders, a hat, a pair of military brushes, and a bottle of aspirin. Cummings is starting to buy again. #

Milly and Johnny Were Lovers

No complication would have risen in this kindergarten affair if grownups did not have such an ugly spy system

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

FICTION

JOHNNY was mortally in love with Milly, and Milly returned his passion. They suited each other down to the ground.

Johnny was a very elegant boy, Gainsborough could have painted his portrait. He wore white socks and a blue velvet suit. No matter how carefully they had combed his hair, an unruly lock, walnut-colored, would disengage itself and drop down on his forehead in five minutes. Milly was blonde and blue-eyed. Her little milk teeth were like grains of rice; when she smiled, dainty little dimples appeared in her cheeks. Johnny was six years old, Milly five.

Very well, the grown-ups can say to all this, love is a very beautiful thing but in this case a little too early. And that would be right. But let us all reflect a little on our own childhood. The details have probably been lost in the opaque mist of time. Still, we must remember that even then we lived through the joys of love. That we suffered from jealousy when we didn't even know exactly that the human race is divisible into two sexes: boys and girls.

The loving pair attended the same kindergarten. Their mutual sentiments joined them. They played only with each other as if they were alone in the great noisy playroom. The other children noticed what was going on and immediately began to make fun of the lovers. Who can remember why, at the time of our budding, we had such diabolical spirit in us? Envy? Curiosity? Was it our love of revealing secrets? Milly bawled. Johnny, like a sailor who faces the storm, tossed back the walnut-colored lock with a bold motion of his head. Did he have a few vague scraps of observation concerning the behavior of grown-ups at such times? He took Milly by the hand and led her out to the platform, and announced to the teacher that he was going to marry his little friend. For a moment the teacher looked in amazement at the children; her glasses almost fell off her nose. But because she belonged to the army of clean-souled, well disposed old maids, and also because she knew her profession inside out, she began to treat the affair of Johnny and Milly with deadly seriousness. She took out her pencil and wrote the names in her book as if she were filling out some official blanks. She called upon the engaged couple to love each other faithfully. She stroked their heads and kissed their faces. But—grown-ups are a loathsome lot—that same afternoon she betrayed them by telephoning the respective parents.

The parents were very decent people, full of friendly humor. With smiling deviltry they decided to play the affair out seriously.

Milly got a straw hat with roses around the brim, since a bride-to-be is supposed to dress the part. She put it on at once and went to look at herself in the mirror, tying the silk ribbon under her chin with her little fat hands.

"Oh it's cute all right, Mom, but do you think it has enough 'oomph'?"

Johnny's father called his son into the study, made him sit in a huge leather armchair, and asked him with quiet seriousness:

"I understand you have become engaged to Milly Brown. Is it true?"

"Yes, Father," answered Johnny, and honestly and boldly he looked into his Father's eyes.

"Why?"

"Because I love her."

"Very much?"

"Yes; very much."

"And what about Milly? Does she love you too?"

"She swore that she did," said Johnny. But here he began to blush as if red ink had been poured into a dish of milk.

"Well, then, everything is all right. I congratulate you," said the father, and shook hands with his son as men do.

Johnny's father drove his child to the kindergarten every morning. On arriving he kissed him and let him out, watching while Johnny stood on tiptoes to reach the high doorknob. Then when the boy disappeared beyond the door the father went his way to attend to his own affairs.

No complication would ever have taken place if grown-ups didn't have such an ugly spy system; but this unprincipled network—perhaps the janitor at the kindergarten or perhaps somebody else—ran down and in a sneaky manner informed the parents of the following:

After leaving his father Johnny waited every day for the car to move on. When he saw that there was no longer any danger, he sneaked out of the door of the kindergarten and walked to the next corner. That's where Milly lived. So close to the kindergarten that after a brief but fierce war of independence her mamma allowed her to go to school alone. Nothing could happen to her in such a short walk. There were only about fifty steps between the two front doors. All right, she could go alone if she loved independence so much.

Standing in front of the house of the youthful Juliet, the youthful Romeo began throwing pebbles at a window. Thereupon the front door opened and Milly appeared, fragrant from her morning bath—on her arm her toy bucket and a rubber duck.

It wouldn't have been so bad if they had gone directly to the kindergarten. But they didn't. Behind the school there was a little park, with lilac bushes and dwarf pines. First they went there to hide. And there—this was seen by the parents themselves—they engaged in all sorts of terrible things. Hand in hand they went to a bench. They sat down, put their arms around each other, and they even did something which looked

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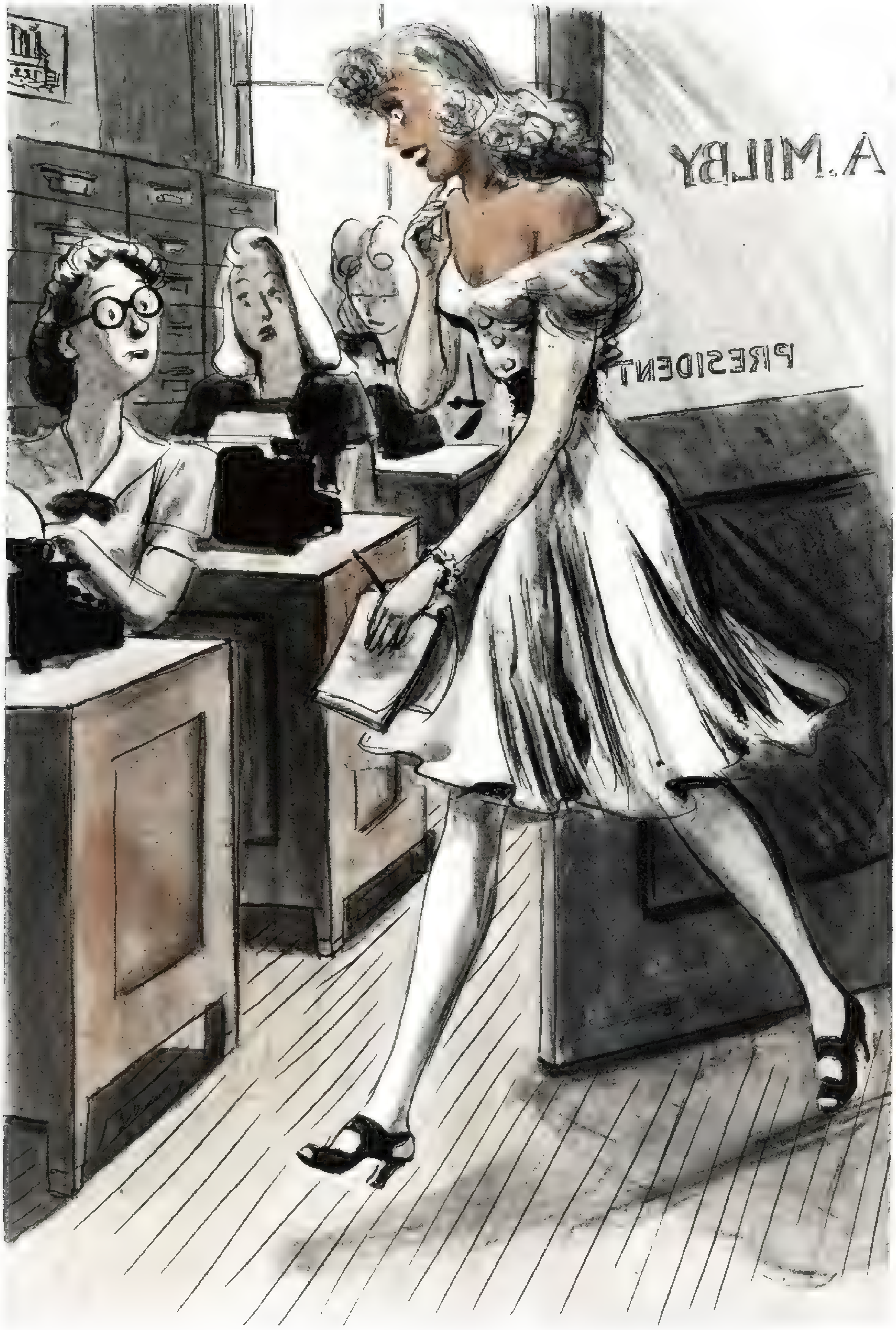

A. MILBY
PRESIDENT

"And you told me office work was monotonous!"

The Types of American Beauty

in sculpture by

FRANK NAGY

as photographed by

ANDRÉ DE DIENES

NUMBER 8: *Violet*

STURDY young girl of short stature but of substantial bony frame. Her shoulders are broad, broader than the hips; the buttocks are hard and curved. She stands solidly on firm, muscular legs. She has not much fat to spare but is not really lean for her girlish frame is packed with hard muscles. The breasts are well developed, round of shape and provided with good nipples. The oval face is charming, of almost childlike beauty, except for the strong chin and determined expression of lips. The sculptor did justice to her beauty which would show to better advantage in a one-piece bathing suit than in frills and flounces.

This female body expresses all-around functional excellence. It is capable of hard physical labor and apt to endure adverse conditions, even on a bare subsistence diet. Nor is it lacking in the physical equipment for bearing and nursing a brood of children.

Obviously of peasant stock. Her ancestors tilled the soil or herded cattle in the plains of Southeastern Europe. Transplanted to the American melting pot, they conferred upon her physical and spiritual virtues, conditioned by fresh air and sunshine, hard work, frugality and the stiffnecked self-discipline of the Calvinist Church. Greater self-reliance and the dignity of freedom are contributions of her own American upbringing. More favorable economic circumstances, especially better nourishment in childhood, yield a refined, rosy and plumper product which has inspired Renoir and other great painters.

Intellectually she may not cut as wide a swath as she would with a scythe; her strength of body and spirit, however, is a match for any woman regardless of race or economic background. She is cheerful and clever, full of wholesome feminine wiles which come naturally to such an earthy creature. You don't expect to see her on Fifth Avenue or in the hot spots of Broadway but you meet her all over the country in villages and industrial suburbs. She will be there, saying farewell to her soldier sons, whenever the Army marches out to meet the enemy.

"Puella Rustica Genetrix"

—*Nostradamus, M.D.*

The types of American Beauty is a series of characteristic figures, the concept of the sculptor Frank Nagy, working in collaboration with the photographer André de Dienes and the psycho-physical "analyst" Nostradamus, the latter serving as a check on the creative fantasies of the sculpture.

The series was born of Frank Nagy's belief that "character is recognizable in every part of the human body." To implement this dictum, Nagy has created this series of figures especially for Esquire, for whose readers they are interpreted, in words, by the analysis of "Nostradamus," and in light and shadow by the camera of André de Dienes.

"Nostradamus" is the pseudonym of a prominent New York specialist, author of many medical texts and treatises, who has never before written for nonscientific publications. Although he has made the above "reading" of the anatomy in the light of his experience and judgment as a man of science, against the background of countless case histories studied in the clinic which he conducts in Manhattan, he has nevertheless made this analysis purely as a lay interpretation of a work of art—it is offered, in other words, simply as an informed appraisal and is not meant to be regarded as a diagnosis. He points out that while physical conformations are an index to character they are by no means its entire text, revealing truths but not necessarily the whole truth. In fact, "figures may lie."

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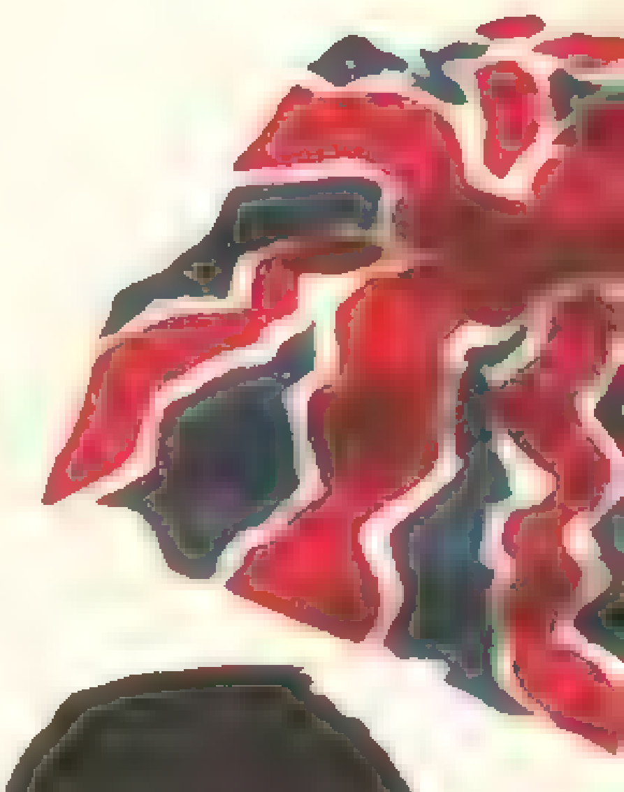
AND
OUTFITTERS
MILITARY

THE COLL

"Men die . . .

PAINTED FO



OSTREAM GUARDS

but the regiment lives on"

OR ESQUIRE BY WILLIAM PACHNER

Pachner

The Coldstream Guards

Court attendance and flashy uniforms are part of the show, but as a soldier the Coldstreamer is "second to none"

by JAMES WARNER BELLAH & COMPTON PAKENHAM

• ARTICLE •

ONE imagines that the average Englishman would be completely appalled if he knew that the young ensign he sees swing into Buckingham Palace Gate, carrying his first King's Colors on his first King's Guard with the guard detachment at the roaring quick-march behind him—will that evening, in accordance with the tradition of the Brigade—have a woman on the Colors to obviate any thought of virginal priggishness creeping into his regimental thoughts or manners.

Like our own 9th Infantry punch bowl legend, no one in a Guard's Regiment will do anything but stare politely if the subject is broached—for the subject is regimental private property—and the back of the regimental hand to you, Sir, if your lack of breeding prompts you to bring it into the conversation. An ensign, en passant, in Guard's parlance is a second lieutenant—as a subaltern is a lieutenant, the equivalent of our first lieutenant.

Identical to the casual eye, the Regiments of the Brigade may be Grenadiers, Scots, Irish or Welsh Guards, or—with some inexplicable romantic connotation that catches the ear and excites the imagination—the Coldstream. There, last on the list, the Coldstream prefer to be enumerated, for, though second in order of seniority, they insist on being placed either first or last in the Brigade—either on the right or extreme left of the line—that is, second to none.

They established this tradition at the time they were created a Guards Regiment—when they were adopted as part of the Household Brigade. For the Coldstream was not always a loyal royal body. They are the only surviving direct descendants of Cromwell's Parliamentary Roundheads—Monck's Regiment named for their Colonel—and in the intervening years there has generally been at least one Monck on the roster of officers.

After the death of Cromwell, London seethed with the intrigue of his lieutenants. This regiment lay at Coldstream on the Scottish Border, and hot-footing it suddenly to London, Monck knocked together the heads of the noisiest second-rate competitors for power, restored order and sent for Charles II whom he put on the throne of England. With him Charles brought a bodyguard of loyalists, who had served him in exile to become The First, or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards.

So Monck's men were slated for disbandment and paraded to receive His Majesty's thanks. On the King's command they laid down their arms. Then Charles sprang his surprise, "Take up arms, the Second Regiment of Foot Guards." But Monck, virtually the King Maker and soon to be Lord General of the Army and Duke of Albemarle, intervened: "Sire, that regiment will admit itself second to none." Charles thought fast. "Take up arms," he said, "the Coldstream Guards." To this day there is no Second Regiment of Foot Guards on the Army list, and the secondary motto of the Coldstream is "Nulli Secundus."

Though part of the Brigade of Guards, sharing its duties and privileges, within the Brigade the Coldstream lives its own life, has its peculiar regimental atmosphere and traditions. If two such adjectives can be applied to Household Troops, the Coldstream is the most conservative, workaday regiment of the lot. Possibly the least expensive of the Guards Regiments in which to maintain a commission, it is certainly the stiffest for a junior officer to make good in.

Court attendance, brilliant ceremonial and flashy uniforms are merely part of the contract. Essentially a Coldstreamer is a soldier. The regiment accepts itself as all right and sees no need to prove its all-rightness in any way except by continued application to the job in hand. A reflection of this spirit may be found in their choice of a Colonel—who may be called the honorary father of the regiment. Others in the Brigade lean to Princes of the blood and royal highnesses. The Coldstream is content with a commoner who has served his time with them.

Though the full-dress uniform is fundamentally the same as the other regiments, a Coldstreamer may be distinguished immediately by the red plume on the right of his bearskin cap—often miscalled a "Busby"—and the arrangement of his buttons, in pairs. The badge is the star of the Order of the Garter; worn on the collar, buttons, as officers' rank badges and in front of the forage cap.

As Household Troops, in addition to keeping their fighting efficiency like any other infantry unit on the Army List, they are required to supply the military ceremonial connected with the King—indeed a most exacting job.

It was the memory of the polished King's Guard drill that made the Coldstream, on emerging from their trenches to the attack at Loos in 1915, dress by the right as they would have done on the barrack square.

Which brings to mind an incident of the tediously drawn out battle of the Somme. After an expensive attack and a harrowing period holding the line, a Coldstream battalion went into rest. A visiting foreign attaché discovered it the next morning going through the precise details of a King's Birthday Trooping the Color.

"What," he inquired later of a junior officer, "has such a drill to do with the business on hand? I should think your men would be better employed at bayonet practice."

"Don't worry," replied the youth blandly. "They'll have enough of that. A war is only a passing incident in the History of the

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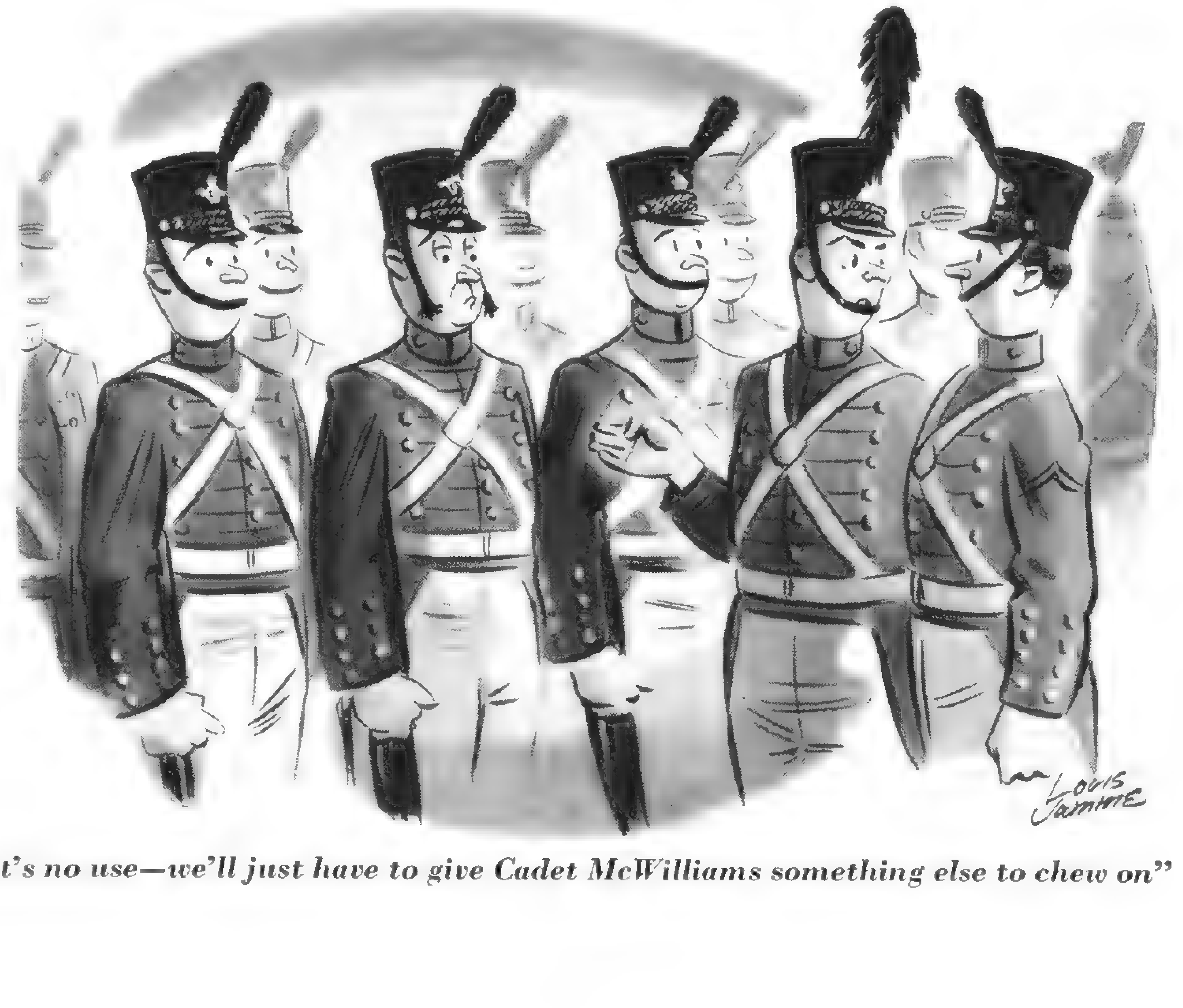
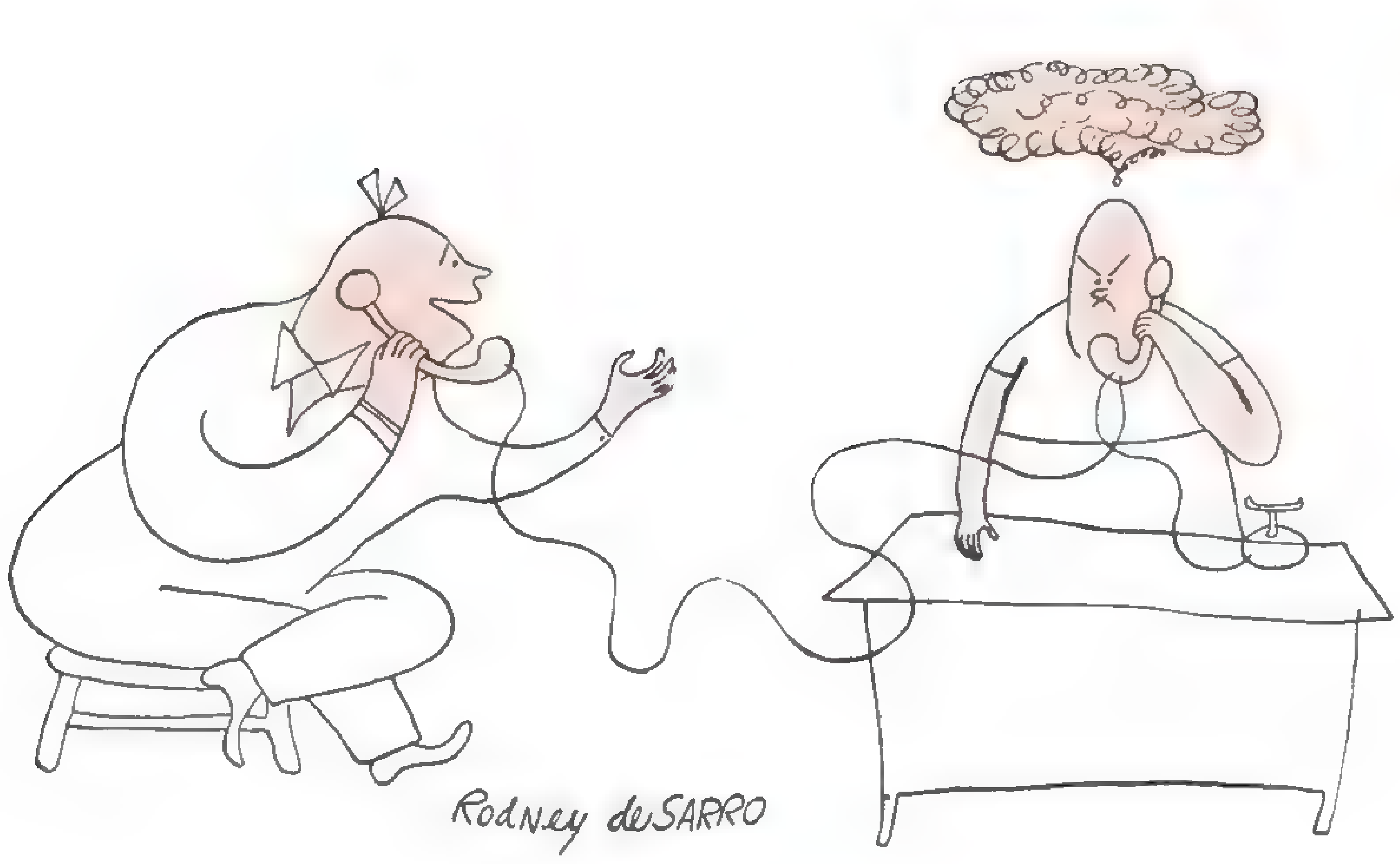
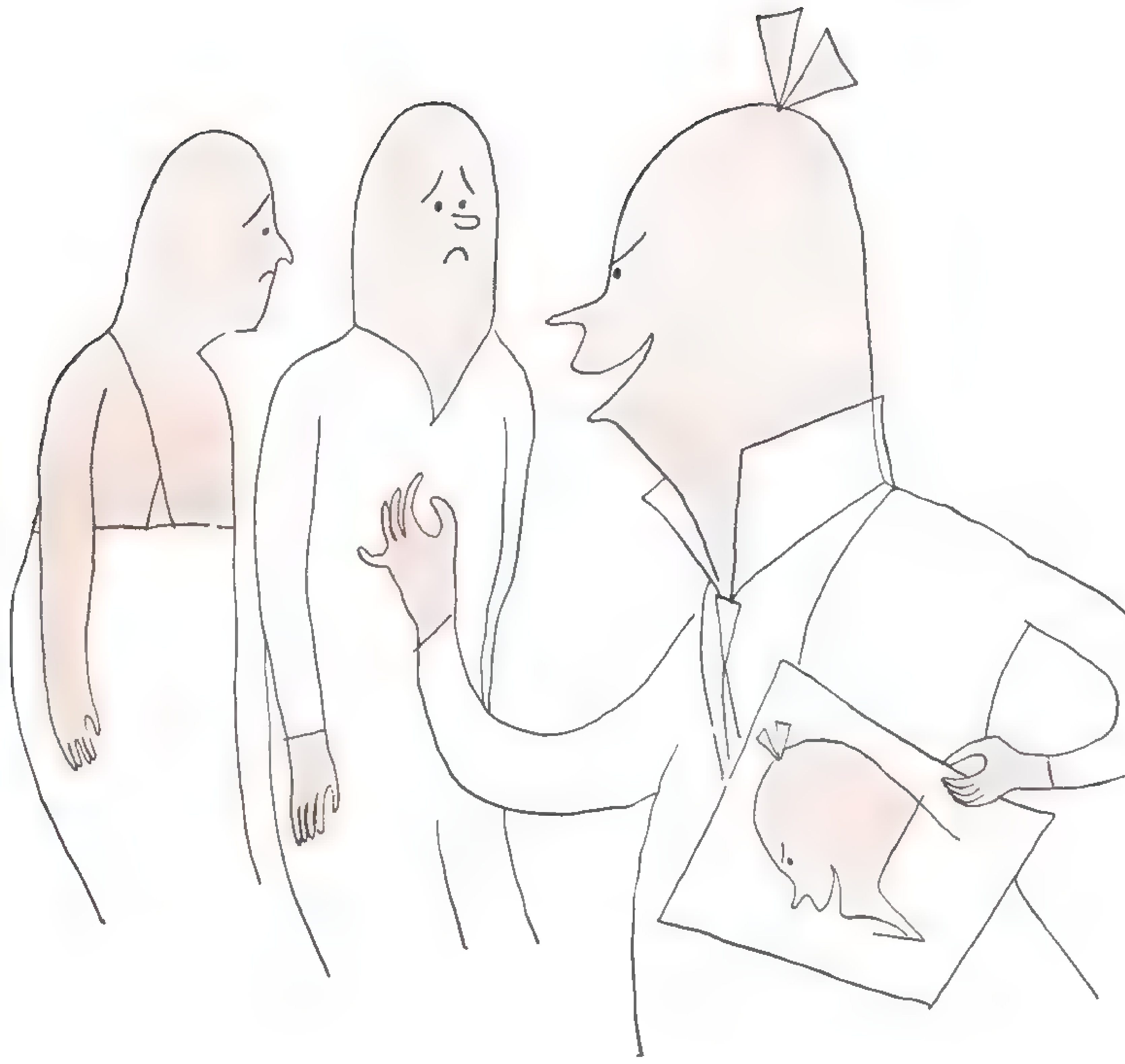
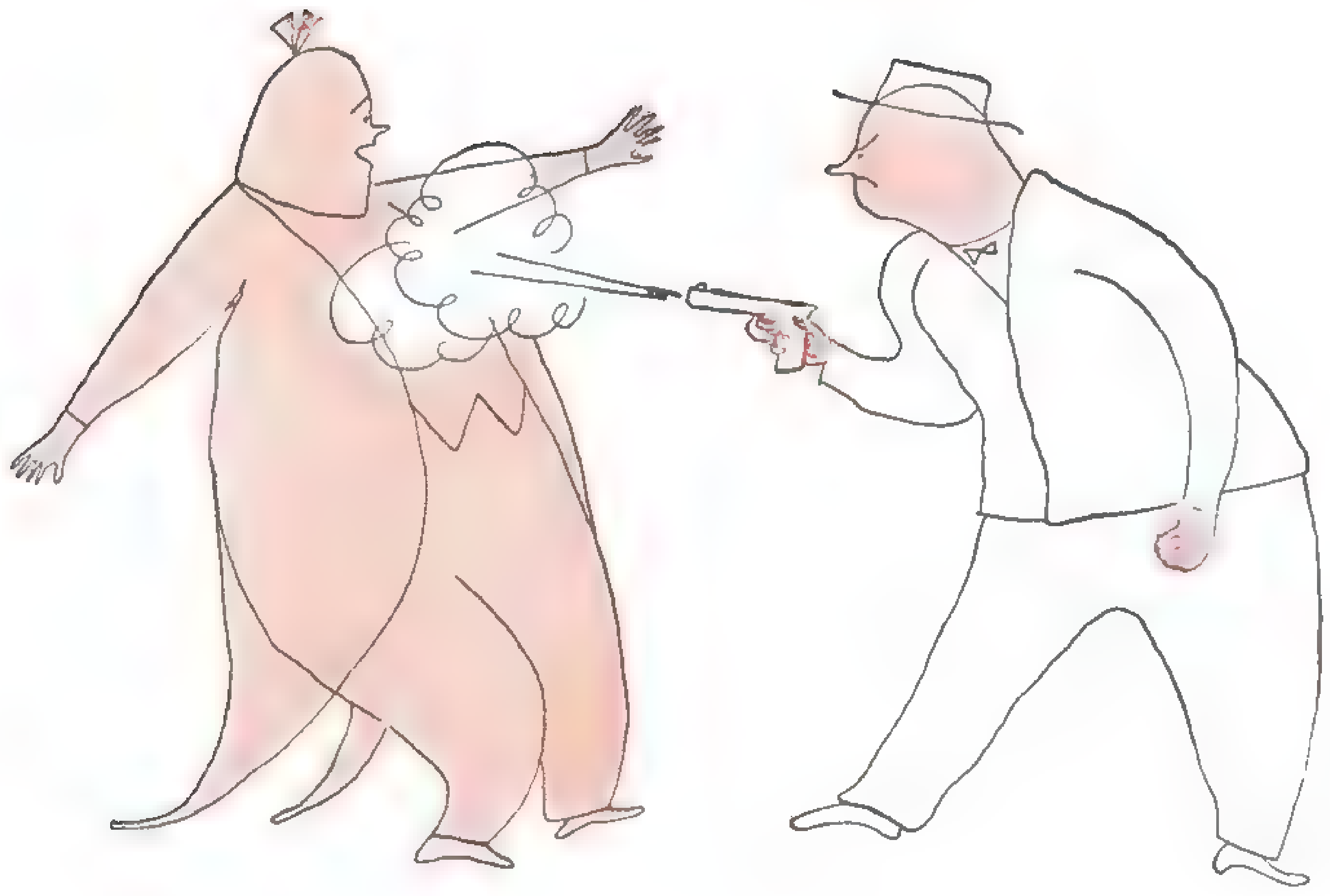


"It's no use—we'll just have to give Cadet McWilliams something else to chew on"







To Whom It May Concern

A cure for those exhibitionists who daily try to persuade city editors that their pans are news

by DOUG WELCH

SATIRE

"Good morning. Are you, by any chance, Mr. Ernest K. Drivel?"

"Yes, sir. I sure am."

"You are the Mr. Drivel who calls up the *Morning Bulletin* from time to time to suggest feature stories, mostly concerning yourself?"

"That's me, all right. Boy, am I good copy!"

"You're the same Mr. Drivel, are you not, who walked into the *Bulletin* office on election night with a twelve-foot hollyhock?"

"Yes, sir. Biggest hollyhock I ever see. Growed it myself. Woulda made a swell story!"

"The staff was then getting out an extra, was it not?"

"That's the excuse they gave me."

"And the week before that you brought in a double-jointed potato which you said resembled Mussolini?"

"Yes, sir. A dead ringer for him!"

"That was the same night, I believe, when the president of the First National eloped with his stenographer, and the mayor punched the chief of police in the nose?"

"That's what they told me."

"Mr. Drivel, I understand that you regularly appear in the *Bulletin* office on Lincoln's birthday and suggest they take your picture and publish a story on how you once shook hands with Lincoln?"

"Well, not exactly. It was my father who shook hands with Lincoln. At least, he always said he thought it was Lincoln."

"And you once called the managing editor out of conference to tell him you had a red, white and blue dahlia?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you get by the office boy at the *Bulletin* building, Mr. Drivel?"

"I wait until his back is turned."

"I see. Well, Mr. Drivel, the boys and girls on the *Bulletin* staff have delegated me to make you a little present. They all chipped in to buy it."

"Well, say, that's darn nice of them! What is it?"

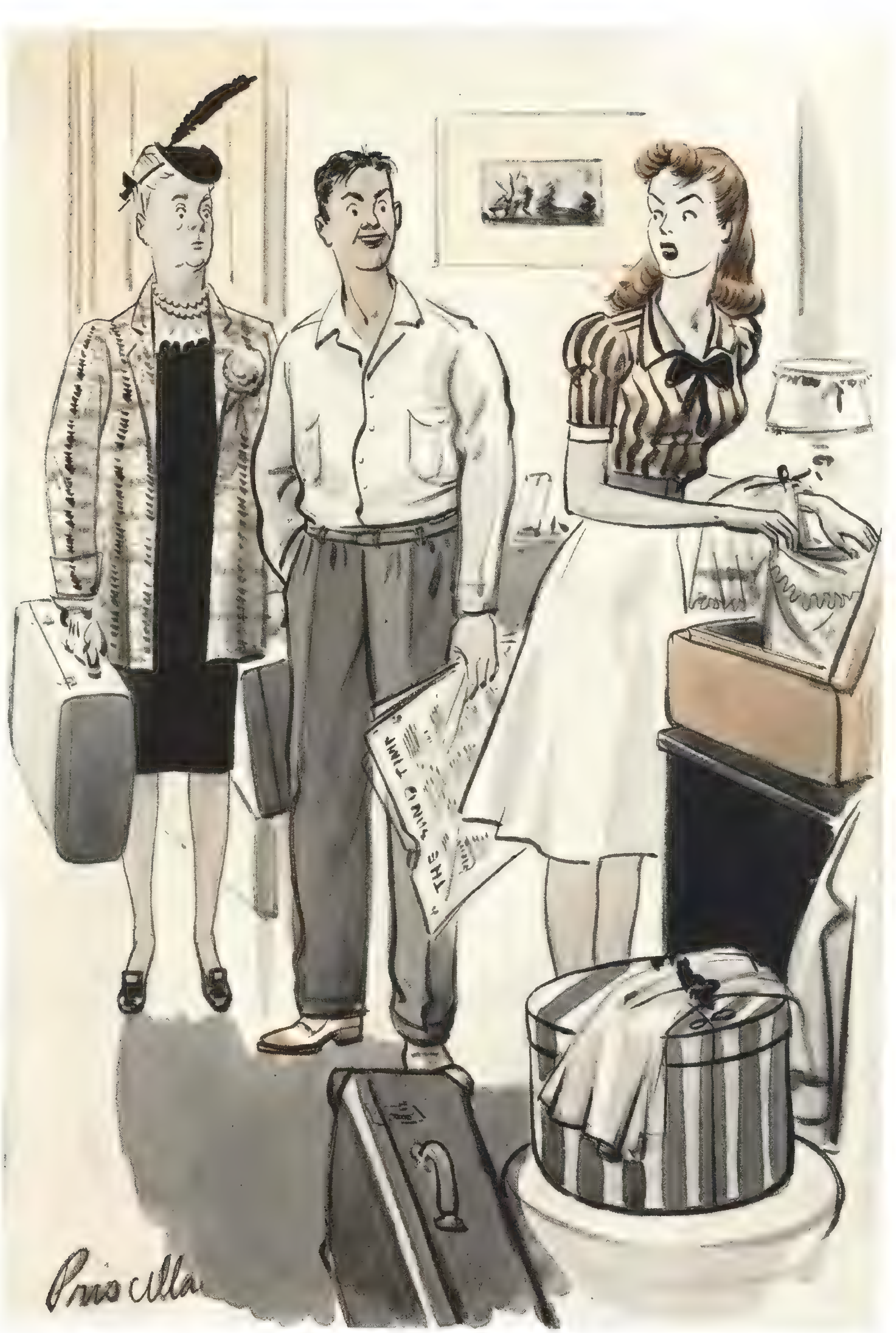
"I have it here in my hand, Mr. Drivel."

"Hey, look out! That's a gun!"

"Indeed it is, Mr. Drivel."

BANG!

"Good day, Mr. Drivel. We now have a story about you which the *Morning Bulletin* will gladly publish." #



THE TIMES
Priscilla

"It's your mother, dear—isn't that nice. Now you won't have to go to all that trouble of packing to go home to her"

Isle of Nuts! Isle of Nuts!

Aside from the Tahitians, the people on the island are of every sort, nationality, and disposition and all, inevitably, mad

by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

• ARTICLE •

Box 197, Papeete, Oceanie Français
Dear Steve:

This is a funny place. After I received your last letter, in which you wanted to know what kind of white people we have down here, I wondered listlessly from time to time how I could possibly answer a question like that. Then the report came from Papeete that the mail boat was to arrive next day, and everybody, having neglected this duty for six weeks, began furiously to write letters. Not a tenth of those letters, certainly not this one, would have made the ship if it came on time. It has been five days overdue when I post this, and it may not be along for another week yet. It is usually at least that late—which is the only reason any of our friends ever hear from us at all.

Me, I didn't start furiously to write. I lay on my back for five hours (I didn't have anything else to do anyway) and thought about that question.

I could answer it in one word; but I'm a long-winded cuss; and besides, I know you crave details. The one word of course is "nuts." The difficulty lies in trying to explain the peculiar *kind* of goofiness that prevails here.

Though it is unfashionable to quote Alice—You remember when she encounters the Cheshire Cat sitting at a fork of the path and asks what sort of people live around here? The Cat, grinning, waves its right paw and says that in *that* direction lives a Hatter, whereas (waving its left paw) in *that* direction lives a March Hare.

"Visit either you like: they are both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people."

"Oh, you can't help that. We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

My friends and neighbors, Steve, always excepting the Tahitians themselves, are of all different sorts, ages, nationalities, dispositions, and they include as a matter of course dopes, drunks, degenerates; poets, painters, pansies; vegetarians, nudists, Mormons, theosophists, people who believe that the end of the world is due the day after tomorrow; fugitives from justice, fugitives from wives; people who dabble in calculus, people who collect seashells; and militant pacifists; and men with systems for beating roulette; and novelists. Some are swell guys, some are heels, some bores, some possibly geniuses; but one and all, inevitably, they are gaa-gaa.

I do not assert that there are more lunatics here than in, say, southern California. After all, it is a very small island. But I'm sure that there are more to the square mile, more per capita, even if we assume that all the natives are sane, which is assuming a lot.

It is, Steve—and I say this fondly, not in disparagement, for I love Tahiti—it is the bughouse of the Pacific.

Regimentation we do not know and could not conceive. It may yet be that people from the outside world of mass production will visit Tahiti, at some not too far in the future date, for the purpose of staring at the denizens of the last corner of the world where each man is allowed to be as coo-coo as he wants.

It is impossible to sketch for you a typical white resident of Tahiti, Steve, if only for the reason that the population is so cosmopolitan. I think of many Americans and Englishmen, three Australians, four Russians, two Finns, four Czechs, one Pole (a countess), three Swiss, any number of Frenchmen of course, five Germans, one Austrian (he's a Prince, incidentally), three Chileans, one Egyptian, three Irishmen, two Scots . . . Why go on? There is even an American Negro in Papeete, where most of the shops are run by Cantonese, and when a French ship is in there is sure to be a splattering of bouncy little Singalese, black as pitch but garbed in white, scarlet pompons on their caps. There is a Dutch photographer, a Japanese contractor. All these and many more are in addition to the Tahitians themselves and Polynesians from other islands, the Samoans, Marquesans, Cook Islanders, Tuamotuans.

It is better to try a classification from the point of view of finance rather than according to complexion or allegiance.

It costs money to get here, Steve. Schedules are uncertain, the ships are very small, service is unbelievably bad, and it is a long trip, two weeks from Frisco, three from Panama, two whole months from France. You must, by law, buy a return ticket before you start. Moreover, once a man does get here—and there are all sorts of complications involved—there is practically no way he can make a living. No big oil company is established here. No big engineering projects are being carried out by English or American firms. The Chinese have already sewed up most of the petty business, the only kind there is; and what they haven't got, the French have. Virtually the only product of the island, as far as the outside world is concerned, is copra, the price of which is very low just now. There are no large plantations. A white man is not permitted to buy land here except in very unusual circumstances (I've managed to get about two acres and count myself very lucky) and in no event can you buy enough to grow a crop that will pay. There are very few tourists, very few transients.

This means that men who come down here must have an income first. Such a man might have a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars a year, not enough to do much on in the States, but here, once you got established and assuming that you speak reasonably good French, you could, if you took it easy, live pretty decently on that. There is no swank here. Nobody is purse proud—or if he is, nobody pays any attention to him.

Or such a man may be very rich and may have tried about everything else, so that he decides he'd like to see what life in Tahiti is like. We have millionaires, Steve. They live in shacks just like the rest of us, and they don't entertain on a big scale, because nobody here does that anyway. Tahiti, Steve, is one of the few places where you can afford to knock around with really wealthy men and not be embarrassed.

Or perhaps (I suppose I fit into this class) the man is one who carries his means of livelihood with him in the form of a typewriter or canvases and a paint box, a discontented wanderer who has no ties such as children or a social position.

There are, too, the yachtsmen. I do not mean yachts like Vanderbilt's *Cressida*, Leeds's *Moana*, Astor's *Nourmahoul*, Morgan's *Corsair*. Those floating palaces do drop in. But the more amusing ones, which are much more numerous, are little. There are always three or four in port, often eight or ten. They range from snappy craft of 120 feet or more, manned by experienced if amateur sailors, down to tubs of 25 feet which have been singlehanded here. The average one has perhaps three or four men aboard, usually Americans, occasionally English or French. Any small boat enthusiast who sets out to sail around the world—you'd be amazed at how many of them there are, Steve—heads for Tahiti right away. Hardly a week goes by without at least one such staggering in through the pass. Many of the owners go broke here and sell their boats. Or they settle down, *forgetting* their boats. Or else, after playing around for two or three months, they really do push on, heading for Apia or Suva or the Kermacs, in any event headed west with the prevailing winds. We seldom see or hear of them again. Maybe they go aground on a reef somewhere. Maybe they really do circumnavigate the globe. Here in Tahiti we think of them occasionally but we never really worry about them, life being too short.

We get scientific expeditions too. At least that's what they call themselves; though it is my belief that nine out of ten set forth sheerly for adventure and bring along scientific apparatus just to kid themselves into thinking that they are doing significant work, or else because they've been able in that way to raise money for the trip. They come to study the damnedest things! Usually, representing some museum few people have ever heard of, they arrive in a small schooner or ketch, and gravely announce that they plan to make charts of the drift of seaweed near the Australs or gramaphone records of the ancient war chants of the Marquesans or perhaps to check and possibly refute Agassiz's theory on the subsidence of the Huahine embayments. For a little while, they make it known, they will rest in Papeete. It will be their base, and they wish to get their land legs, order supplies, write some letters, straighten out some notes. But of course very soon they must set forth.

Well, three or four months later you'll find them still on the veranda of the Bougainville Club. They have been studying local conditions, than which nothing is more fun. Eventually they depart—where, I don't know. Maybe they really do look at something and measure something and all write books about it afterward. But I suspect that seaweed still drifts willy-nilly past the Australs while Agassiz's theory stands all unrefuted.

Still it was nice to have had them around. Scientists can be great guys, sometimes.

We get remittance men. For the English custom of shooing blacksheepy younger sons off to remote islands and paying them a small allowance only on the assurance that they will remain there and never again disgrace the folks at Home with their presence—this custom, Steve, so repugnant to Americans, so vulgar, I should think, in the eyes of any decent people—this custom persists. There really are remittance men. Or there were, here. Almost as a body, though they were never numerous, they joined more opulent Englishmen here in shoving off for the old country on the first ship available after war was declared. Their parents, their cousins, their social set, would not tolerate them in normal times; but that did not prevent them from turning out when the bugles blew. To give them credit, too, they did not sit around waiting for conscription. They just upped and went.

Indeed things are a lot quieter here since September 3rd more or less deEnglished the isle. There are those who prefer it as it is now, asserting that all that bunch was good for anyway was to get itself killed. Some husband would have shot one of them sooner or later if they stuck around long enough, it was grumbled. It might just as well be the Germans.

But I liked them. It's true that they drove like mad, disturbing the placidity of the broom road, the only one on the island. It's true that they were drunk most of the time. It's true, too, that they changed females with a frequency bewildering even in this not censorious paradise. Just the same, they were amusing. Though they never raised their voices, were extravagantly impolite, made the most elaborate efforts to look pained, bored, nevertheless they were having such a lot of fun away from Home that you couldn't help having fun with them.

Well, they're gone now, most of them into the air service. Happy landings!

Of titles too we get our share. We have a few princes, now and then the son of an earl, a marquis, a baronet, and at all times, to be sure, the place is positively lousy with counts. I think most of them are genuine, though some may be phonies. It makes no difference. Just as in the case of the millionaires, nobody either sucks around or is prejudiced against them.

The South Sea Islands are collectively a small town, "one vast whispering gallery," as the *Pacific Islands Monthly* likes to put it, and Tahiti is the epitome of this. The continental sporting set is represented here by at least a few members at any given time, and people who last met at a *chemin de fer* table in Biarritz or on a St. Moritz ski jump, run into one another, with appropriate exclamations of amazement, here. Conversations dropped or interrupted in Venice, Innsbruck, Epsom, Khartoum, are not seldom picked up at the bar in Rivnac's.

"I tried for two months once, all up and down the Riviera, to get an introduction to that woman," a friend told me at a party the other night, nodding toward the divorced wife of a big-game hunter. "I could never manage it. A couple of years later, when I landed here, she was the first person I saw on the quay. I went right up to her—I never would have had the nerve to do it anywhere else in the world—and said 'Hello. Where does one get a drink around here?' And she said 'Hello. Come along. I'll introduce you at the Club.'"

This can have its inconveniences, if you happen to belong to the fashionable world. There was a wealthy Norwegian who came down here thinking to have a fling, supposing that if he were buried in the Society Islands his wife would never hear. He took up with

Continued in center of page 172

I'd Rather Catch the Bait

Unless you're an old hand at stalking bonefish you'll need a guide who reads their minds and speaks their language

by OBIE WINTERS

• SPORTS •

They'll tell you in the Captain's Club at Cat Cay, where a 508-pound blue marlin occupies fourteen feet of wall space, that God put the bonefish on the Bahama flats for the sole use of "bill" fishermen. And, no denying it, a seven-pound bonefish flapping over the cabochon waters of the Gulf Stream does make a mighty tasty hors d'oeuvre for the fastidious blue marlin.

But the idea of baking for hours in the pitiless sun, blistering your posterior on the hard stern of a flat-bottomed boat while trying to land a bonefish with six-thread line and a three-ounce tip, just doesn't make sense to "outrigger" men like Bill Fagin, Ed Moore or Bounce Anderson. These are marlin guides who go in for tonnage. They throw back anything under three hundred pounds. To them bonefish are fair game for Bimini blacks who handline them for bait, and they provide mild piscatorial pastime for elderly capitalists whose medicos advise against further combat with blue marlin or big tuna.

The surest way to start the brickbats coming, other than wearing an orange cravat at a Saint Patrick's party, is to sneer at the other fellow's pet fish. So, expecting a blitzkrieg, I state here and now, I've caught 'em all, from punkin seeds in Greenville Creek to blue marlin in the "stream." But according to my lights, the bonefish is the fightingest fish that swims in any water, fresh or salt.

I'll admit there's a thrill that comes once in a lifetime when you see your first blue marlin poke his bill out of the briny and take a swipe at your outrigger bait. The fireworks that follow when you set the hook can't be duplicated on any mill pond. But after the tail-walking and the rest of the acrobatics are over you settle down to a back-breaking battle that may last for hours, until every muscle screams for quarter and you wish to heaven the line would break, the hook pull out, the leader snap—anything to free you from that blue devil who is doing all he can to pull your arms out of their sockets.

I've caught marlin and I know whereof I speak. And while any kind of fishing is better than no fishing, from here out I prefer to pick on something less than my size. Let the other fellow catch the whoppers. I'll fish for marlin bait. Willy, pole me to the bonefish flats!

Now the largest bonefish ever taken tipped the scales at thirteen and three-quarters pounds, lighter than the record brook trout, or fontinalis, which weighed fourteen and one-half. But lift your eyebrows if you will, you disciples of the dry fly and the split bamboo; any healthy bonefish half the size of the record trout would strip your Hardy reel bare as a bone on his first run, and if you mistakenly tried to snub him, would make matchwood of your Leonard rod. Do you think he wouldn't? I double-dare you to try it!

Not only is Mr. Bonefish the fightingest fish that swims, he is also the wariest. I don't mean to say you have to cuss in a whisper while you're waiting for a strike. In fact I've seen them boated while a portable radio blatted out a rumba from Havana. But one scrape of a cramped foot on the bottom of the boat, one faint rattle of an oarlock, and every bonefish within a radius of a hundred yards will be leaving hell for leather.

The physiognomy of Mr. Bonefish is not unlike that of the fresh water sucker that ushers in the fishing for many a farm boy in the spring. But there the likeness stops. Take it from me, the bonefish is *no sucker!* At the first prick of the hook he's off like greased lightning, and I have seen him rip off a hundred yards of line on that first mad dash for freedom.

The bonefish is a voracious feeder. Night and day he moves back and forth across the flats with the rising and falling tides, picking up stranded crabs and such shellfish as meet his fancy. It is easy to start an argument among the members of that little clan who live only to catch bonefish, on the subject of tides. There are those who hold the ebb tide is the better. Personally I prefer what the natives at Cat Cay and Bimini call the "Young spring tide" and if possible, with a full Bahama moon rising on the scene.

And, incidentally, if you have never fished the Bahama flats with a full moon rising, you've missed one of the poetic settings of all angling. There are still golden streaks in the west as the great globe climbs out of the tropic seas. From the dim bank of mangroves come the eerie night calls of strange fowl. The waves slap gently against your anchored boat as you sit motionless, waiting for that electric tap that tells you a fish is investigating the quality of your bait.

The dark waters about you teem with life, its presence known by a billion phosphorescent streaks as far as eye can see. That splash behind you is only a sand shark stalking a blue runner. The wind is soft on your cheek. A cigarette tastes like you always knew it should.

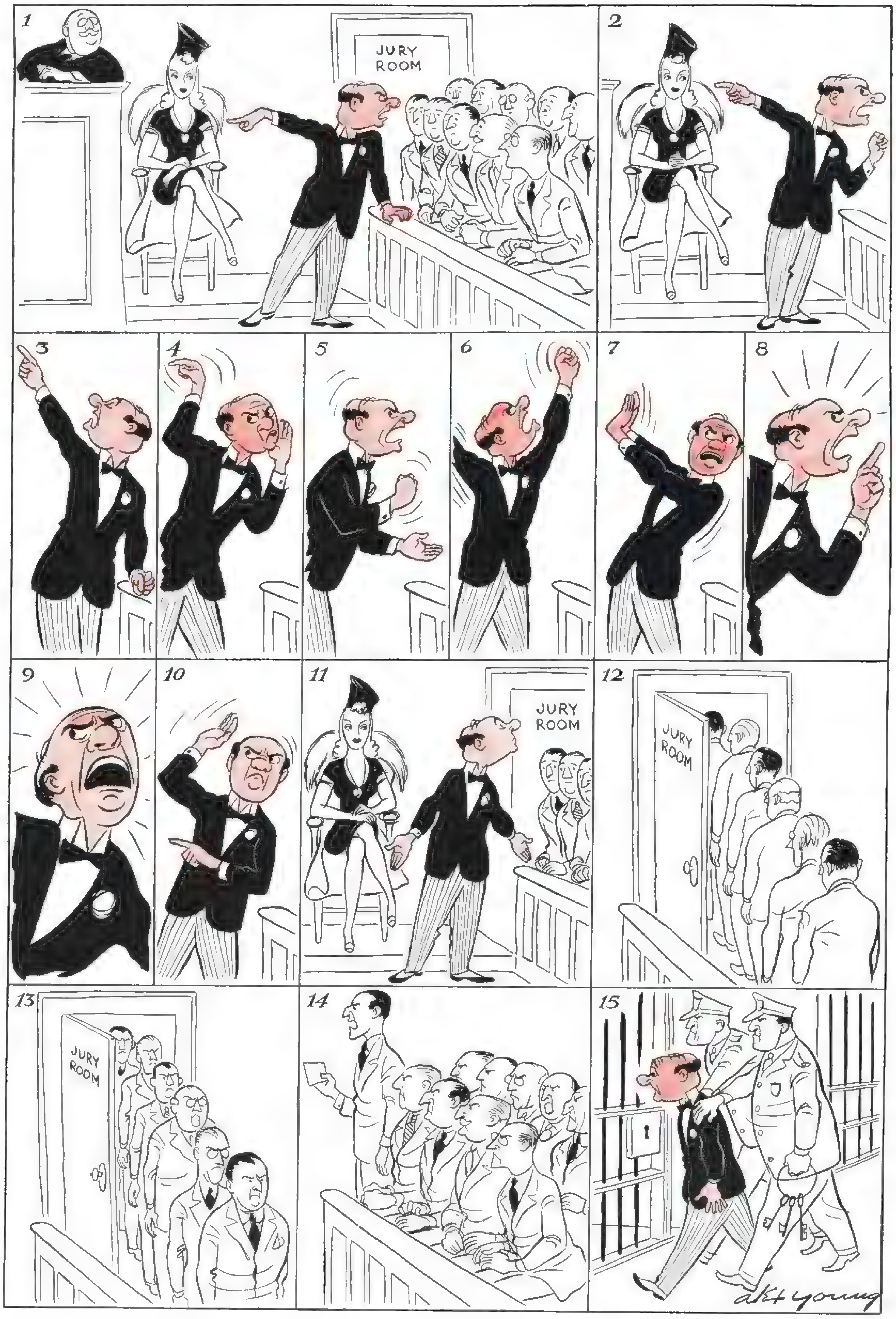
Civilization is light years away. There is only you in a tipsy boat, alone on a shoreless sea. But, after all, we were going bonefishing.

The right bonefish rod is a thing of beauty, six feet long, with a tip weighing three ounces. The right reel is a 1—0 filled with six-thread line. If you have the soul of an artist there will be no brake on your reel. But unless you are a Spartan you *will* have a knitted stall on your right thumb because a going-away bonefish makes a reel smoke and takes out line so fast it can burn you to the bone.

Unless you're an old hand at the game and have stalked bonefish successfully yourself, the most important first step is a guide who talks their language. In the Bahamas these

Continued on page 179

"About my raise Mr. Sloan, you've either got to fish or cut bait"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Art Young

De Martini: Out of the Shadows

Coolly, reflectively, this little-known artist paints moods of the quarries, the sea and urban folk

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ARTICLE▪

It isn't likely that you've heard the name of Joseph De Martini. Very few persons have. If you met him on the street there would be nothing in his bearing or walk, his appearance or apparel to proclaim an individual, nothing to make you turn around for a second look and ask, Who is that man? For he is a grey little man, quite nondescript, quite lost in the crowd. He may look like a nobody among tailor-made men, but in those circles in which the art of painting pictures is a subject of at least academic interest, Joseph De Martini is very much a somebody. He is an artist, he is a good painter, he is in many ways a good and an honorable man. He is both an artist and a proletarian, but he keeps his art and his social status in separate compartments. Not that his social status may not be implied in his art, but his art represents neither an attempt to escape from his status, nor is it a crown-of-thorns proclamation of an inescapable fact. He is not one of those painters who looks like a martyred saint and who expects consideration for his poverty that he cannot ask for his art.

He works hard, he works slowly. He works with his brain as well as with his emotions. His point of departure is not an inward vision, but the thing seen, whether in landscape or the city, but his picture is an independent entity, drawing its validity from the painter's organization and re-creation, in his own plastic terms, of the thing seen. He is not a reporter. The temperament that his pictures reflect is a cool and thoughtful one. It is a thinker's. There is no sense of hot immediacy about any one of his paintings. The thing is deliberated upon and worked out. For each picture signed, four others may have been destroyed, or, at least, have been painted out. He is in no hurry to make his effect or sensation. He is working toward something more permanent than a journalistic effect upon the critics or an exhibition deadline. His latest one-man show, in which the work of five years was hung, consisted only of twenty-three successful pictures, and one of these was a gouache done for the Federal Art Project in New York, from which he earns his bread if not his butter. One must have seen many bad pictures, many purely representational canvases, to realize how satisfactory, how satisfying and how individual is this man's work.

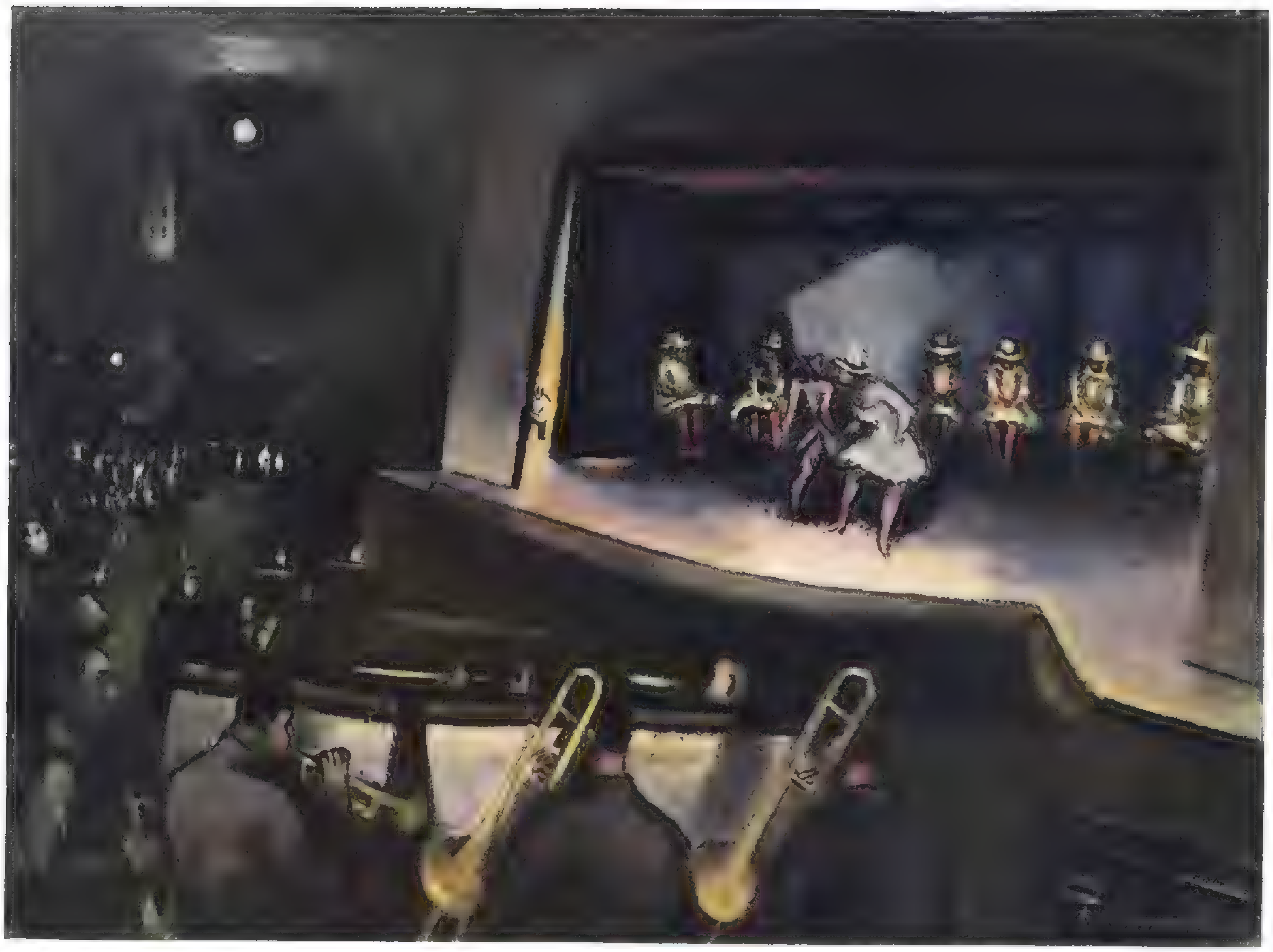
De Martini is simple, unaffected, self-effacing; he is the indrawn, introvert, still-waters-run-deep type of man who thinks much more than he says and who implies abundant resources held in reserve. Small, slight, greyish, he gives the impression, when in the midst of a group, of being the least important member of it. He keeps a lot to himself. He looks like a man in whom a heap of thinking goes on. He has been working since the age of fourteen for rewards no more exciting than mere subsistence and the, for him, ultimate satisfaction of creating pictures that shall elicit the admiration of fellow-artists. American by birth, of Italian parentage, one senses in his art no derivation of a nationalist or racial kind. He has never been outside of the United States. Yet he draws from and belongs to the world of art and the masters whose tutelage he acknowledges are Rembrandt, El Greco, Cézanne and Rouault, and perhaps Van Gogh, from whom he has drawn a little in the mood of the reproduced *Billiard Match at Julian's*. He is highly critical and no less difficult with himself than with anyone else. Although even-tempered most of the time, once he went on a rampage during which he destroyed every canvas in his studio. Fortunately his best things were in custody at his dealer's. He is as loyal as he is uncomplaining. Once, to relieve the distress of a painter friend, he sold one of his own pictures and turned over the proceeds to the friend in need. He has himself gone through much difficulty and turmoil without making a noise about it. He is resigned to deprivation as part of the price artists must pay for uncompromising fidelity to their vision. He is definitely advancing.

Because he works like an intellectual and not like a heaven-storming genius, or a wild man of art, it is not surprising to learn that De Martini's interests, even when he is not painting, are largely intellectual, that he is interested in philosophy and in science, as well as in other branches of learning including, naturally, the history of art. He himself disclaims the book-reading habit. I am informed also that, within a small group, De Martini takes to impersonal discussion like a fish to water, but that he flies from small talk, scandal and gossip-mongering as from the plague. He is also fond of music. He has few intimate friends, but to these he is loyal. He is deeply interested in the work of his contemporaries. In his lighter moments he plays pool and is becoming, by his own account, quite a shark. He used to play baseball regularly when he was a boy; now he enjoys watching professionals play, especially hockey. *Six-Day Bike Race*, reproduced, probably his most ambitious panoramic picture, marks a winter's loyalty to the Madison Square Garden arena. It is only recently that he has attempted to conquer on canvas the crowded life of the city, for previously he used to spend his winters developing themes that had suggested themselves during summer forays into the country, especially into Rockport, Massachusetts, whose magnificent quarries he had done most to exploit aesthetically.

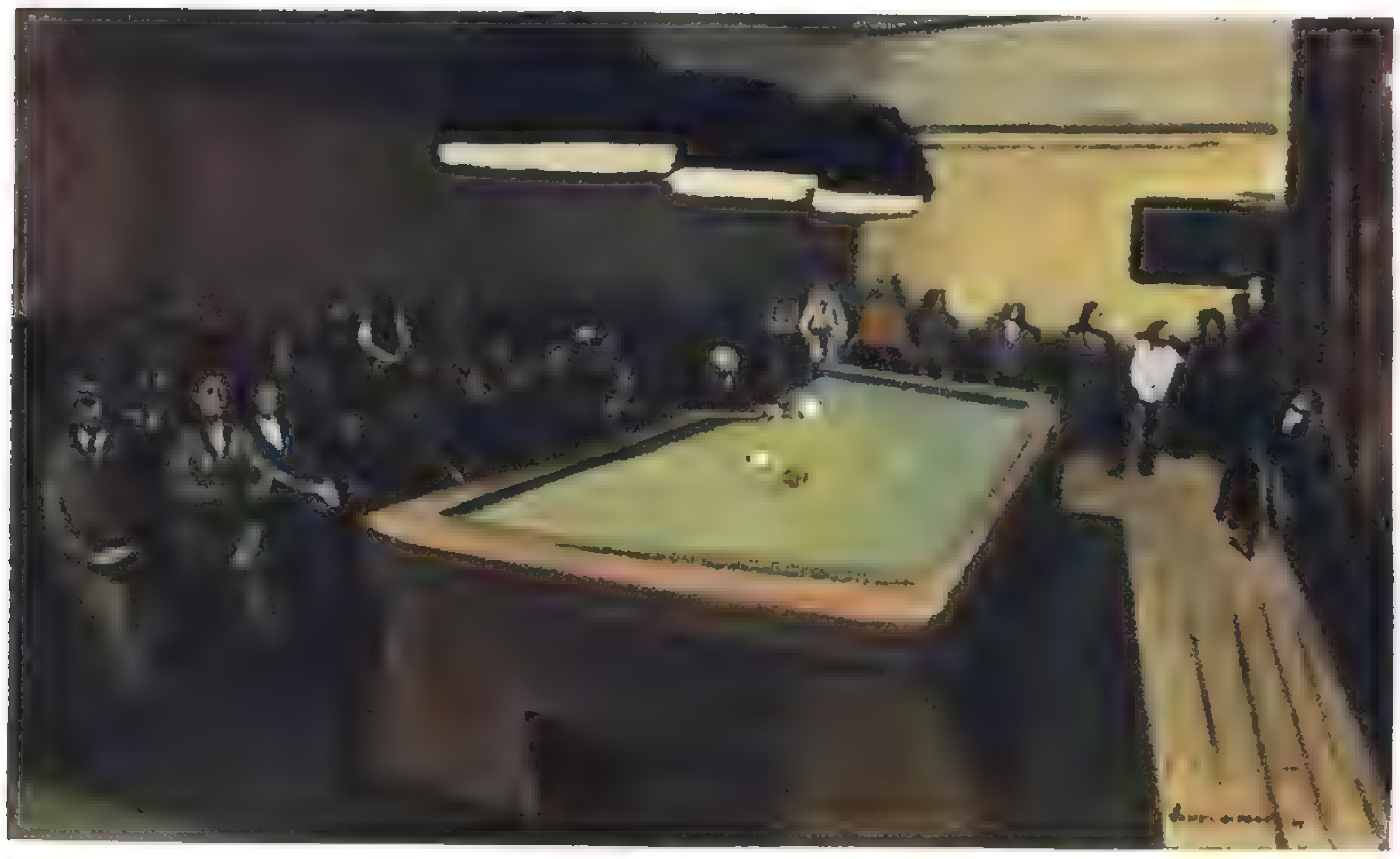
Joseph De Martini comes of humble Italian stock, originating in Genoa. A grandfather was in the wholesale fruit business in New York, his father a longshoreman on the Ho-

Continued in center of page 180

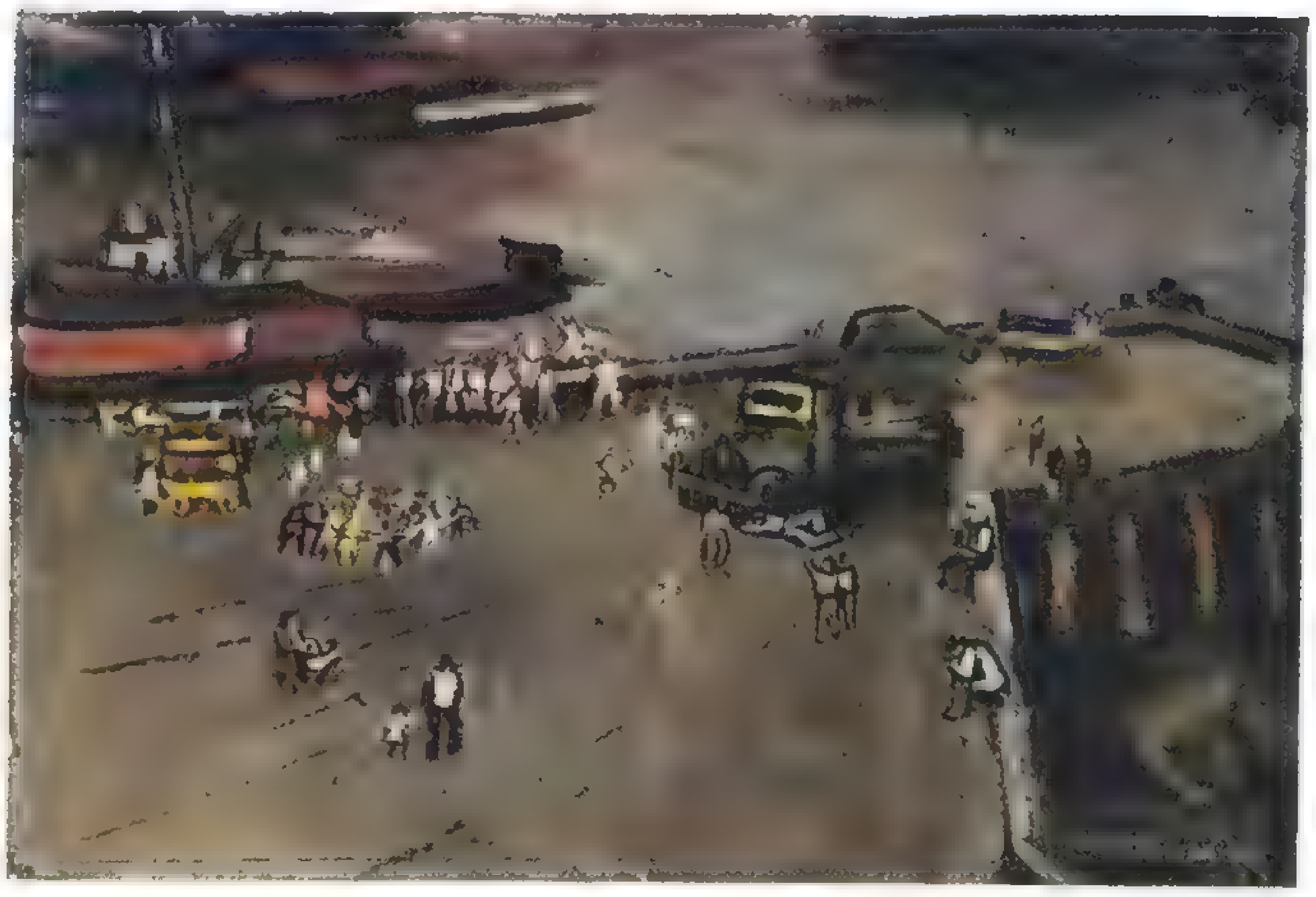
"If you don't mind I'd prefer portraits of Washington and Lincoln with a green background for the rent this time, Mr. Baldwin"



CARAVAN THEATRE MINSTRELS



BILLIARD MATCH AT JULIAN'S

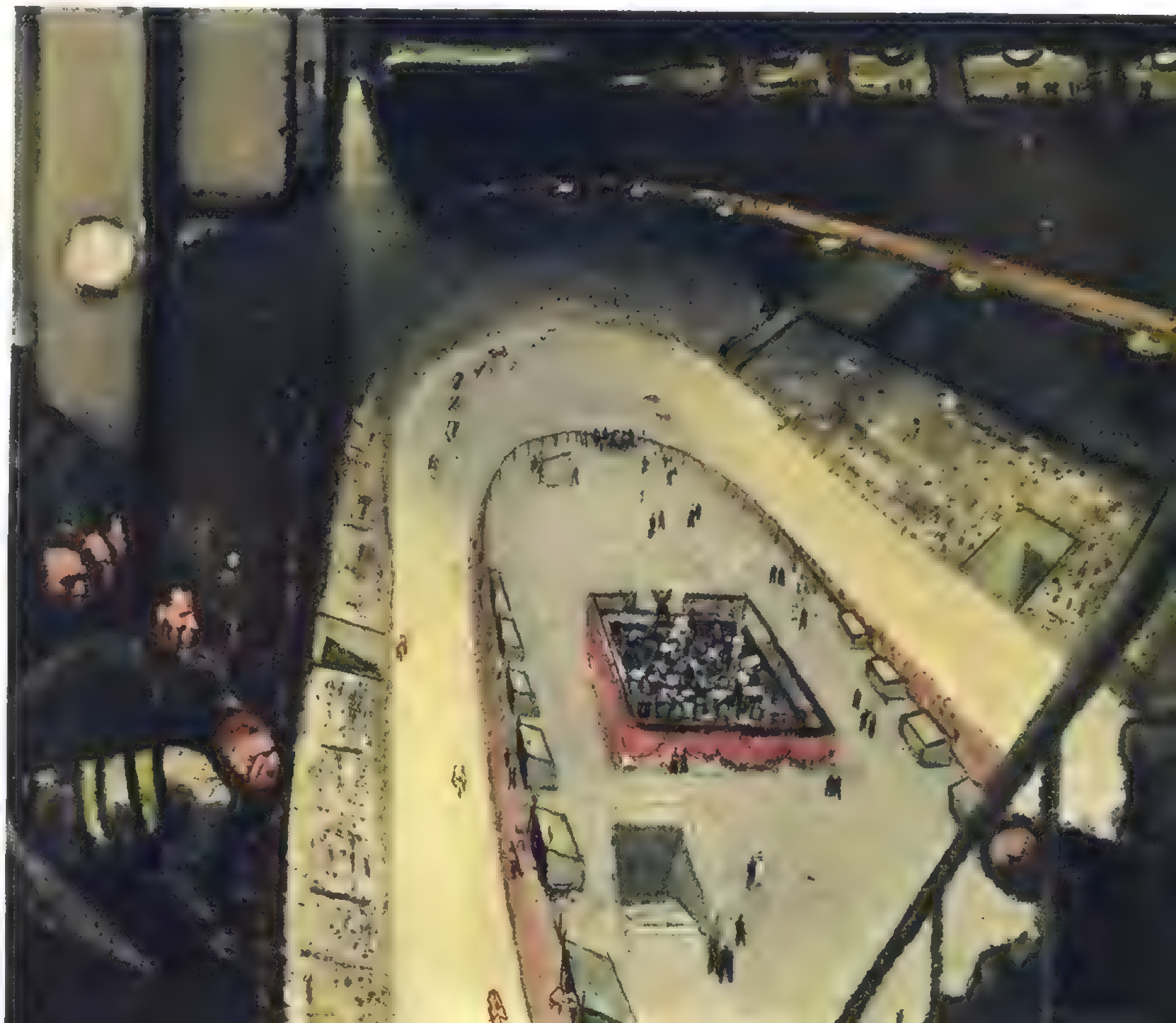


EAST SIDE SUNDAY

A Group of Paintings

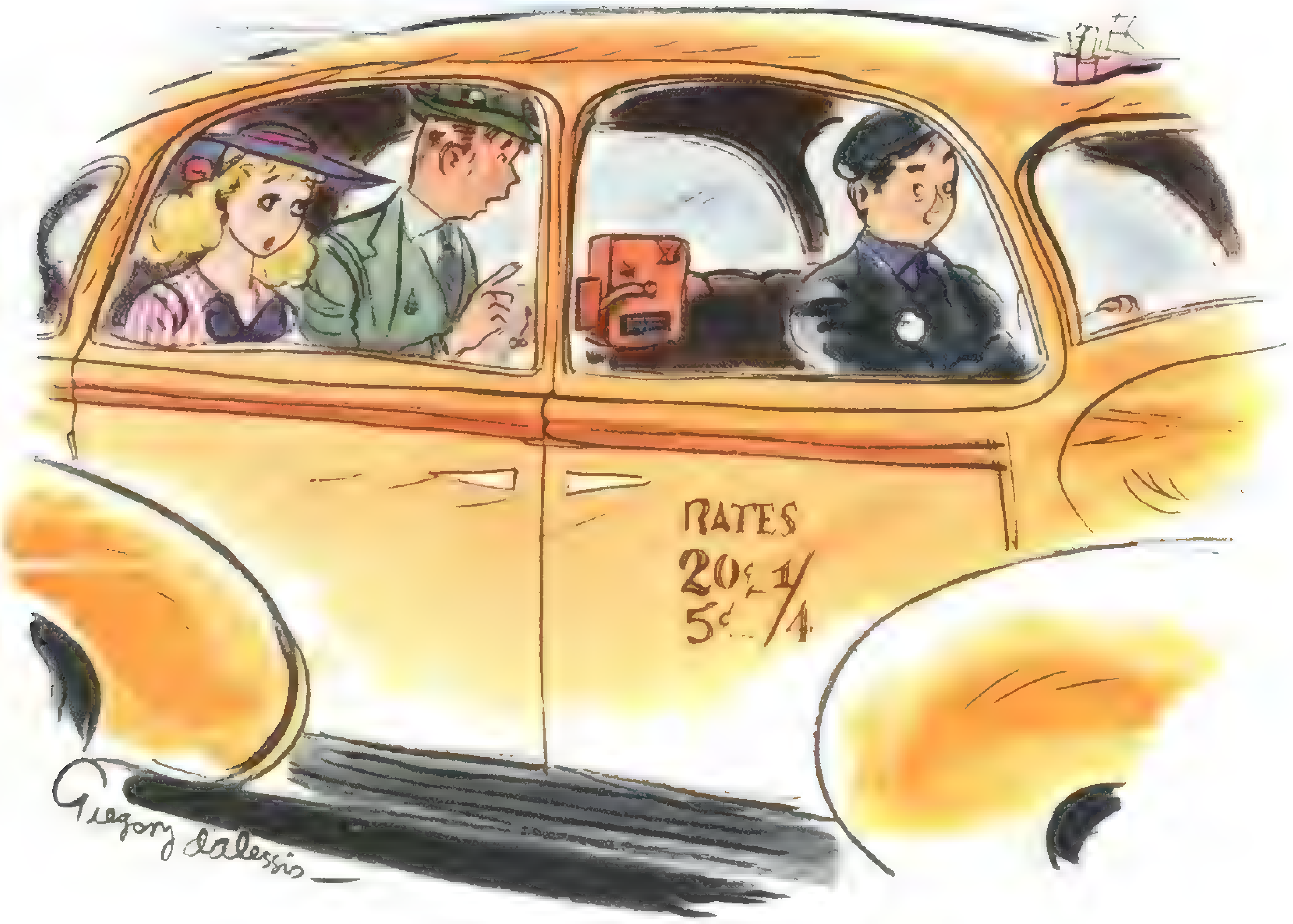
by JOSEPH DE MARTINI

Six-Day Bike Race, reproduced at right, is probably Joseph De Martini's most ambitious panoramic picture. It is only recently that he has attempted to conquer on canvas the crowded life of the city. He is concerned with the mood of a place and the mood of a people in a place, like the watchers at the billiard match, not with its literal detail. Every one of the reproduced paintings is expressive of the painter's search for the sense of the group. A lesser artist would have reduced, say, Billiard Match at Julian's or Caravan Theatre Minstrels, to an anecdotal closeup. His painting of the billiard match is equivalent to an emotional experience of the match. For this picture, like the others, is not a snapshot, but a synthesis of many views of it, even the organization of his own experience in playing billiards and in watching billiard players. In the paintings of De Martini, one virtually senses the mood of the place before noting the details which are its photographic characteristics.



SIX-DAY
BIKE RACE

Reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of Macbeth Gallery, 15 E. 57th St., N. Y. C.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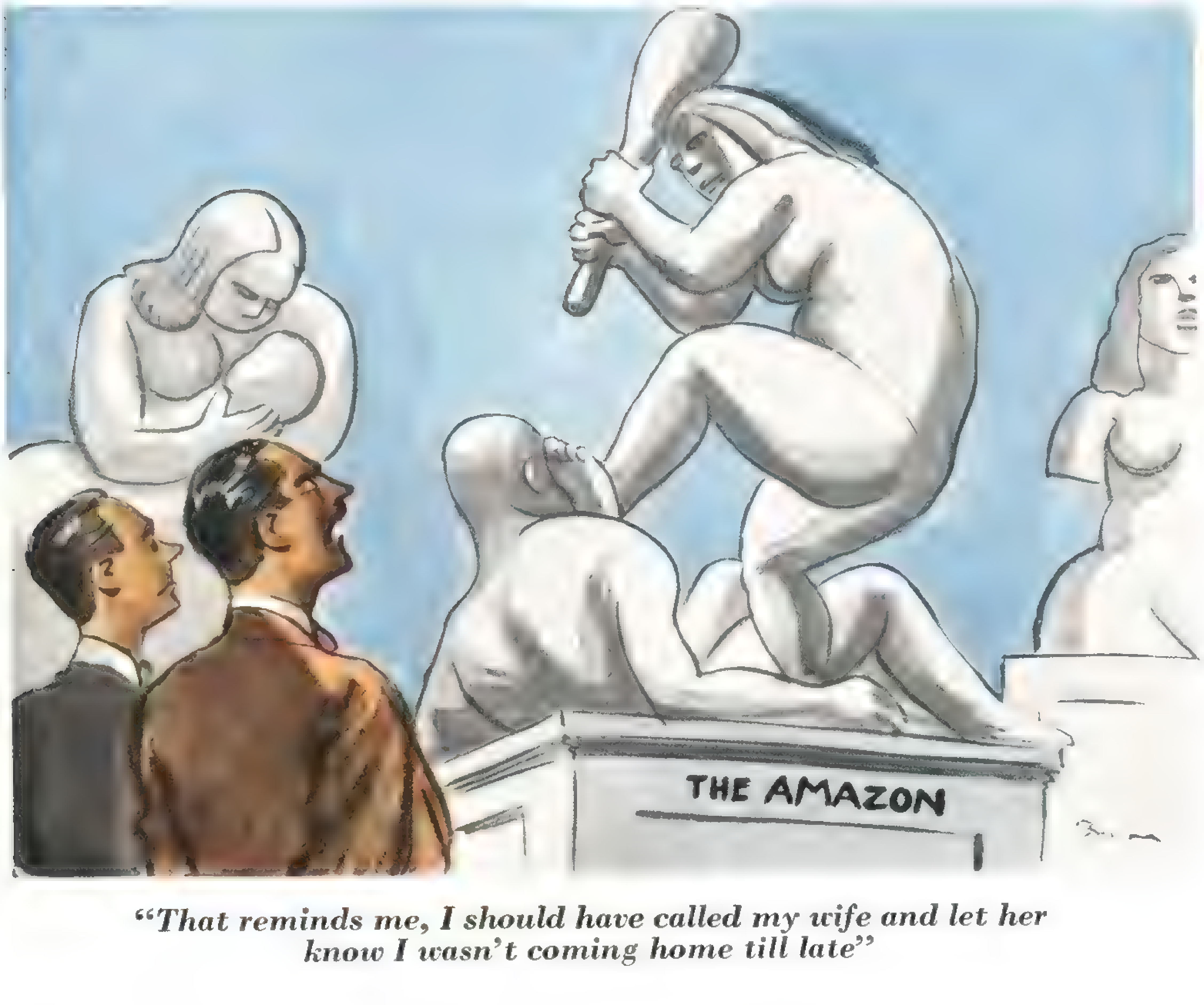
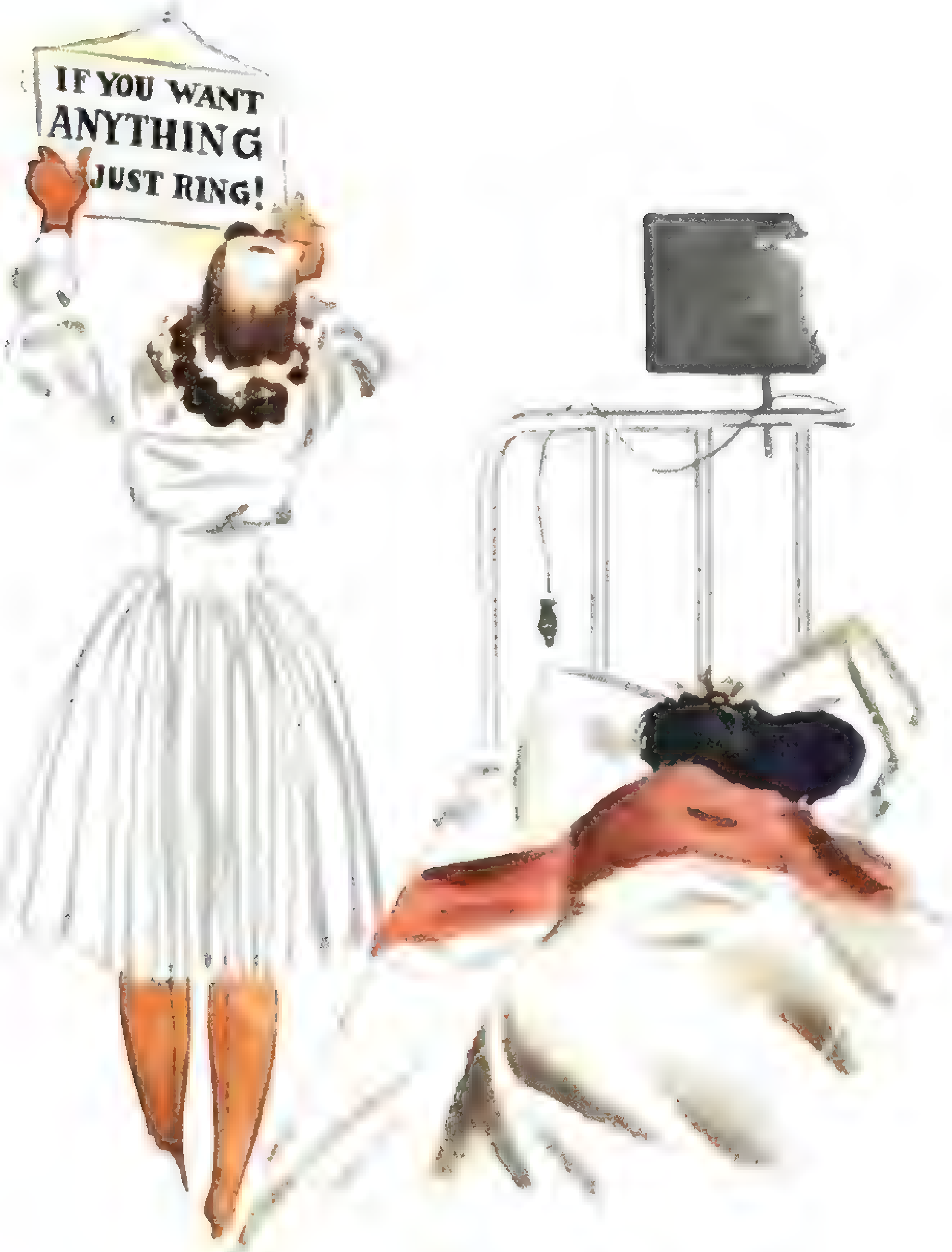
Gregory d'Alessio

"Hey driver! Is there a Justice of the Peace between here and the hospital? We forgot something"



"That reminds me, I should have called my wife and let her know I wasn't coming home till late"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ANYTHING
JUST RING!

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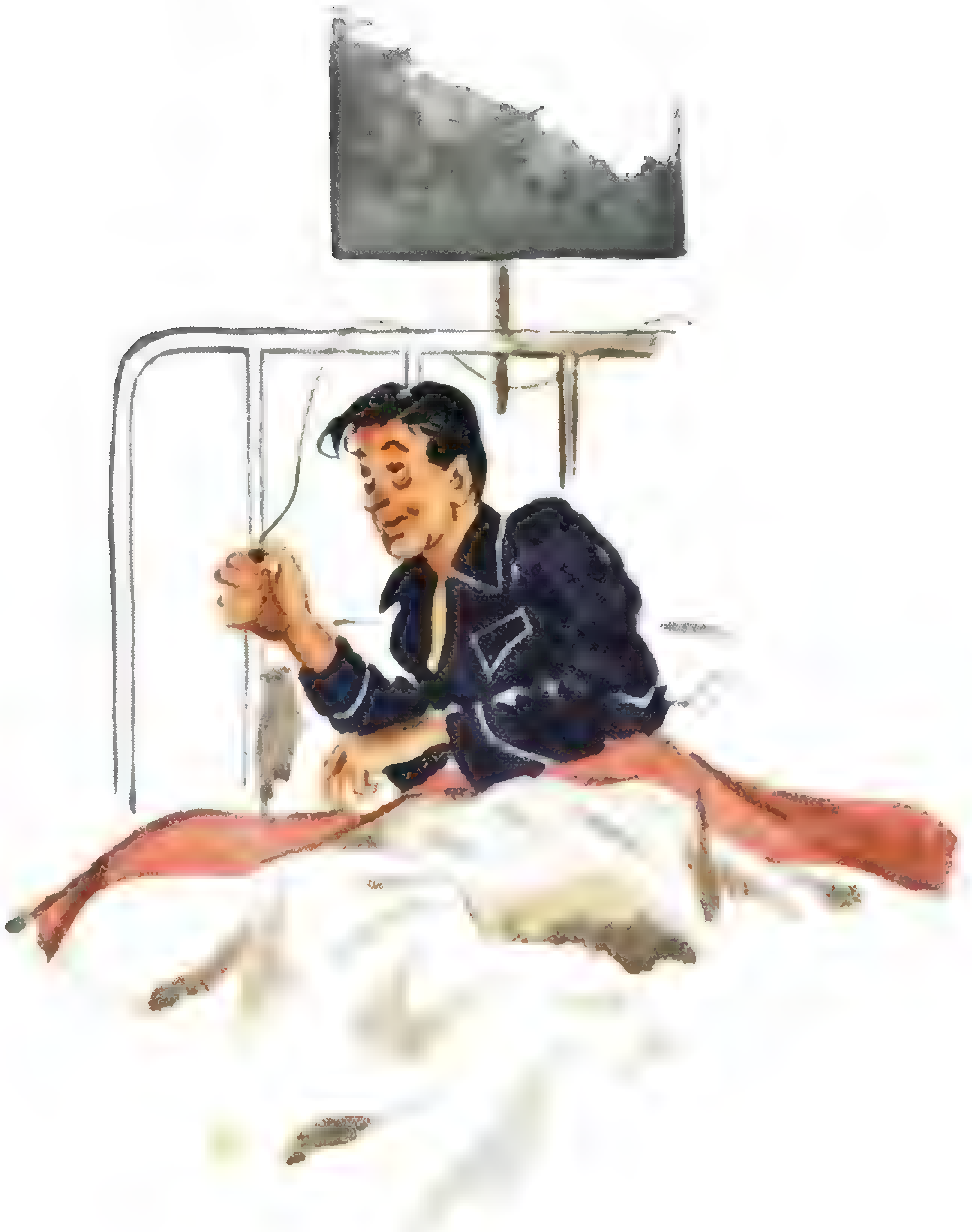

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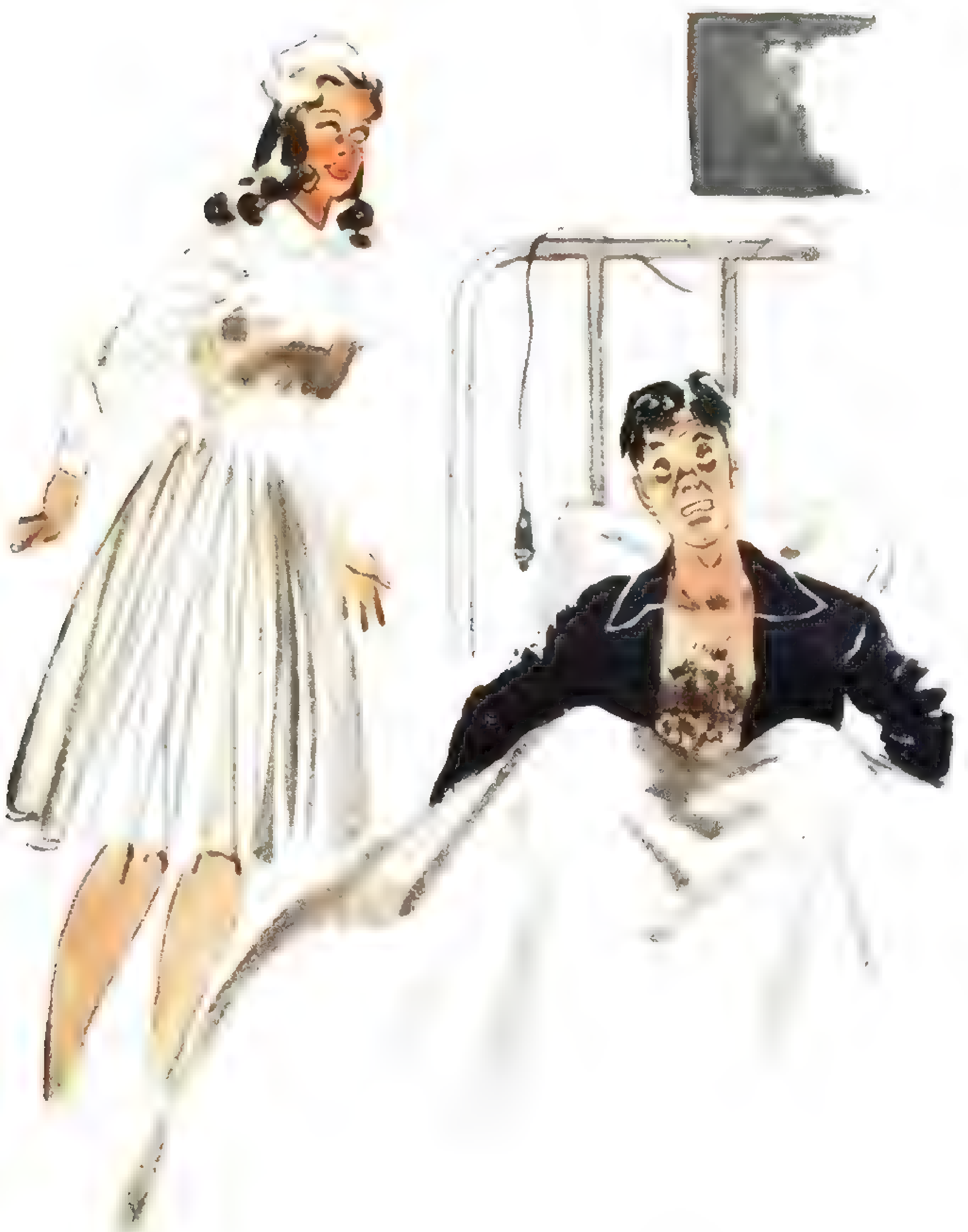

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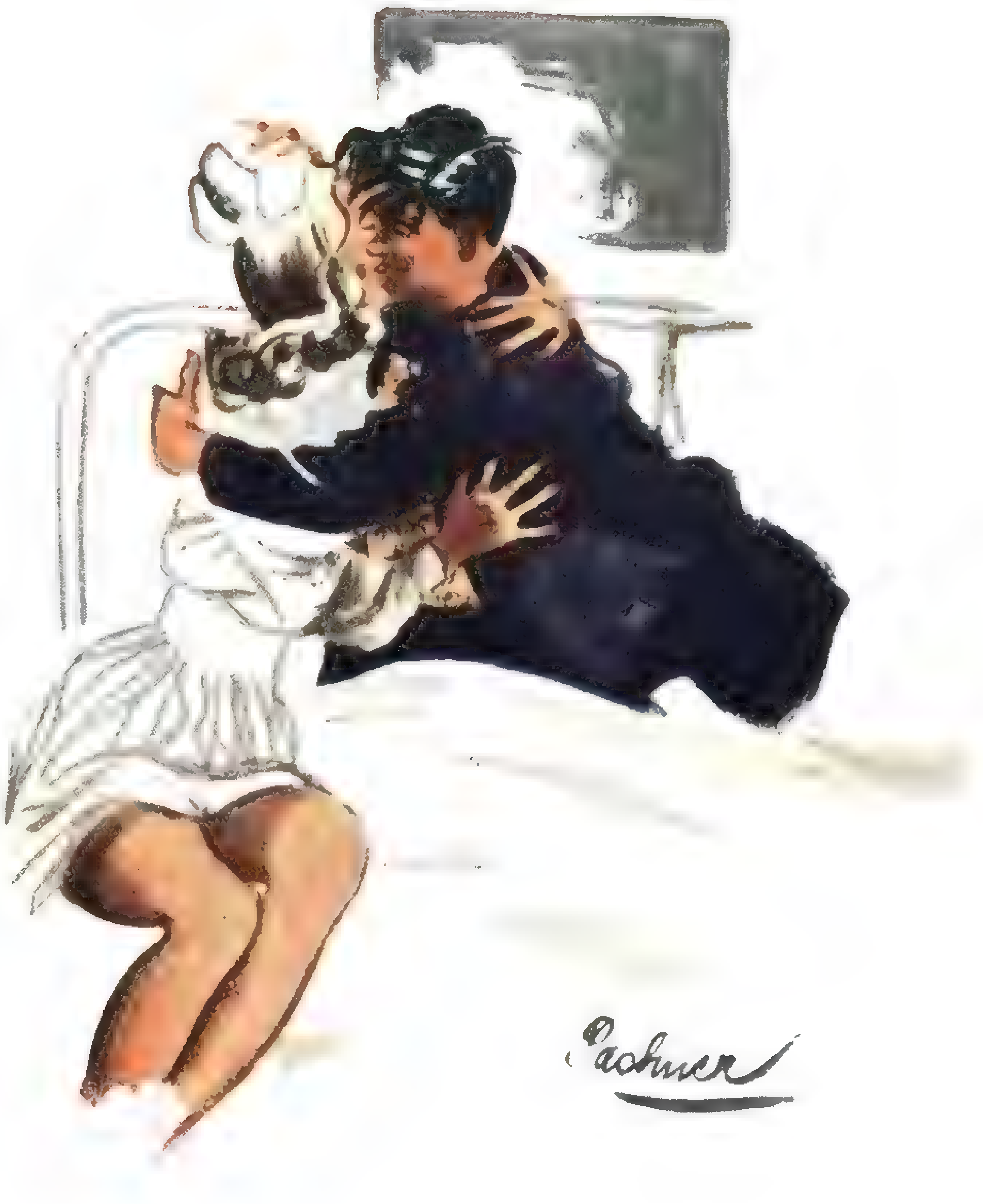

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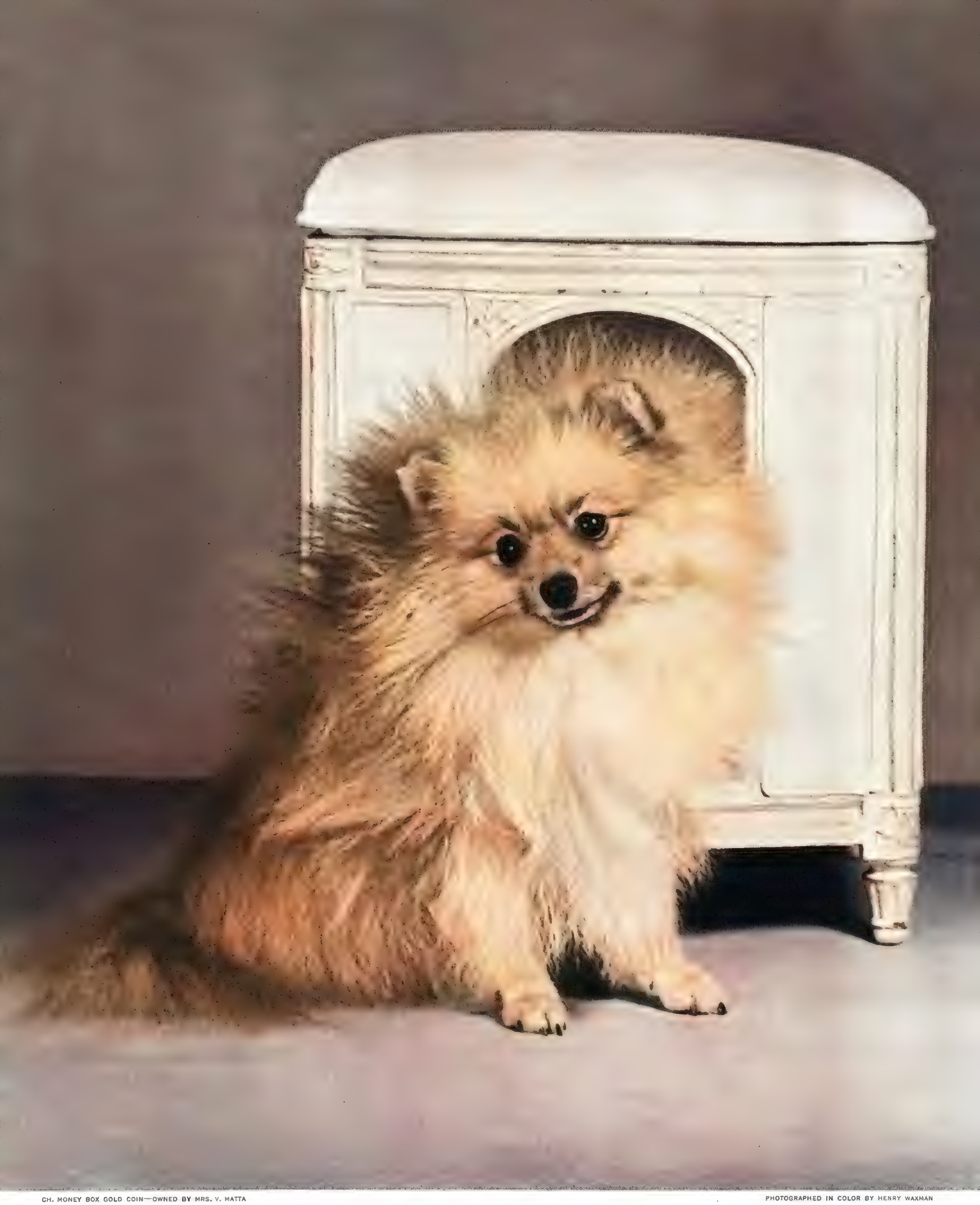

CH. MONEY BOX GOLD COIN—OWNED BY MRS. V. MATTA

PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WAXMAN

SMALL, KEEN AND MERRY IS THE POMERANIAN

"Shape and Make" with marked "pom" character is the way an old book on the Pomeranian reads—in other words there is more to this tiny dog than his extraordinary coat. Far from being a mere doorbell announcer he should be recognized as a full-fledged burglar alarm in that he embodies character and stamina often lacking in larger breeds. These qualities can be traced to his forebears, the Lapland sledge-dogs, although the breed as it is known today originated in Pomerania. As far back as 56 B.C. there was a breed resembling him which can today be seen in a lifesize sculpture in the Street of Tombs in Athens. None less than Queen Victoria is to be thanked for popularizing the breed by enthusiastic showing. In this country, since the first specialty show held by the American Pomeranian Club in 1911, American-breds have reached a standard of perfection enabling them to re-cross the Atlantic and win the coveted Best-of-Show from their English cousins. So, this original Laplander, now bred to specifications which delighted the Dowager but scorned by sportsmen, is not to be discounted by reason of size—his only handicap denying him acceptance on his true merits.—CHASE HERENDEEN

Call, Quailie, Call!

A few upland plovers have survived the bloody past but market hunters killed every curlew, every passenger pigeon

by BEN EAST

• SPORTS •

NOT many hunters of my generation could have identified the tall, stilt-legged bird that rose from a deep saucer in the short grass and ran off across the open meadow.

Few hunters of my generation have been privileged to see her kind, taking wary wing above the dun prairies or hilly upland pastures on a cool September day. Few have heard her mellow, flute-like call, that has no peer for sweetness in all the sweet-voiced shorebird clan.

The gunners of another day would have known her for what she was, an upland plover. Perhaps they would have called her a prairie plover or a prairie dove, or by the more affectionate name of quailie. Or even by the older and now generally discarded names of Bartramian sandpiper or Bartram's tattler.

In any event they would have known her, those oldtime gunners, and I wonder whether many of them could have escaped a twinge of conscience at seeing her and remembering what they and their kind did to hers, back in the days of market shooting.

It was when the pigeon days were waning, you see, that the market hunters turned to the upland plover.

An industry was dying. A wild, bloody industry that had succeeded—but neither knew nor admitted its success—in wiping a bird race forever from the face of the earth! An industry that had catered to the tables of the young nation's epicures, that had netted and shot and trapped, and even burned, its way to fabulous prosperity.

But it was dying, there in the eighties, as many an industry has died in the long history of the world, because it had exhausted the resource on which it relied. That is a fundamental reason for a business to go out of existence, after all.

It was a fantastic, ruthless, short-sighted industry while it lasted, that business of pigeoning. It was founded on an incredible abundance of a wildlife species, an abundance probably never equaled among the ranks of feathered creatures on the face of this world.

To understand the pigeon industry you have to understand the plenitude of the pigeons. And that calls for a better mathematical mind than most of us possess.

The great Audubon tried some computations back in the autumn of 1813. He was traveling along the bank of the Ohio, on his way to Louisville. He saw the greatest pigeon flight he had ever witnessed. In twenty-one minutes he counted 163 flocks. "I still met more the farther I progressed." he relates. "The air was literally filled with pigeons. The light of noonday was obscured as by an eclipse, the dung fell in spots not unlike melting flakes of snow."

At sunset the pigeons were still passing over in undiminished numbers. And for three successive days that living torrent continued to roll overhead. Audubon computed the mighty flock at 1,115,136,000 pigeons, and estimated they required 8,712,000 bushels of acorns, grain and other foods each day of their lives.

Nineteen years after that, Alexander Wilson encountered one of these pigeon flights while on his way to Frankfort, Kentucky. He followed Audubon in trying to estimate the number of birds in the vast feathered army. He assumed that the flock was one mile wide, although he believed it to be more than that. The pigeons passed over in an unbroken stream for four hours, so Wilson concluded the flock was 240 miles long. He allowed three birds to each square yard—and reached the staggering total of 2,230,272,000 pigeons. The flock required 17,424,000 bushels of acorns and nuts a day, he estimated.

But these figures do not mean a great deal. They are too gigantic, applied to living birds, for the mind to comprehend. Too staggering to be translated readily back into living columns of blue-gray pigeons sweeping across the spring skies for hours and days at a time, shutting out the light of the sun like a prolonged eclipse.

Let's try an easier way of gaining an idea of the abundance of the pigeons. Let's listen to Audubon describe a Kentucky pigeon roost on the banks of the Green river, forty miles long and three miles wide: "The dung lay several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting place. Many trees two feet in diameter were broken off at no great distance from the ground and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had given way as if the forest had been swept by a tornado." It required pigeons, solid ranks and masses of them, to wreak that havoc!

The greatest nesting ground of the pigeons ever recorded was located in northwestern Michigan, two hundred miles from my present home, just south of the city of Petoskey. Forty miles in length and three to ten in width, this nesting covered not less than 100,000 acres of land. Over that tract virtually every tree carried its freight of pigeon nests. Five to fifty was the average number of nests per tree. Some carried more than a hundred of the frail flat platforms. This nesting, incidentally, was the last of importance in the United States to be pillaged by the pigeoners. The industry was in its final years then, the pigeons already driven from many of their original haunts. In fact the great Petoskey nesting was made up of feathered refugees, exiles hounded from the forests of three other states by the relentlessly hunting pigeoners.

An estimated 5,000 of these market hunters plied their bloody, merciless trade across the forested country of the Midlands, there in the years immediately after the War. They

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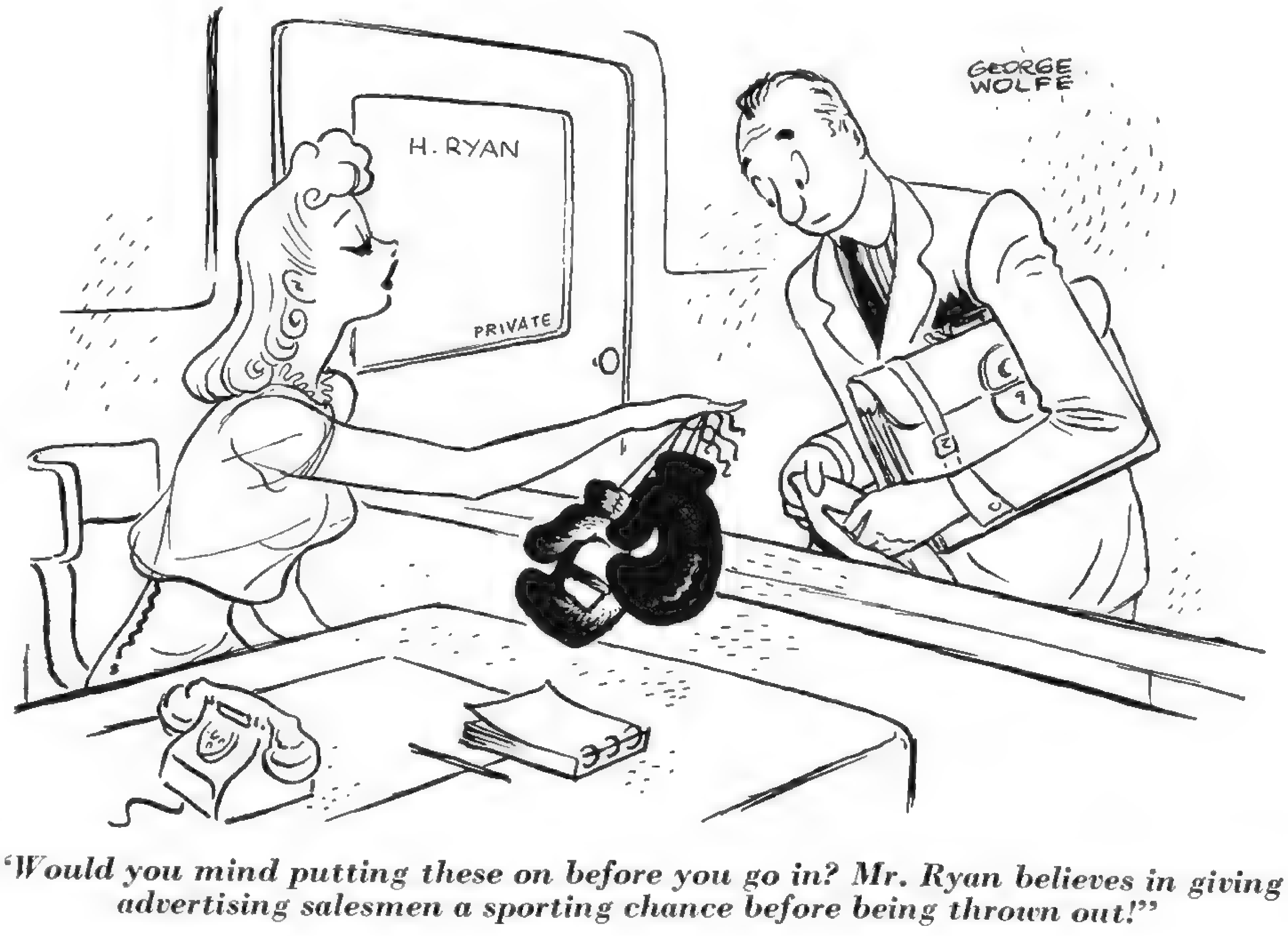
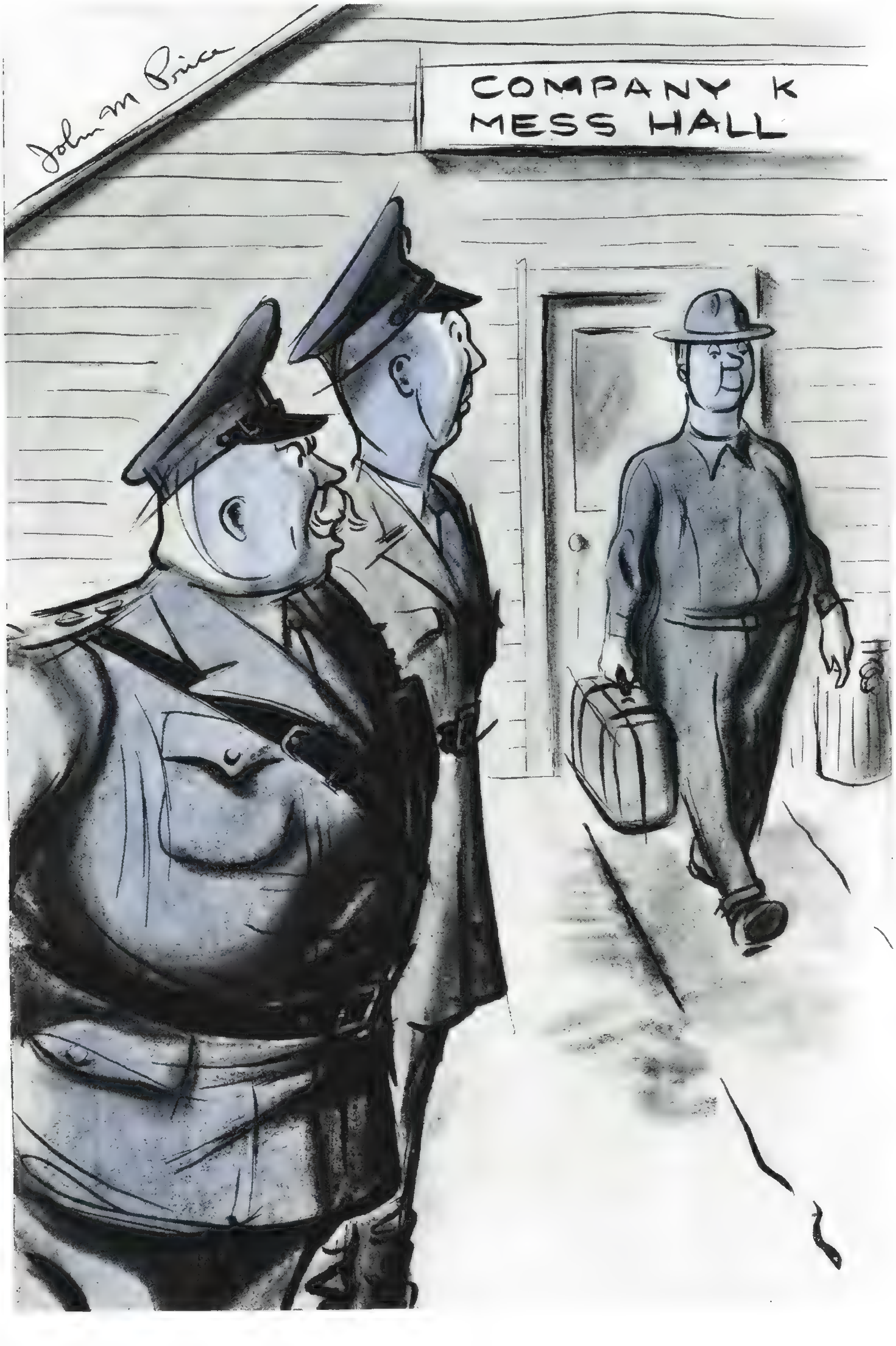


"Would you mind putting these on before you go in? Mr. Ryan believes in giving advertising salesmen a sporting chance before being thrown out!"


John M Price
COMPANY K
MESS HALL

"Every time I get a good cook broken in some other commander comes along and offers him more money"

Restaurant Riccardo

The people dining at Riccardo's are regarded as a nuisance; they interfere with the game of poker

by DONALD HOUGH

•ARTICLE•

THE Restaurant Riccardo is in Chicago, just north of the river, on Rush Street. Almost over its head thunders the traffic of Michigan Avenue: it is imbedded among the roots of the elevated boulevard's elegance, which at this point is held in the laps of three of the most fantastic buildings in any city. These are the Tribune Tower, imitation of a Gothic cathedral, design imported from England; the Towers Club (formerly the Medinah Temple), imitation of a trained seal balancing a ball, design imported from Iraq; the Wrigley Building, imitation of two cuts of frosted vanilla wedding cake, design imported from Delmonico's. No three such buildings as these are grouped together, or exist separately, any place else on the face of the earth.

Make it four. We may as well throw in Restaurant Riccardo.

It stands in the depths below, where the three monuments sink their boiler rooms into the earth. It is dark down there, and noisy with the bounce and rattle and staccato roar of the trucks that cross the river on the lower level of the bridge: the clanging steel wagon trains of the Sanitary Department, the Behemoth trucks that carry great rolls of paper into the non-Gothic belly of the Tribune spire—rolls that emerge from the cathedral above as bulky tracts devoted to the enlightenment of the inland empire which enjoys the spiritual influence of this imitation edifice of God.

You can reach Riccardo's by going down an iron stairway that leads from the upper brilliance to the socially negligible depths. It is in a two-story brick building, design left over from the Fire. It is easy to find. In front of the restaurant is a doorman. He is a very tall Negro. His name is Badoglio. I do not know why. He wears a scarlet coat with gold braid on it; the sleeves are too short for him, and his non-military bearing is an accurate reflection of the truth: he is discouraged about everything. He lives and moves in a state of confusion. Every time a car pulls up, he is looking the other way and gets there just as the people are entering the restaurant. When customers are leaving, he arrives at their car in time to have the door slammed in his face. More and more, lately, he has taken to just standing there and looking up at the ghostly wall of the floodlighted Wrigley Building above him, which spills a pale light into the depths. On summer afternoons he takes long satisfying naps in the cars parked along the curb. In winter, if he is sleepy—and he is—he prefers the vestibule, where he sleeps hunched up, his arms clasped around his knees in an ineffectual effort to avoid tripping the customers. In no season will he sleep in a parked car after dark. He did at first, but when he began to wake up in parts of the city unfamiliar to him and had to take the street car back, red coat and all, he gave up.

So if you are looking for Riccardo's, you look first for Badoglio, but if you do not find Badoglio, then you look for the sign, and step over Badoglio in the vestibule.

Riccardo's does not give a damn for the Wrigley Building and the Tribune Tower and the Towers Club all rolled into one. It does not give a damn for them floodlighted or plain, night or day. It does not give a damn for anything, least of all its customers. The main thing about Riccardo's is that it can take its customers or leave them alone. Consequently, human nature being what it is, it has to take them. It draws an elegant trade from the nearby radio broadcasting studios, it is liked by opera singers, it is patronized by a persistently optimistic clientele which inconveniences itself to get there to try to be waited on. The food is wonderful. It would have to be.

At heart, Riccardo's is a private club, the members of which are Riccardo and his waiters, the bartenders, the cooks, and Badoglio. The customers are regarded in the light of sponsors; they are a nuisance, to be accepted as inevitable, but not to be encouraged. When the place is full, the faces of the waiters reflect the gloom of the management. It is run on the principle that the customer is always wrong, that there are no vacant tables, that there is no more of the particular dish that is desired. That to be waited on is a privilege and that to receive the food you have ordered places you in the category of those who win in the Sweepstakes.

Other restaurants in town advertise feverishly for customers and pay high rents for desirable locations. Riccardo glowers at you when you presume to enter his establishment, the waiters jostle against your table, hoping you will leave. In order to reach the place you must risk being run over by the vehicles of the Sanitary Department. The other places frequently are empty; Riccardo's always is jammed. . . . Nobody, least of all Riccardo, can figure it out.

Riccardo is a fine artist, one of the best in Chicago. He is a singer of outstanding qualifications, a writer of ability, a sculptor who attains occasional satisfactory results, an imaginative cook, and a poker player of discretion. He once was an officer in the Italian army, and an intimate of D'Annunzio. The restaurant is decorated by his mural work, and his pictures, with those of his friends, line the walls. But without question Riccardo himself is the pièce de résistance of his own decorative scheme. He is tall, lean, aristocratic in bearing and manner, and looks like an especially handsome Mephistopheles. When he enters at the height of the festivities, his walking stick dangling from his arm, his huge, tawny Great Dane at his heels, the entire establishment pauses.

Riccardo's entrances are, in fact, one of the features of his restaurant. He makes several

Continued on page 127

Gregory d'Alessio.

"For heaven's sake, Griselle! Stop playing hard to get . . . here comes the waiter with the check!"

Poachers, the Rum, and the Preacher

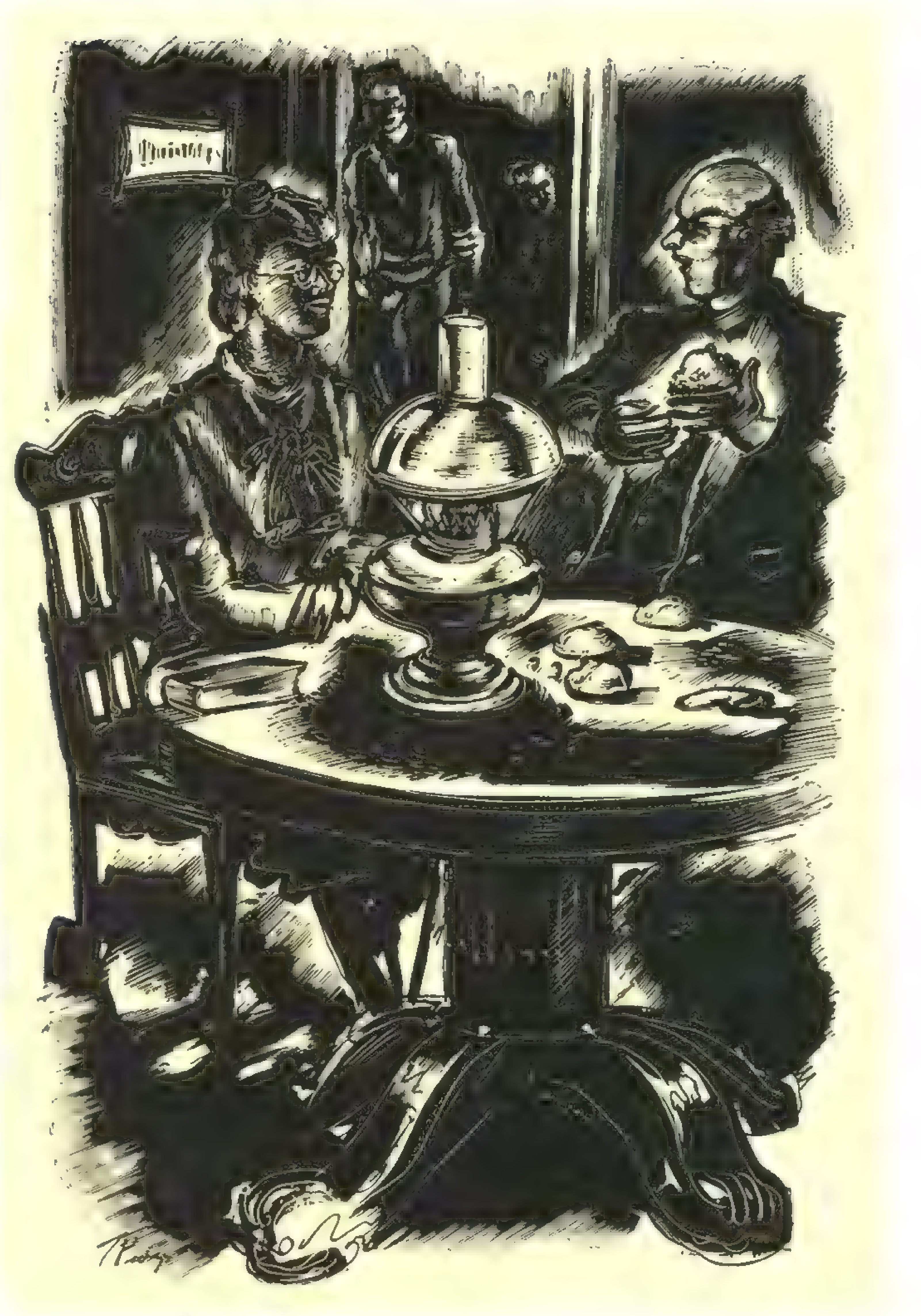
With six hundred pounds of moose meat back of their cabin, it was no time for Zack and Jeff to mess with game wardens

by EDMUND WARE

▪ FICTION ▪

After they picked up the drowning game warden, Zack Bourne and old Jeff Coongate had the whole lake to themselves. Considering the storm, they wanted the lake not at all. They wanted the game warden even less. Not only did he overload the canoe they had kept upright in the gale for three hours, but there were six hundred pounds of moose meat hanging in the shed back of their cabin. However, it seemed that the barbarous waves would solve their problem by swallowing them: Obviously Hell craved them all, including the water-logged warden who sat shivering amidships, bailing when he wasn't balancing.

Jeff Coongate, the one-eyed poacher, had argued in the beginning against picking up the warden, whose canoe had swamped. Jeff reasoned that word had got around about the moose, and that the warden had started up lake to investigate. Jeff and Zack had paddled down to Privilege to get a quart of rum with which to celebrate the killing of their winter's supply of meat. The gale had caught them on the way back. Their precious bottle, untouched, lay carefully swathed in a coat under the stern thwart. Its presence had cheered them on through the storm, giving them strength.



"Makes me brave just to think of it restin' back thar!" old Jeff had whooped from the bow.

"Let alone drink it!" answered Zack, his hatbrim flat to his forehead in the wind.

Shortly afterward they had sighted the swimming warden. He was nearly exhausted, but his plight drew from the one-eyed poacher only the briefest sympathy. You couldn't have a warden in the cabin where you aimed directly to celebrate the killing of a moose. Jeff was for giving the warden a merciful push downward and holding him under till his miseries were over.

But Zack Bourne would have none of it. To help a man drown, even a game warden, would weigh upon the conscience and dull the delights of wassail. Surely, in case they reached shore alive, they could keep the game warden from snooping into the woodshed.

By a miracle of canoemanship, the two poachers worked their craft to where the warden could catch the gunwale. Old Jeff's eye lighted balefully, but he refrained from banging the warden's knuckles with his paddle blade, and reluctantly helped him crawl into the canoe.

"Take that lard can an' bail," Jeff commanded, "or back you go a-swimmin'!"

The warden numbly bailed, keeping about even with the waves which raked over the gunwales. Quartering into the seas, Zack and Jeff watched the creeping approach of their destined shore. They fought their weariness with dreams of rum and homecoming.

Eyeing the swells in nerveless vigilance, Zack realized that he must caution his wife, Sarah, about the warden. Sarah was a good cook, and mighty religious, but unless you talked firm to her, and drilled it into her good, she'd forget. It would be just like her to say to the warden: "My stars! Did you see the lovely moose Zack and Jeff shot day before yesterday?" Or she might just absentmindedly slice off some of the loin and serve it for supper.

In the bow, increasingly alert as they approached the narrows where the swells piled higher, old Jeff, too, laid plans for thwarting the warden. The moment the canoe touched the landing at the cabin, he would leap out and go to warn Sarah, leaving Zack to stall the warden. After cautioning Sarah, he would duck around to the woodshed, cut the meat down, and pile stove wood over it.

Jeff reached out, steadying with his paddle, as a tremendous wave lifted the bow. But he kept on in his mind, elaborating his plan. When the warden came up to the cabin, he would be very considerate of him. He would suggest that he drink some hot tea and retire at once under five blankets. On second thought, he would offer the warden a big, double jolt of rum, because the warden would have to refuse it. It was strictly against orders for them to drink on duty.

After the warden turned in, Jeff dreamed, he and Zack would take the bottle and go down to the root cellar. They'd have the lamp turned low. They'd sit on the vinegar keg and lard tub amongst the winter's provisions. They'd drink till the rum was 'most gone, and sing a little, and lick their chops thinking of feeding off the moose meat through the cold weather. It would be mighty fine and cozy down there, celebrating a moose, and a warden asleep upstairs.

The canoe pitched drunkenly as it came into the cross-chop in the throat of the narrows. A wave poured in. The warden's face, except for the patches of purple veins over his cheek bones, went white. Zack swung the canoe at right angles, and they headed toward shore. A ragged swell chased them into the gut. When the swell broke, it swamped the canoe full length from the stern.

Taking to the water head first, Jeff Coongate came up gasping: "Save the rum, Zack!"

Zack got hold of the coat and held it up triumphantly as his feet touched bottom. They floundered to the beach, and dumped the canoe. Through the narrows, and sheltered by an island a quarter of a mile to windward, they were safe. Half a mile up the shore the cabin was visible. They saw the wind-ripped smoke, scattering from its dark chimney.

Jeff took the rum bottle from Zack, unwrapped it, and read the label in a reverent voice: "Hernando's Fiery Saber, hundred an' ten proof."

"A whole damn quart!" breathed Zack, wringing water from his mackinaw.

Jeff, his eye gleaming villainously, offered it to the warden. "Care for a swallow?"

"Well—I—no." The warden gulped. He shuddered in the cold, his wet clothes plastered to him. "I'm on duty."

"What a pity," sighed Jeff, hugging the bottle tenderly.

"What duty brings you clear up here?" inquired Zack.

Jeff had re-wrapped the bottle and placed it back in the stern of the canoe. The warden said nothing. He seemed entranced by the bottle neck which peeped brightly from the folds of the coat. Zack repeated his question in a sharper voice.

"What?" asked the warden, vaguely.

"I was just wonderin' why in hell they'd send a warden clear up here."

"The department wants to find out if moose are workin' back in," said the warden.

"Oh. Moose?" Jeff casually wiped the water from his eye socket. "Hain't seen hardly any signs. Was they thinkin' of declarin' an open season?"

"No."

"That's fine. Moose had ought to be protected permanent. Mighty fine animal. Pratickly exstink, you might say, too. Damn shame to shoot the few that's left. Let's get a-goin'."

"Yes," the warden said.

Zack's wife, Sarah, came out of the cabin and hurried down to the landing before they reached it. She was in a great state of excitement, and she was wearing her good dress. She began speaking the moment the canoe sided in to the log wharf. She kept looking over her shoulder toward the cabin, apparently fearful that someone there might overhear.

"Zack Bourne, did you get that rum? Where is it? May the lord forgive you, riskin' life an' limb on the lake just for the evil purpose of—"

"We got the rum," said Zack. "An' we got a game warden, too!"

Zack intended his remark to warn Sarah, but she went on unheedingly, scarcely nodding to the warden. "You give me that rum, Zack. I don't want it to appear in sight."

"Why not?" inquired old Jeff, bridling. "We all seen it. Why hide it?"

"Because they's a preacher here, that's why! Right after the wind come up, he got blowed ashore. A lovely little preacher, too. Interested in rocks, and trees, and—"

"A preacher!" wailed Jeff, outraged that Fate in a single hand had dealt him the cloth and the law.

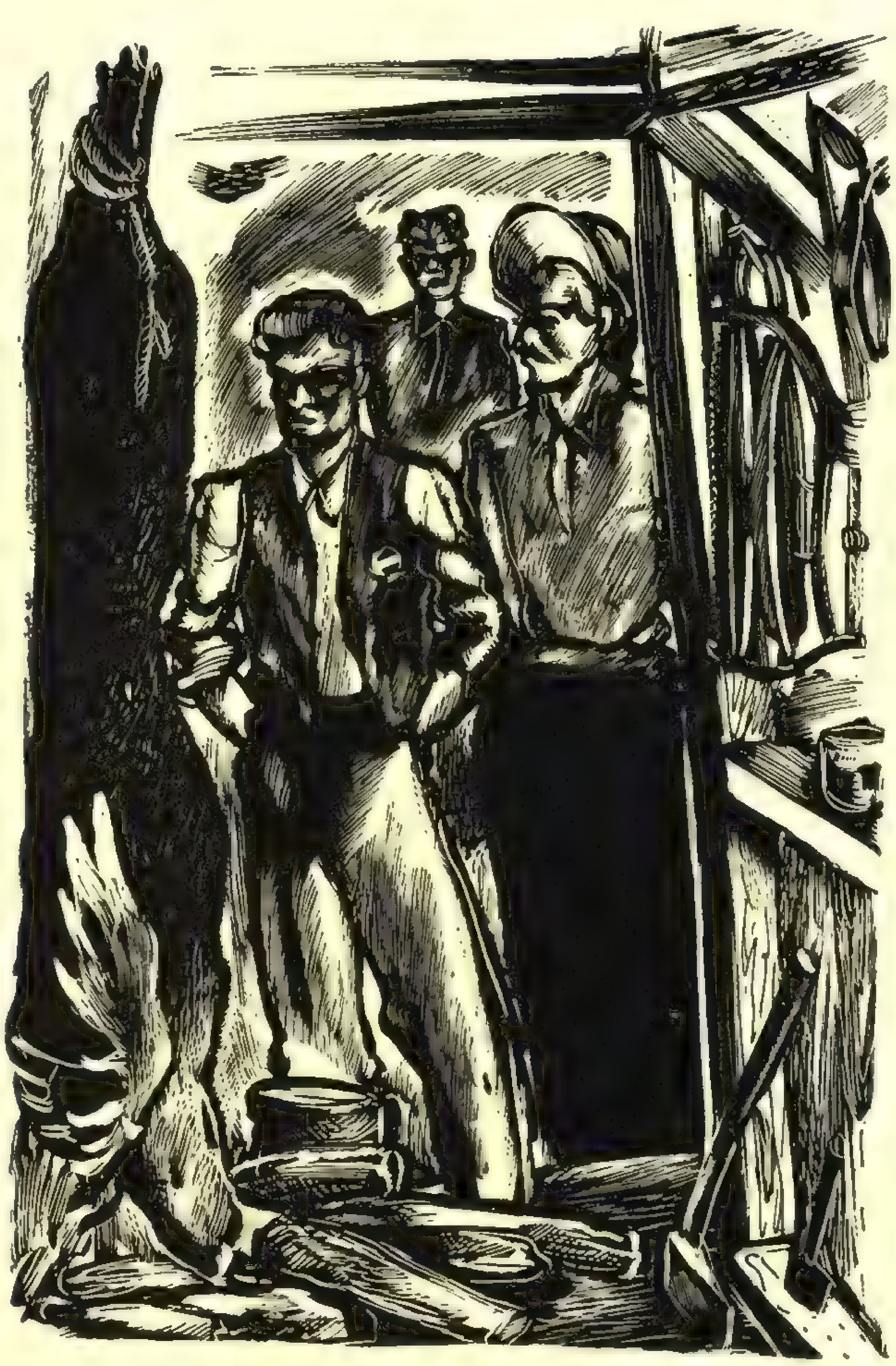
"Yes. A preacher! And mind your language before him."

"Honey," said Zack morosely, "where in hell is this preacher, now?"

"In the cabin washin' for supper."

Zack had turned the canoe over and was holding the rum under one arm. "Couldn't Jeff and me have a little snifter before we meet him?"

"'Course not!" Sarah's eyes blazed indignantly. "Give me that rum. Not a drop till he's abed an' asleep. I'll just put it in the root cellar."



Zack hesitated to relinquish the bottle. Sarah held out her hand. "Come on, hurry up! I got some of the meat fryin', an' I got to get right back to the stove."

Jeff Coongate winced. The warden sniffed curiously. Zack said hollowly: "Oh, good thing we had some of the beef left."

"I told the preacher that's what it was," said Sarah.

The warden watched narrowly as she tucked the rum under her arm. He seemed attentive as she explained: "I told him 'twas western corn-fed beef."

"What else would he think it was?" croaked Jeff Coongate.

The warden shrugged. They all followed Sarah to the cabin. Zack opened the bulkhead outside, and Sarah went down and came back without the rum. The warden leaned over and peered into the dark interior of the cellar. He wore a patient look when Zack let the bulkhead doors down. Sarah faced them, a finger to her lips. "Mind, not a drop till he's abed!"

"Never you fear. Jest trust us," said Jeff, sidling toward the woodshed out back. "I'll fetch in some wood for you, Sarah."

"I'll help," said Zack.

"I'll help, too," said the warden stiffly.

Before closing the kitchen door, Sarah called: "The woodbox is full. The preacher filled it."

"May Hell receive his stricken soul!" murmured Jeff Coongate.

"So it's in the woodshed," observed the warden. "Let's take a look at it."

Quite clearly no one was fooling anyone any more. They walked slowly to the woodshed, and in the dusk stood gazing at the contraband. "We got him plumb through the neck," reminisced old Jeff. "Dropped where he stood."

The warden said nothing. Zack said to him: "'Mind we done you a little favor out on the lake this afternoon?"

In the dim light the warden's face showed pale. He trembled a little. It was cold, and he was thinking of the lake. "Yes," he said.

"Well, so now you got us. You'd pinch us, even if we saved your goddam life, wouldn't you?"

"I'd pinch my own mother."

"I know it. But jest 'cause she borned you, you might do her a favor before you took her to the jail house, wouldn't you?"

"Maybe."

"Then for cryssake don't let on in front of the preacher that you got us for poaching. It would jest about kill Sarah."

"All right," said the warden.

Filing through the back door into the kitchen, the three men stood blinking in the light. At the table, a napkin tucked in his collar, the preacher sat before a platter of moose meat and a mound of biscuits. He was a small, happy man, as loquacious as the game warden was reticent. No ill wind had ever blown so flattering a prize ashore at Sarah Bourne's lonely doorstep. Sarah hovered and fluttered, praying that her menfolk would make no glaring social blunders at this inopportune time.

They didn't. The game warden was still as death. Zack and Jeff gloomily wondered where they could get five hundred dollars to pay their fine, and, if they couldn't, how it would be in jail. They sat down, silently wishing their guest might finish his meal quickly and retire. Their rum, once important for celebration, was now essential to the drowning of grief. But even for that purpose, it was denied them so long as the preacher remained awake.

Old Jeff reached with his fork to spear a biscuit. Sarah rapped his knuckles with her knife. "Leave them be! There ain't only enough for our guest. Ain't bread good

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...And Twice as Natural

Questioning the Hollywood rule that all gals check their God-given faces in the make-up room

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

I READ it in a gossip column. Ginger Rogers was off on a holiday; driving her station wagon; escaping the crowd—escaping, you see, because "off screen, Ginger doesn't look at all like." As I recall it, the sentence ended there, and I was impressed by the economy of the writer. What doesn't Miss Rogers look like? She looks like, she is, Miss Rogers (Ginger to the gossip writer, but Miss Rogers to me, an old movie fan from the days when Young meant Clara Kimball, not Roland or Loretta). She doesn't look like the person on the screen. That's right; that's even all right. Alfred Lunt doesn't look like Petruchio or (much) like a Finnish scientist; you recognize the Luntish features under any makeup, but you do that for every actor except the protean vaudevillians who make a specialty of not being recognized; but about them, no one cares. So why is there anything unusual about Ginger Rogers not looking much like?

The gossip writer actually suggests the answer. You, the public, would expect to recognize Ginger Rogers and Lana Turner and Carole Lombard and Joan Crawford because any time you are watching the screen on which they appear, you think that you are seeing the natural beauties of these wonderful women. You say, with a gasp, isn't she beautiful? and once out of ten times you're right at that; you do not say, Zowie, what a job the Westmore boys did on her old phiz. You look at Franchot Tone, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, and James Cagney and you make the same assumption: that you are seeing human beings, with beards added for special effects, a burnside or even a twirling mustachio; but essentially the person is there. And this time you are right, exactly and completely and perfectly right.

I hang around few notable night spots, but I have seen a lot of these boys, rounded a corner and bumped into them, passed a table where they sat, seen them across the aisle at a theatre—and invariably I have not only recognized them, but I have had an instantaneous effect of *knowing* them, so that I've occasionally said hello before realizing that our acquaintanceship was entirely one-sided. And I've not had the same experience with the women of the screen. On any natural basis, you understand, I'd rather meet them; they're supernaturally attractive. But I don't recognize them.

I passed the table of a small and rather mouseish and utterly ineffective-looking woman; but the autograph hounds knew she was there, and turned up Marlene Dietrich. I saw her again at a garden party, from only a little further away, and she had her glamour with her and was recognized. She has always been an amazingly alluring person and people who know her say that she is equally attractive, to use a mild word, off screen and on; my point is that the attraction is of a totally different sort. You do not get whatever she has; you get it as it fights its way through the Screen Face.

In the days when Mr. Tone and his wife used to ride herd on New York theatre audiences, starting them up ten minutes after curtain time with a Yippee Lookee We're Here effect, you didn't exactly fail to recognize the Missus. She had, in effect, her movie face on; and I think that she and two or three other Hollywood actresses could be recognized anywhere because of sharply pronounced features—chiefly the eyes. The wigmakers and the plastic miraclemen of the studios can do a lot to the shape and size of nearly every other feature; but a protruding eye, a slanting eye—

Do you remember Merle Oberon, slant-eyed and mysterious? Let me tell you a little story about her, which begins in Sam Goldwyn's dining room at the studio. Why stills of Miss Oberon should have been brought in with the filet mignon (very good cook, Mr. G. had at the time) I can't say; but they came in and Goldwyn looked at them and brushed them aside with an emphatic and grammatically correct snort. That girl, he said, hadn't ever been photographed yet; go away, he said to the photographer, and—in effect—get some pictures of Merle Oberon, not of the type she plays on the screen. For God's sake, he cried, get rid of those phony slanty eyes and see what she looks like underneath.

Politely I smiled behind my dessert spoon. For it was evident that good old Goldwyn had come a cropper at last. After all, what did the girl have except the Oriental look; why bother engaging Oberon if you didn't want that? To be sure, he was ultimately going to have her play in his version of *The Children's Hour*, set in an American boarding school; but a little exotic villainy wouldn't have been utterly out of place; as for her first picture, *The Dark Angel*, she was to play an English girl—and of all things, what Goldwyn asked was to have her look like one. He thought, in fact, that she did look like one.

So I told the little story to my friends and we all wondered what had happened to the old wizard of United Artists—and what did happen was that Merle Oberon, with her make-up off, got a new lease on life; with her new face (which was closer to the structure of her own) she developed new attractions, she became a better actress. Mr. Goldwyn as usual was right; it is a misfortune that he hasn't carried his rightness farther still. He hasn't destroyed the Hollywood face; he has merely proved that actresses are better off without it.

So much for the Face *per se*. Now let's get back to the pretty face and general attractiveness of Ginger Rogers and see why she isn't in the same situation as Alfred Lunt

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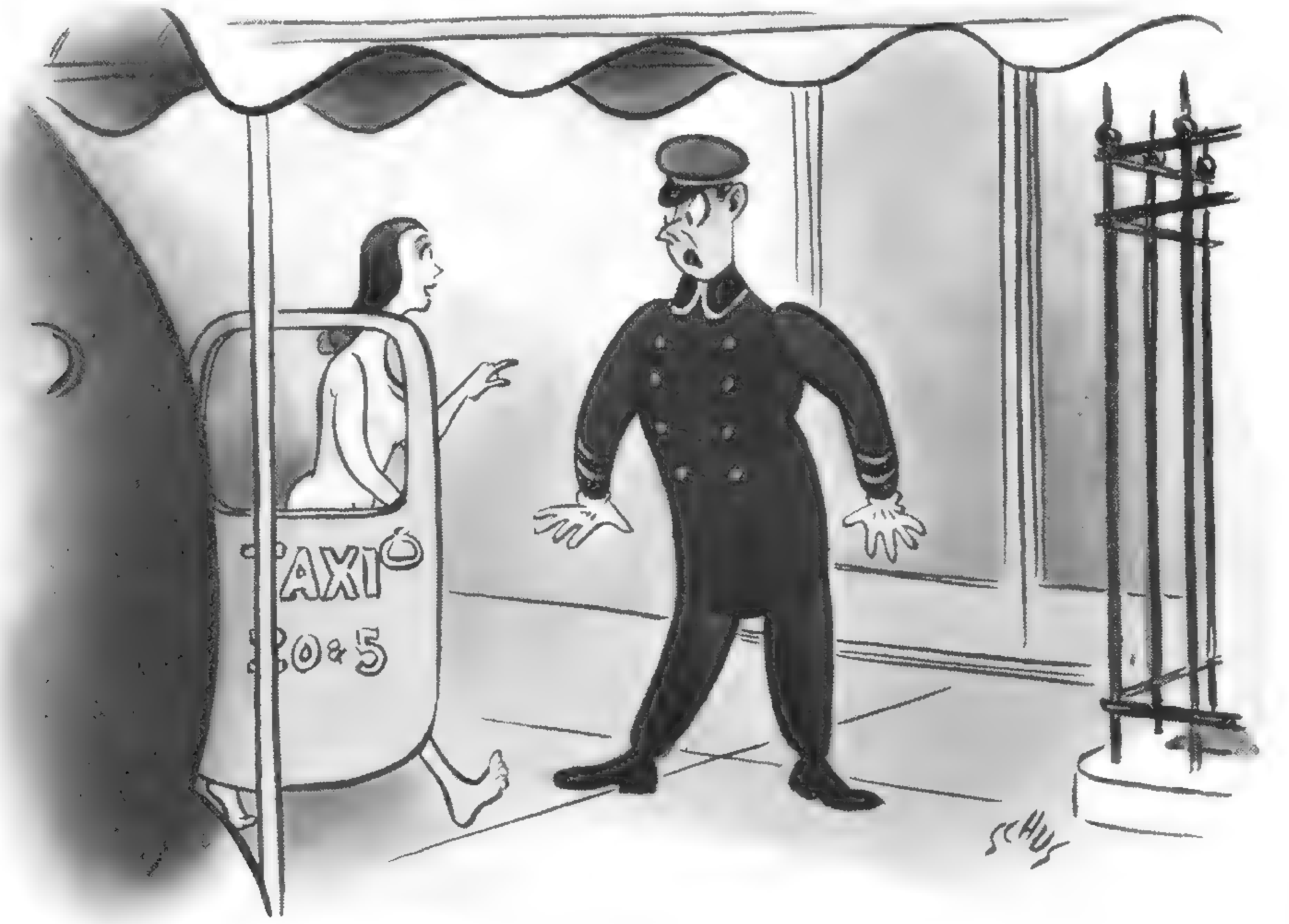
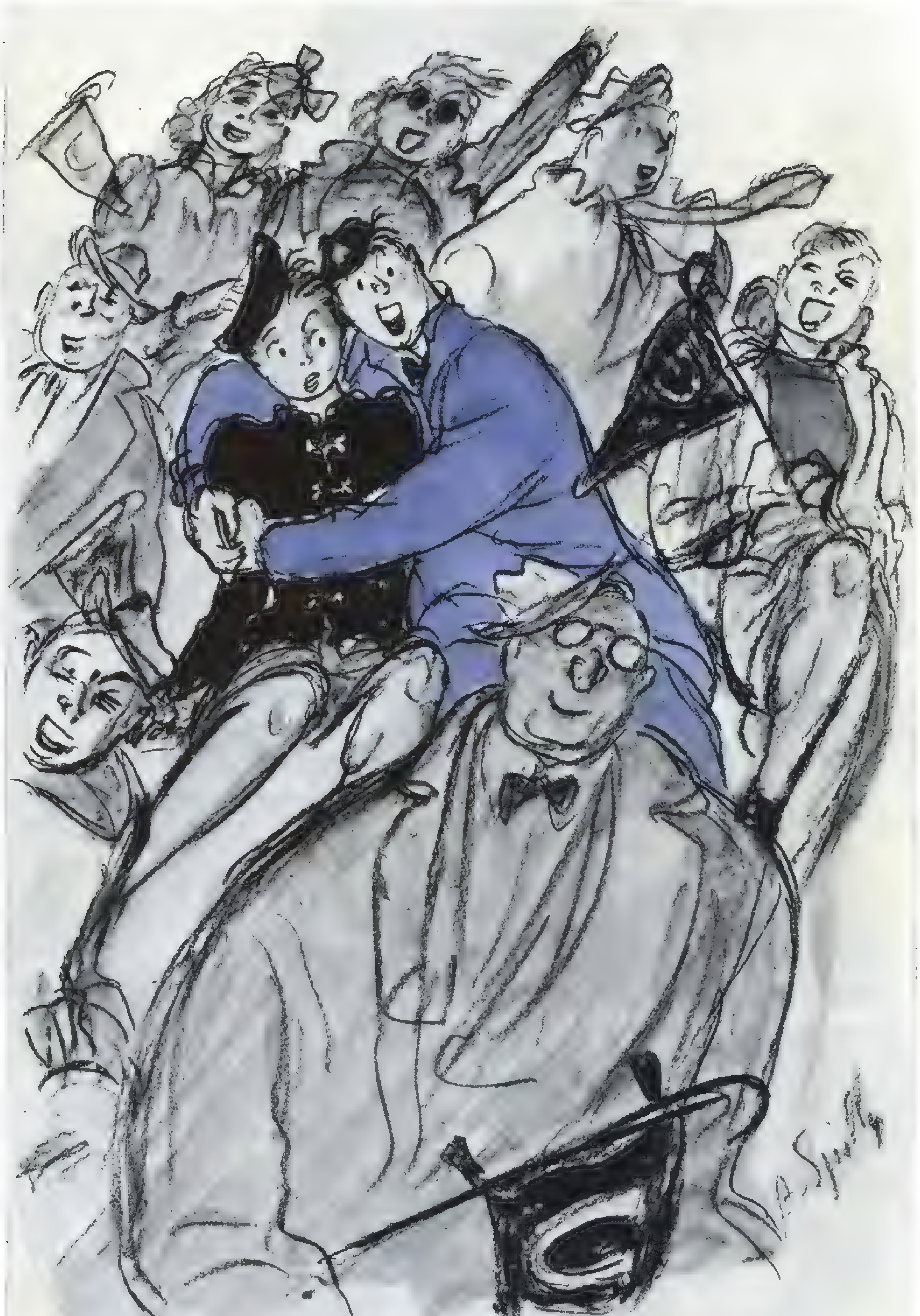


"Does Monsieur André, the artist, live here?"



"Hold that line! Hold that line!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

If Hitlerism should happen here most current plays would fold, Hollywood would be a ghost city

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

Undisturbed for some time now by any overly loud community singing of *I Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Halls* or *It's Wonderful, It's Glorious,* I have seized the opportunity quietly to speculate on what would happen to the American theatre if Herr Hitler, alias Smallpox Adolf, were to come over here and take charge of things. Surveying the contingency with a knowledge derived from the Nazi precepts on art, race, and morality and from other such National Socialist eccentricities, all duly put into censorship practice in Germany, the picture is, to say the least, somewhat piquant.

As a starter, let's look at the situation as it would have affected the plays produced last season. Among the better known ones which all too obviously would have fallen under the Nazi ban because of their themes or for non-Aryan reasons are the following: Sherwood's *There Shall Be No Night* (Adolf would throw a fit at the mere thought of it), Clare Boothe's *Margin For Error* (six fits), Saroyan's *The Time Of Your Life* (think of a drunk for a hero and a harlot for a heroine!), Anderson's *Key Largo* (Franco's feelings would have to be considered), Hemingway's *The Fifth Column* (ditto, to say nothing of that rape scene), the Kaufman-Hart *The Man Who Came To Dinner* (under the racial edict), Kingsley's *The World We Make* (ditto), the Lindsay-Crouse *Life With Father* (because of fifty per cent violation), the Thurber-Nugent *The Male Animal* (too trivial in the view of the Nazi cultural principles), Rice's *Two On An Island* (*vide* the racial edict), Shaw's *Geneva* (Bernard would have been plunged into a concentration camp pronto for his caricature of unser Führer), Odets' *Night Music* (*vide* the racial edict), the Denham-Percy *Ladies In Retirement* ("the English are swine"), Sylvia Regan's *Morning Star* (Jews must not be written of as human beings), Albert Bein's *Heavenly Express* (*vide* the racial edict), Saroyan's *Love's Old Sweet Song* (abortive sentimentality in the Göbbels' aesthetic), and no less than thirty-five others, merit or lack of it not figuring critically the one way or the other.

Among the musical shows, there would have been prohibited: Irving Berlin's *Louisiana Purchase* (racial edict), the Rodgers-Hart *Too Many Girls* and *Higher And Higher* (ditto), Kern's *Very Warm For May* (ditto), *Pins And Needles* (ditto), the refugee Charell's *Swingin' The Dream* (ditto), Herbert Fields' share of the book of *Du Barry Was A Lady* (ditto), Morgan Lewis' music for *Two For The Show* (ditto), the Viennese refugee *Reunion In New York* (plainly enough), and the lyrics and most of the sketches of the Dubin-Levy-Kaufman-Dietz *Keep Off The Grass* (*vide* the racial edict).

It would have been impossible to present the revivals of *Journey's End* (because of its flattery of the heroism of the English in war), Chekhov's *Three Sisters* (because of its defeatist philosophy), O'Casey's *Juno And The Paycock* (the spectacle of drunkenness is verboten), and Molnar's *Liliom* (under the racial edict).

We come to the more general picture.

Among the playwrights who under the Nuremberg laws would be ostracized from the theatre would be, to repeat the names of some of those already mentioned along with others, George S. Kaufman, Moss Hart, Clifford Odets, Sidney Kingsley, Russel Crouse, Bertram Bloch, Elmer Rice, Albert Bein, S. N. Behrman, Edna Ferber, Samson Raphaelson, Ben Hecht, the Spewacks, Eugene Walter, Arthur Arent, Leopold Atlas, John Wexley, Victor Wolfson, Chester Erskin, Rose Franken, Elmer B. Harris, Arthur Kober, Fannie Hurst, John Howard Lawson, Melvin Levy, Albert Maltz, Edwin Justus Mayer, Dorothy Parker, Arthur Richman, Morrie Ryskind, Irwin Shaw, Paul Osborn, Gustav Eckstein, and Lillian Hellman.

Among the composers and lyric writers: Jerome Kern, Rudolf Friml, Ira Gershwin, Howard Dietz, Irving Berlin, Marc Blitzstein, Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Lehman Engel, Dorothy Fields, Oscar Levant, Sigmund Romberg, Harold Rome, George White, Arthur Schwartz, Vernon Duke, Irving Caesar, Kurt Weill, etc.

Among the comedians: The Marx brothers, Eddie Cantor, Harry Richman, Al Jolson, Leon Errol, Ed Wynn, Lou Holtz, Milton Berle, Phil Baker, Teddy Hart, George Jessel, Willie Howard, Jack Benny, Fanny Brice, Jack Pearl, Bert Lahr, Joe Weber, Lew Fields, etc.

Among the singers: Kitty Carlisle, Elsie Janis, Ethel Merman, Ruth Etting, Belle Baker, Vivienne Segal, Mitzi Green, Carol Bruce, Mary Ellis, etc.

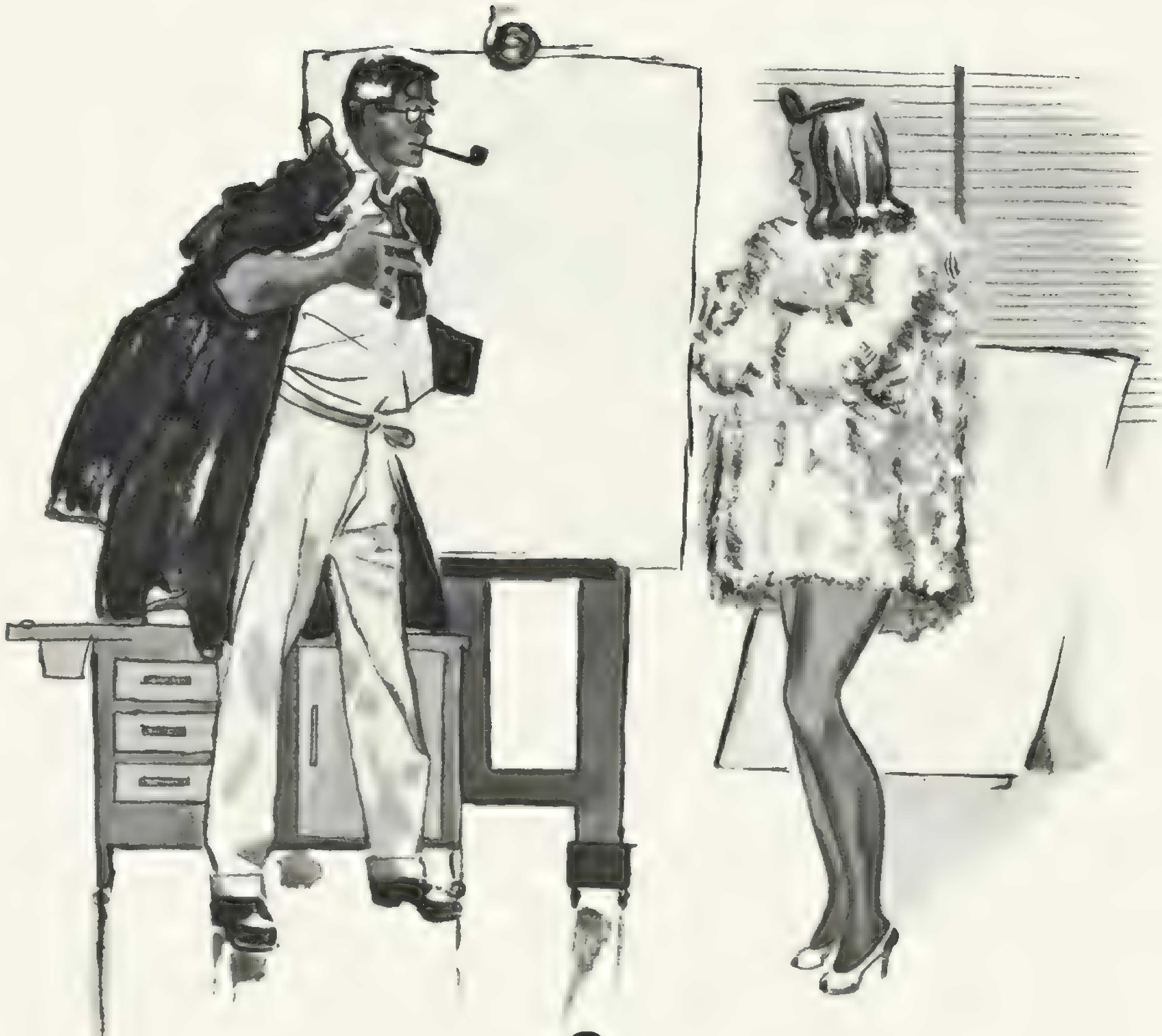
Among the actors: David Warfield, Leslie Howard, Luther Adler, John Garfield, Arnold Korff, Judith Anderson, J. Edward Bromberg, Lee J. Cobb, Jacob Ben-Ami, Morris Carnovsky, Katherine Locke, Eleanor Lynn, Francine Larrimore, Paul Muni, Alla Nazimova, Florence Reed, Charles Richman, José Ruben, Francis Lederer, Joseph Schildkraut, Al Shean, Sidney Lumet, Stella Adler, Sam Levene, Lenore Ulric, Philip Loeb, Arlene Francis, Sylvia Sidney, Molly Picon, Helen Westley, Florence Eldridge, etc. (We won't say anything about Elaine Barrie.)

No Negroes allowed under the Hitlerian order, hence also 'raus mit 'em in the case of Paul Robeson, Bill Robinson, Ann Brown, Ethel Waters, Georgette Harvey, Charles Gilpin, Ruby Elzy, the critics' belle Butterfly McQueen, etc.

Excommunicated non-Aryan producers and producing organizations would include,

Continued on page 184

"One seat—next to a girl who won't stand for any annoyance!"



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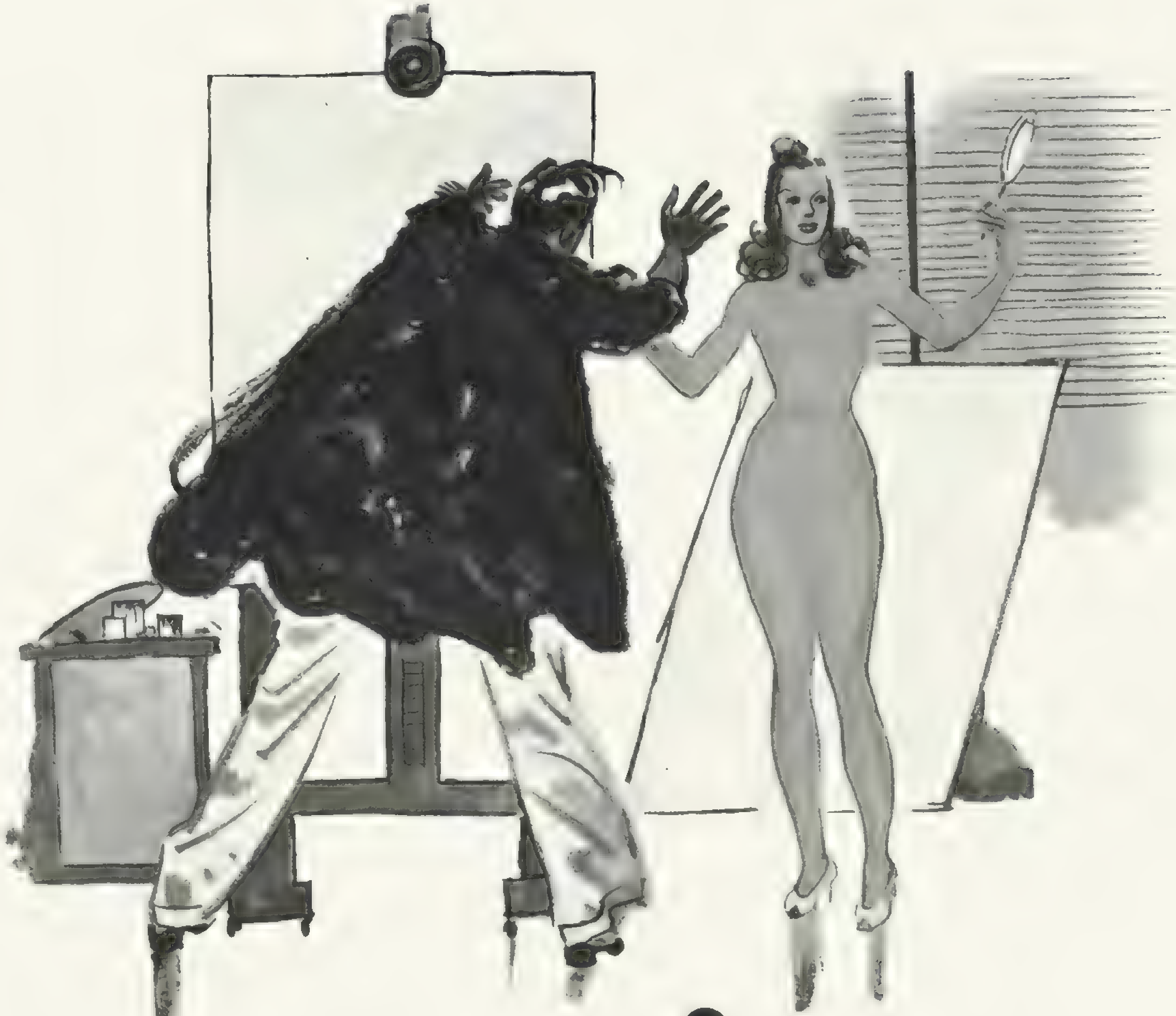

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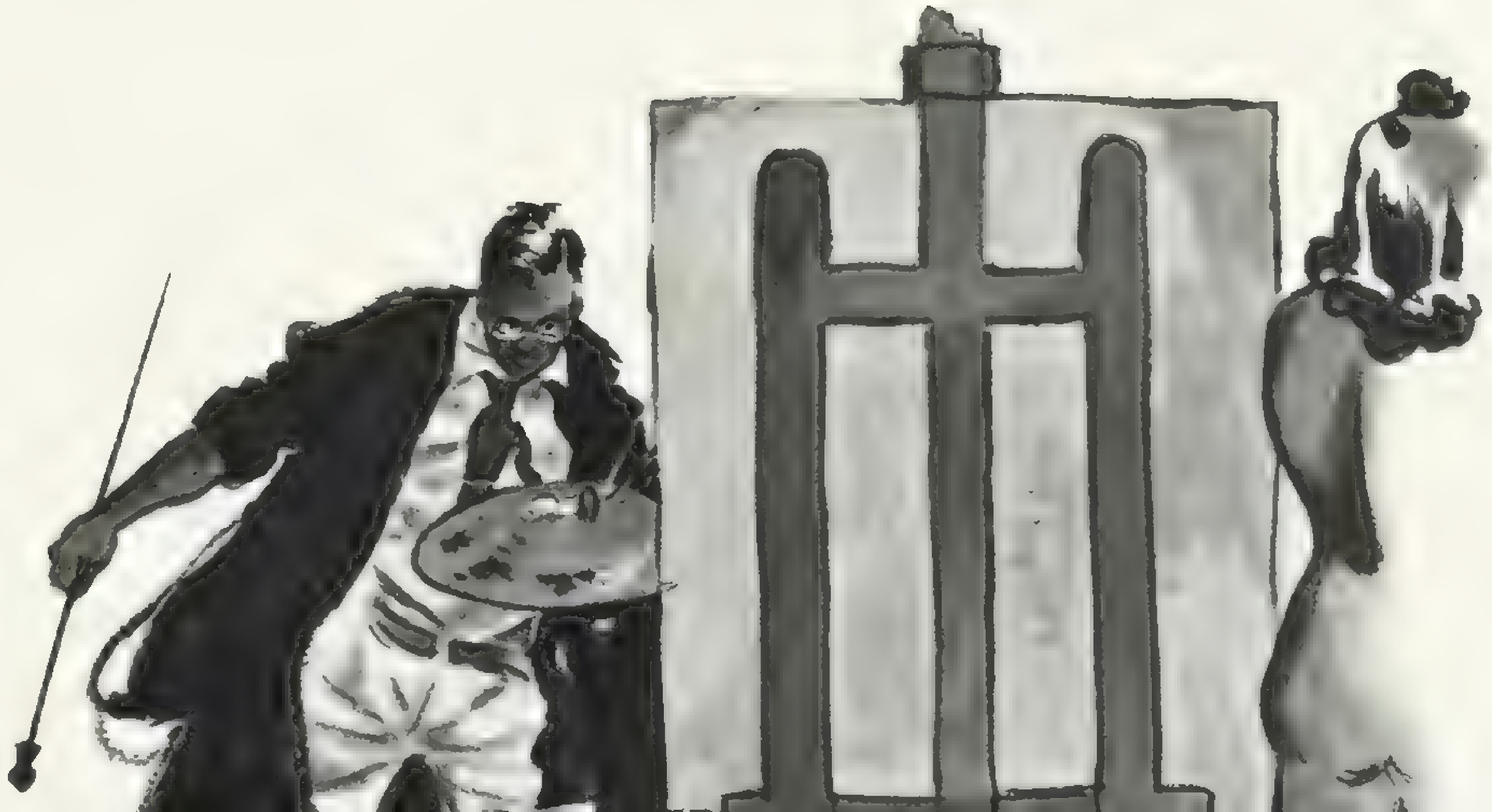

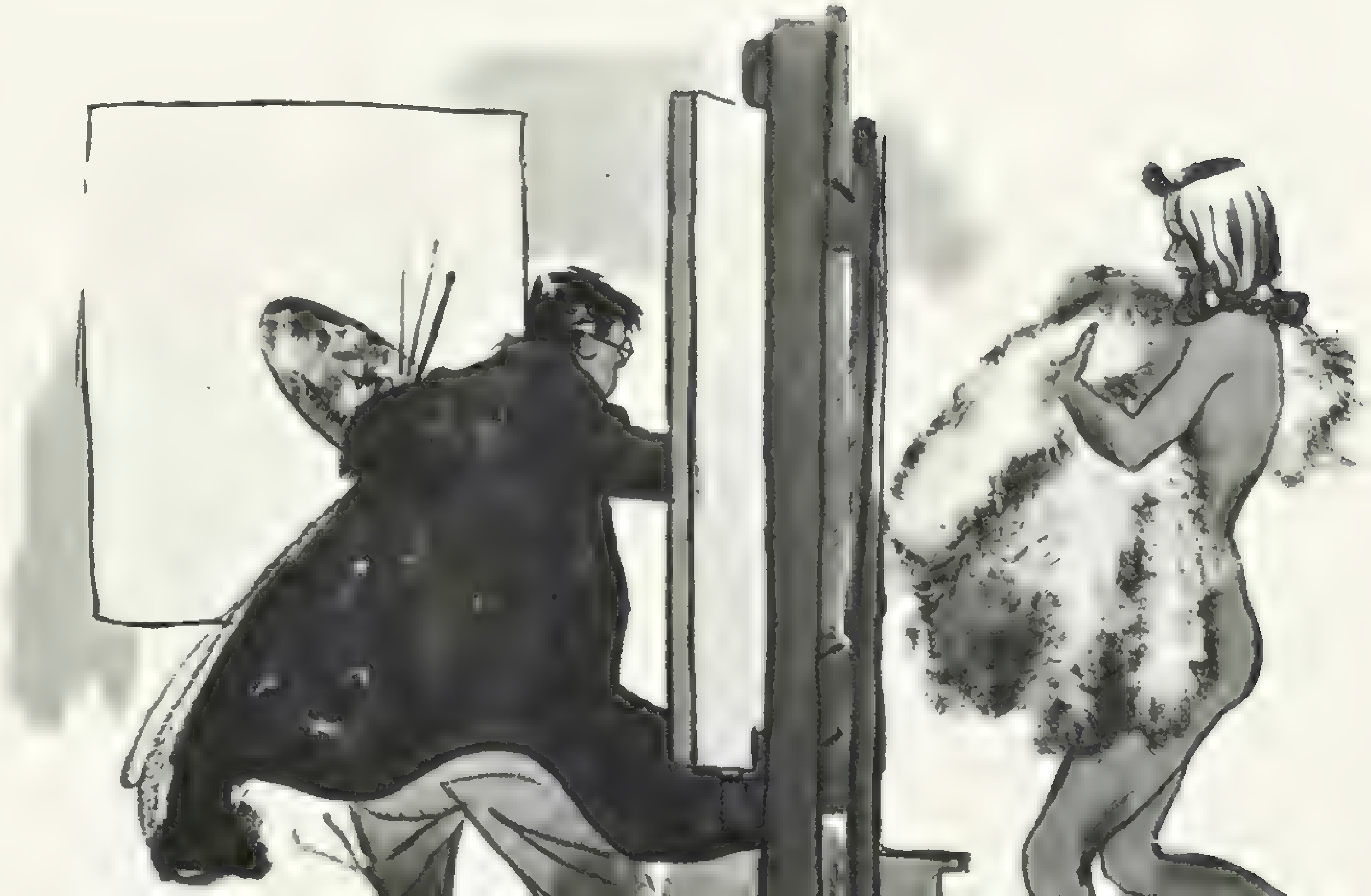

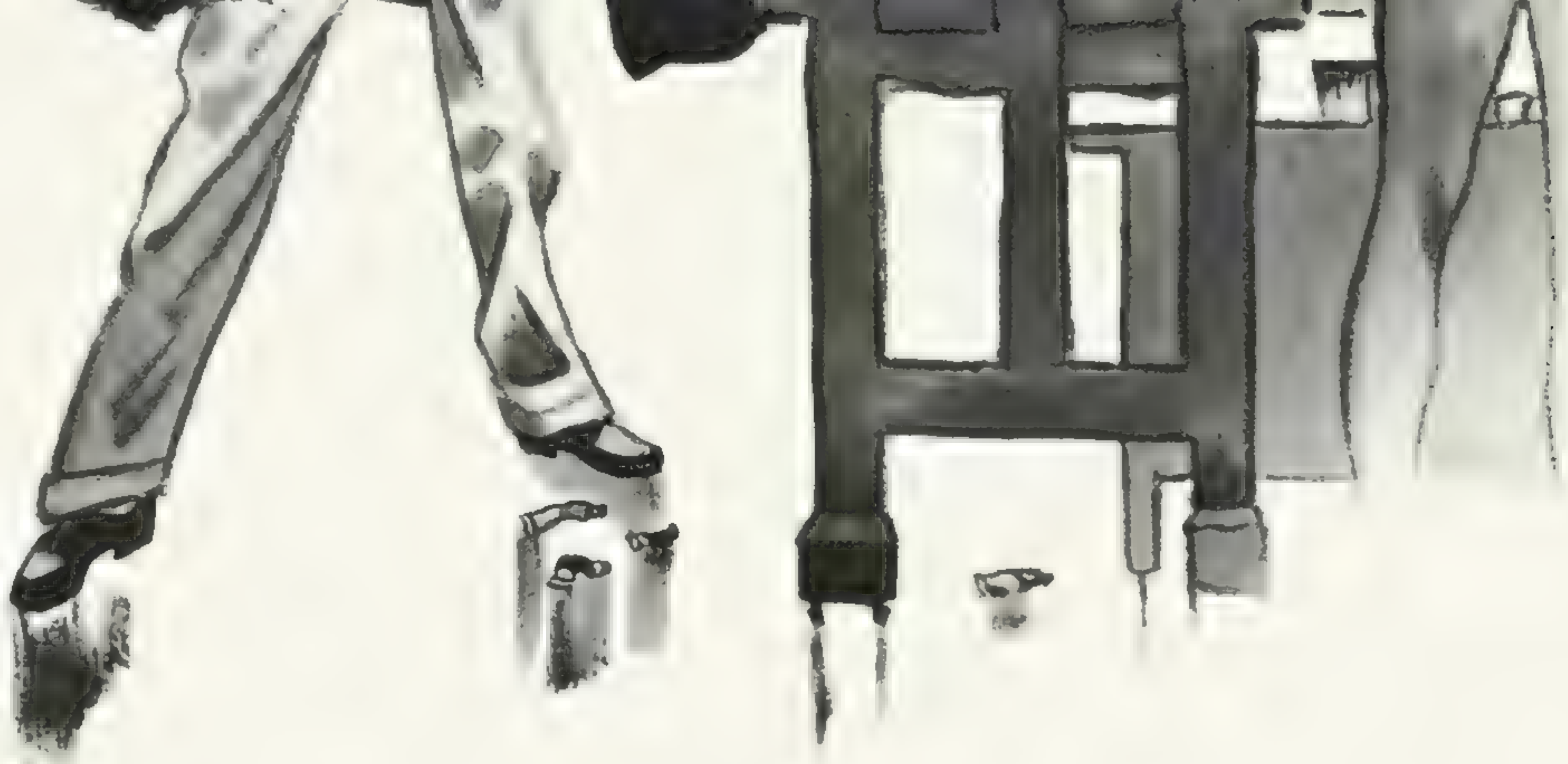

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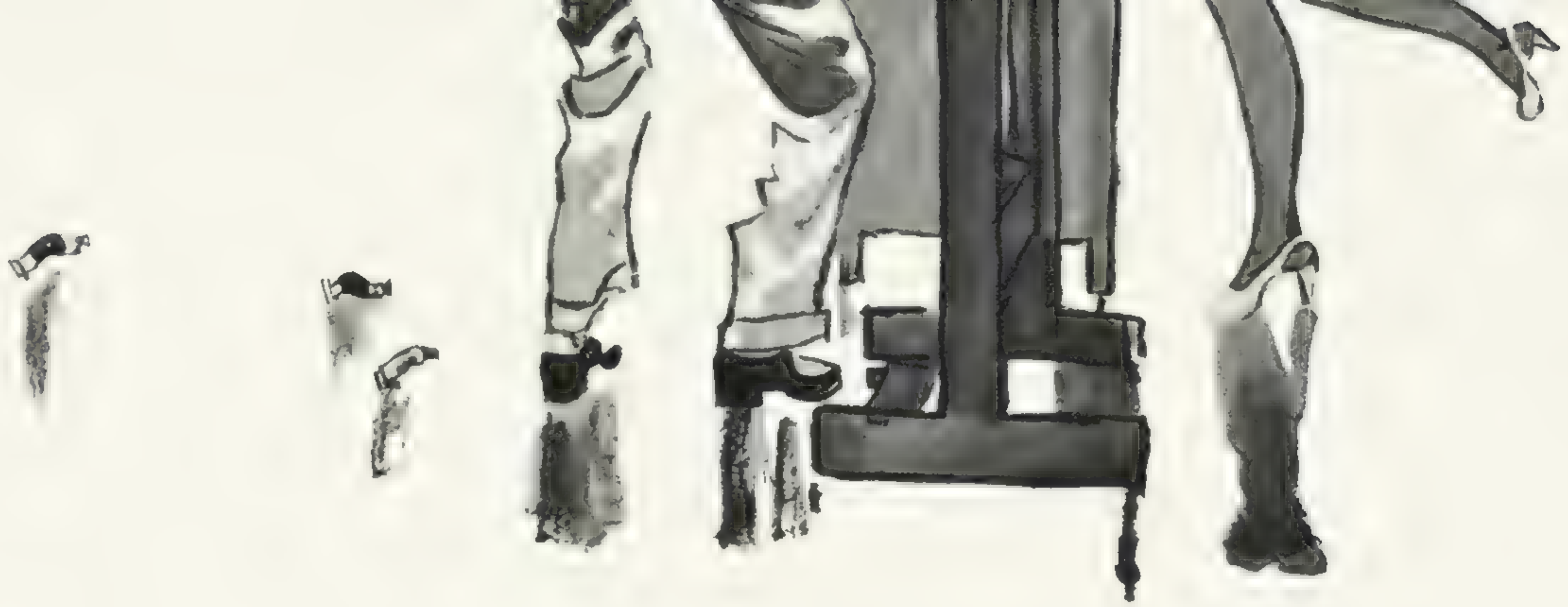

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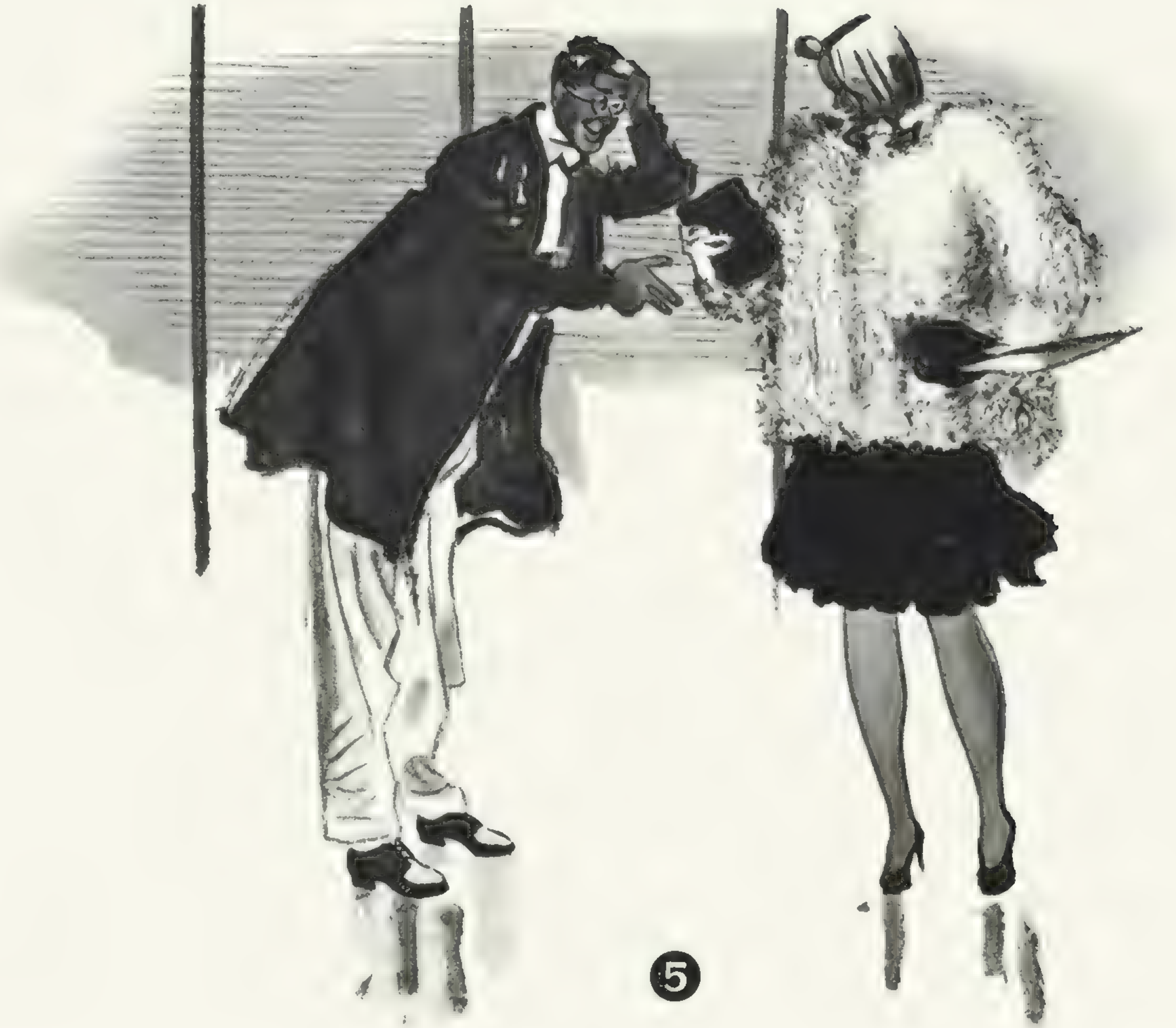

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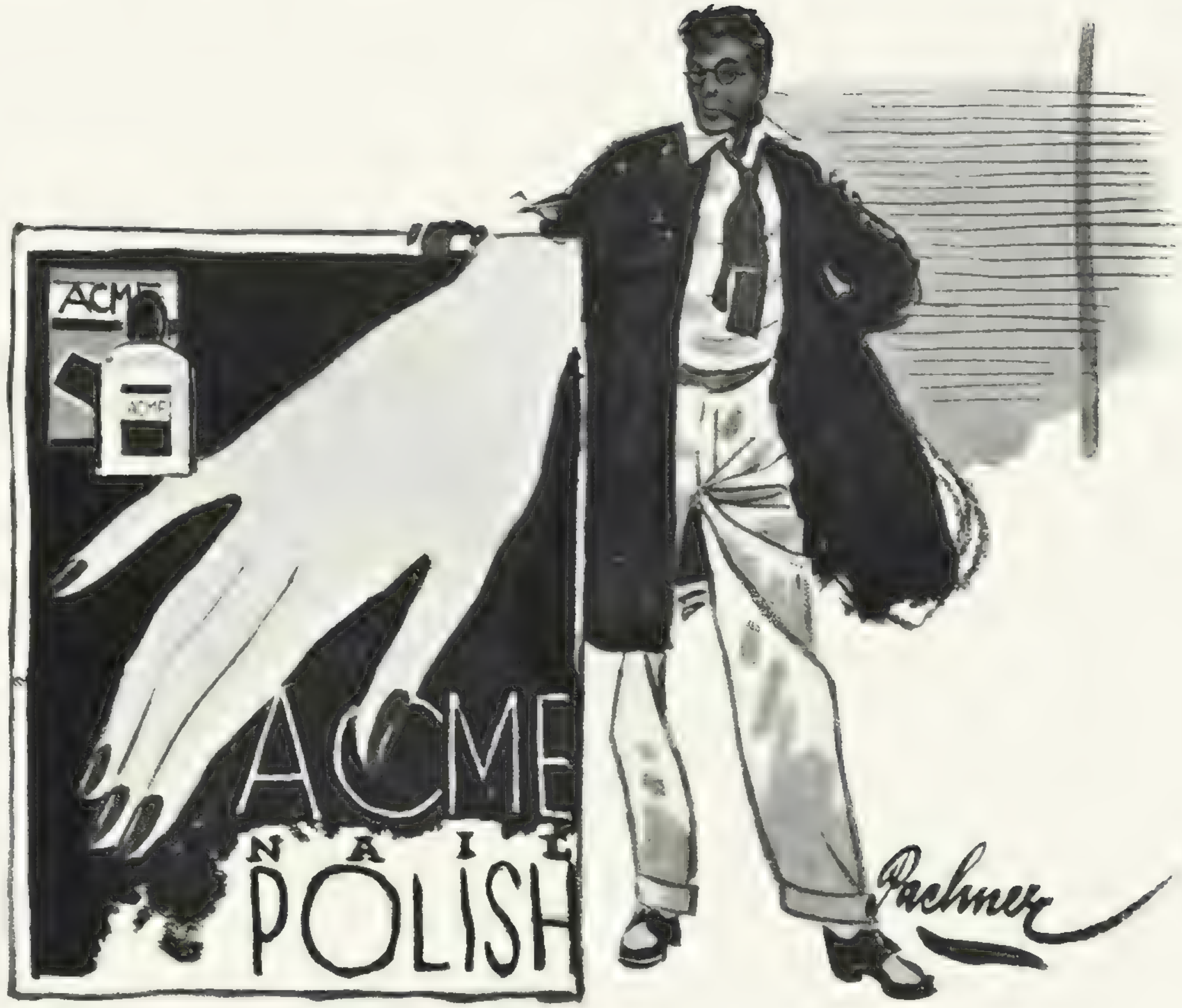
ACME
ACME
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NAIL
POLISH
Pachner

❻

“Some night le

t's go for a ride in the car"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Don't expect a quick turn-about even in a defeated Germany where music too is poisoned with political propaganda

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

Though the war has brought the world of music many things that are not precisely what we would have prescribed, at least it has not killed it. While we have been wearing out our coat lapels and our voices on *God Bless America*, *I'm an American*, *Defend Your Country*, *Here Comes an American*, and equally characterless tunes, the hiss of the whip and the thud of the Gestapo's boot have been the loudest echoes from the continent of Europe.

Mr. Hitler, of course, sandwiched his annual visit to Bayreuth in between the Battle of France and the Battle of England. Having fortified himself for the occasion by a "silence-cure" at Berchtesgaden, he sat among the wounded, his special guests. The fall of France was celebrated in the Reich by operatic galas and proclamations: WAR IS NO PUNISHMENT BUT RATHER THE ULTIMATE AND MOST BEAUTIFUL TEST OF STRENGTH OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE AND THEIR FITNESS TO LIVE.

Most of the good Italian singers being at home this year, performances have seldom been more brilliant. Tuneful operatic ditties have trooped alongside Mussolini's forces from Addis Ababa to Trondheim.

In England, the populace, withstanding the quarter-tones of air-raid sirens, continued its habit of writing *The Times*, belaboring the hour of concerts, the excessive length of intermissions, the content of the programs, etc., etc. When the BBC Orchestra buried itself "somewhere in England," the London Symphony and the Royal Philharmonic Society—first, with, and then without Sir Thomas Beecham—took over. When the Festival of English and French music was interrupted because of the defeat of France, another season of promenade concerts was organized under Sir Henry Wood. As no international season of opera materialized, Sadler's Wells relieved the drought, its basement becoming a public air raid shelter. Glyndebourne, no longer safe in its Sussex sanctuary, took to the road with popular operas in English.

Provincial orchestras, reduced from sixty to thirty-five, combined and gave festivals. When black-outs canceled evening programs, Lunch Hour and Tea-time concerts became the rule. Myra Hess organized and promoted a shilling series with top-notch artists at the National Gallery. John McCormack and Harry Lauder came out of retirement to broadcast to the soldiers and sing benefits. Musical activity in the British Isles changed, but did not cease.

Our own musical life was enriched by the year-round presence of the greatest artists, many of whom applied for citizenship. Arturo Toscanini, spending his first summer on this continent, took the NBC orchestra south of the equator, shattered all records. Thousands stood in tears at the theaters and on the docks when he left. Kirsten Flagstad sang for the first time to tens of thousands in *al fresco* auditoriums around the country. Bruno Walter conducted his first summer concerts in America. Lauritz Melchior made his debut at Hollywood's Bowl. Illness prevented Horowitz from a scheduled out-door tour. Herbert Graf, once of Salzburg, worked at the Berkshire Music Center where Paul Hindemith taught.

The Metropolitan Opera management—if it has been on its toes—will have seized the opportunity before this of introducing and sponsoring in this country members of the *Opéra* and *Opéra Comique*. Nothing at 39th and Broadway needs a pulmotor more than the French repertoire. Now is the time. Mr. Average Man needs to realize, at last, that his preoccupation with German art has prevented him from doing full justice to the contribution of the French mind to music. It is not a question of stopping our ears now or at any other time in the presence of really great German music, the glory of which nothing can ever dim, but of realizing in the first place that even the German masterpieces do not exhaust the possibilities of music and in the second place that it is time we began to distinguish between the first-rate German classics and the second- to sixth-rate.

In addition to enlarging our concert fare and lengthening those months commonly known as "the season," the war has freed people like myself from the burden of reading German musical magazines. It is indeed a relief, for they had become the ultimate in tedium.

I can think of no comparable form of boredom. One read them only because of a deep sense of professional duty. There was no longer the fun of guessing what would come next.

When these magazines began to show a passionate interest in the native music of some country bordering upon Germany, it was fairly obvious that it was for reasons not entirely artistic. This interest sometimes extended to territories remote from Germany; thus when events rendered it no longer necessary to make the German public Sudeten-minded they were deluged with articles by Japanese authorities not only on Japanese art in general but on such burning questions as the correct inscenation of Puccini's *Madam Butterfly*.

Italian contemporaries now receive fullest praise, and there was a time when Russian music replaced Japanese as the subject nearest the heart of the editor. Both German musical papers and books have been receding beyond the pale of serious concern; most of them were unreadable by the time the war started a year ago. The German national

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Tony Barlow

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Of books, and thoughts, and other things, together with a list of titles to "spot"

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

It is quite useless to write comments on any books dealing with the war, because history is now so accelerated that before the book appears it has become out of date. But that does not mean that I am not thinking about the war; everyone is thinking about the war, except the politicians who go on talking about domestic issues when the greatest of all issues, more domestic than foreign, is the war. The outcome of the war overshadows every other particular concern of the American people. I am writing in August and before these words appear in print almost anything may have happened.

Whatever may have happened, one thing is true. The British people are the greatest people of whom we have any historical record. When I was a Freshman in college a Latin teacher said the Romans were the greatest nation in antiquity, because they were greatest in the greatest things—self-government, respect for law, and colonization. But even then, I did not believe those were the greatest things; the greatest things are poetry, drama, philosophy when it is literature, and original thought on profound themes. Thus I placed the Greeks above the Romans; and the British are greater than either the Greeks or the Romans, because they have combined the best qualities of the Greeks, of the Romans, and also of the Jews. They have produced even more splendid poetry and drama than the Greeks; they have shown a capacity for self-government and colonization superior to that of the Romans; and while the Jews gave the world the Bible —for of the sixty-six books of the Bible all but two were written by Jews—the British made a translation of the Bible which as literature is superior to the original; and by its light their moral ideals have been steadily maintained. The foundation of Anglo-Saxon civilization is the Bible.

I should like to recommend two books written by one of the most cultivated and most civilized men of our time, whose early death was a severe loss to the world of letters. Paul Cohen-Portheim was a young Austrian Jew, whose mother brought him up to speak fluently the European languages, and to cultivate the fine arts. He was a professional painter and when the war broke out in 1914, he was painting in southwestern England. He was interned for the duration; and shortly after the close of the war he began to produce books; the first I saw was *England—the Unknown Isle*. This is the most accurate, the most observant, the most fair-minded, the most intellectually mature appraisal of England and the English people that I have seen written by a foreigner. In this book he stated that through the long ages the finest product of the evolutionary process was the English Gentleman.

This lends additional interest to the statement of the German authorities that they now intend to destroy the English Gentleman.

Another book by Mr. Cohen-Portheim is *The Discovery of Europe*, in which he pointed out that the best things in modern civilization came from Europe; and that there was danger that this precious heritage might be destroyed. In the long run it may appear—no matter how this war ends—that the greatest disaster that ever happened to Germany was Hitler. One of the more recent biographies of Napoleon, by a French scholar, declares that France would have been better off if Napoleon had never lived.

The most important new work in American literary criticism is by Van Wyck Brooks, who follows his admirable *The Flowering of New England* with an equally fine sequel *New England: Indian Summer*, covering the years 1865-1915. I have read nearly everything Mr. Brooks has written and my admiration for his scholarship, wisdom and judgment steadily increases. I like all his books except *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* where, starting with the wrong thesis, he got further and further from the truth. I wonder if he himself had any misgivings about that work, for some years after its first appearance, he produced a new and revised edition. But his main thesis being wrong, the correction in details helped very little. It was like using palliative pills where the disease called for a major operation. Seldom have I seen such intellectual energy, such "expense of spirit" so completely wasted. But when Mr. Brooks writes about Emerson and his New England associates, he is on firm and familiar ground; so that *The Flowering* and *Indian Summer* are brilliant and valuable contributions to literary scholarship.

They are also so well written, with such a glow of enthusiasm, such a reverence for the noblest ideals of the human spirit, and with such extraordinary charm, that despite their weight of thought, they are remarkably easy reading. I mean that the reader is inspired by the excitement of the author; so that one is carried along by the power of a swift current. One is as eager to read the next page as in a thrilling romance.

These volumes and those to follow constitute a *magnum opus*. Dr. Von Holst said in the preface to his *Constitutional History of the United States* that other histories on the same subject had been written, but none with such "soberness of mind." This attitude of superiority is nowhere claimed or expressed by Mr. Brooks; he is content to let his work speak for itself. But the three words really do describe this history of American literature, which to me is a more interesting subject than our Constitutional history. And now he is planning to return to earlier times in his next book, which will be called *The Age of*

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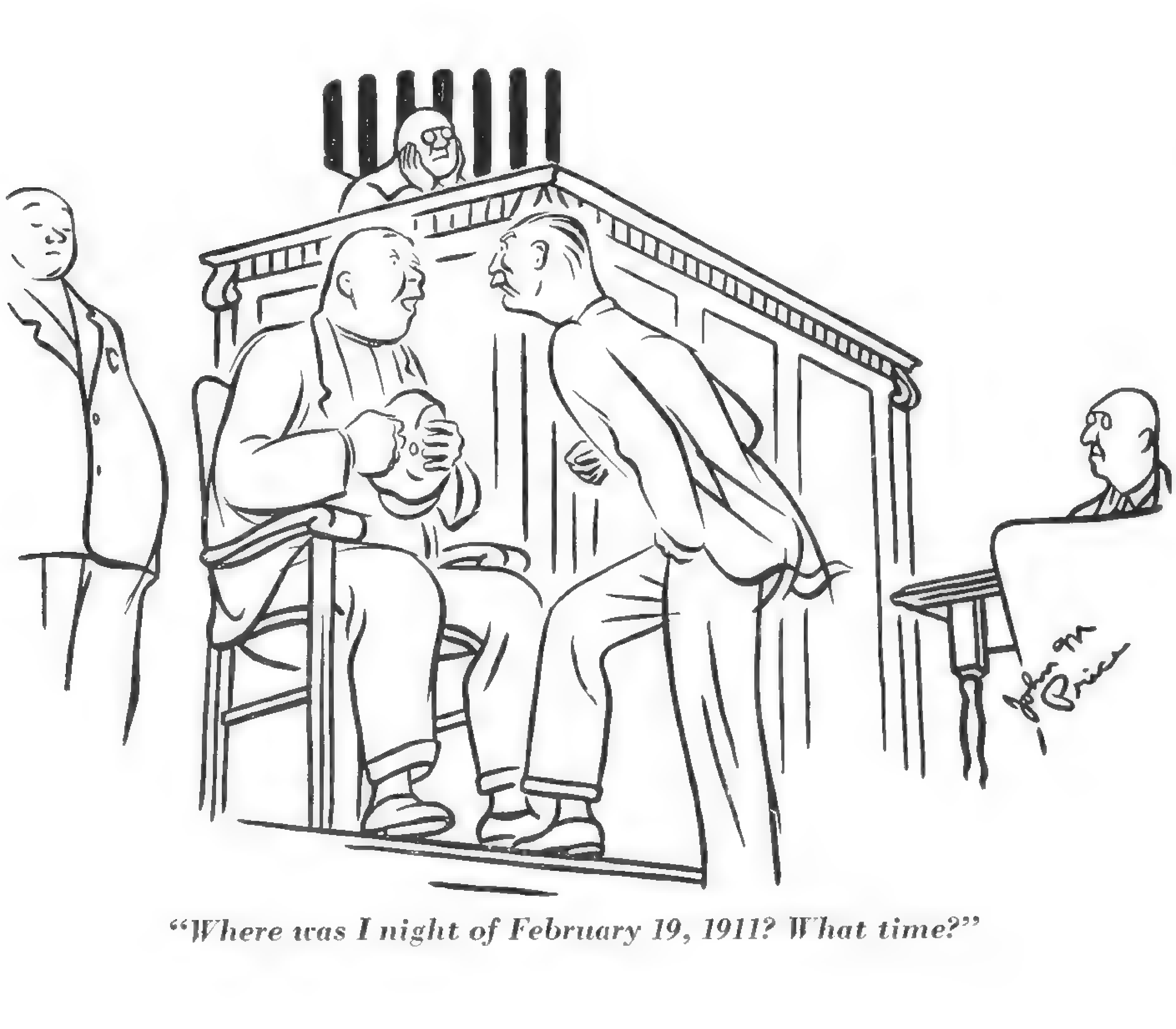
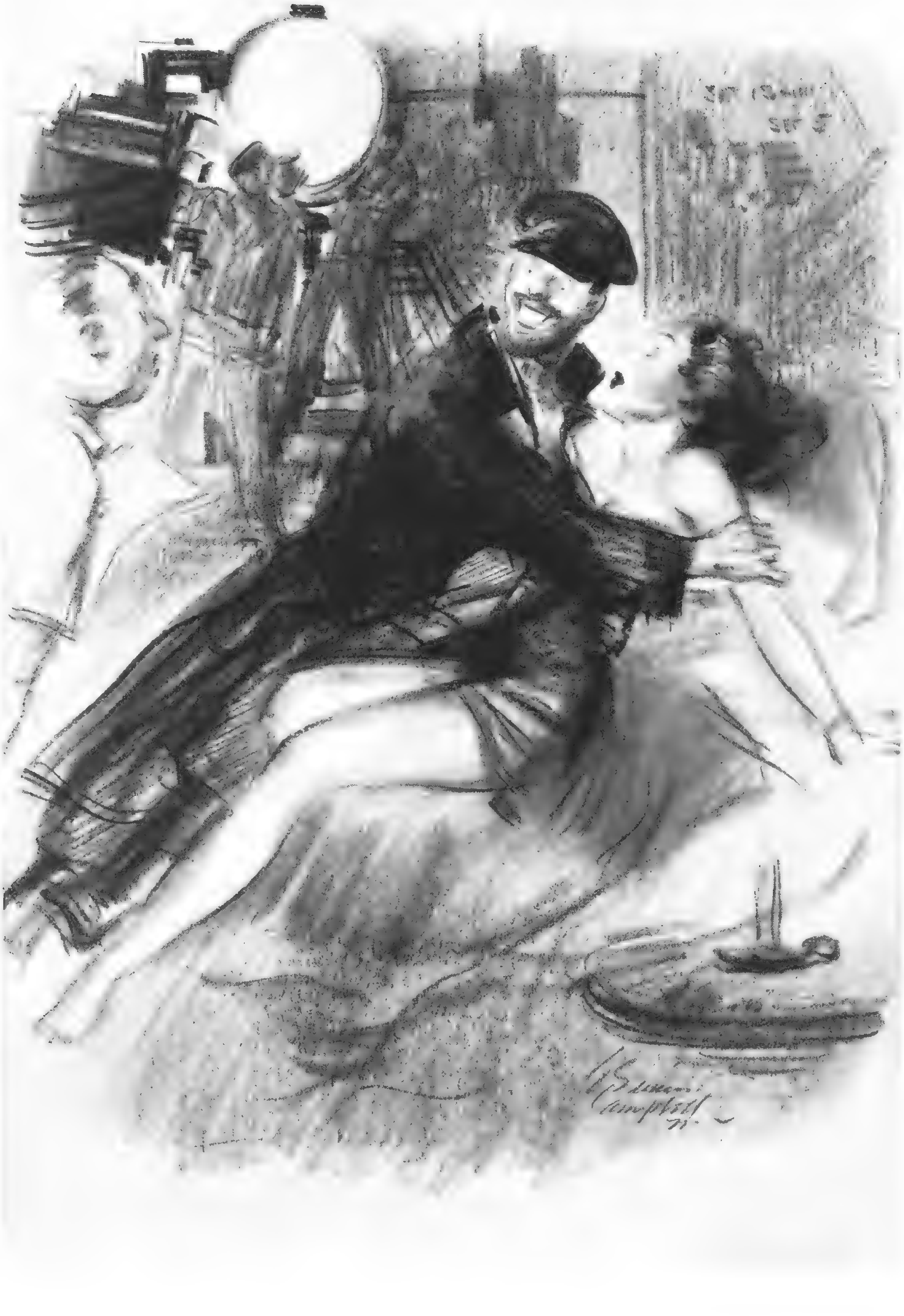
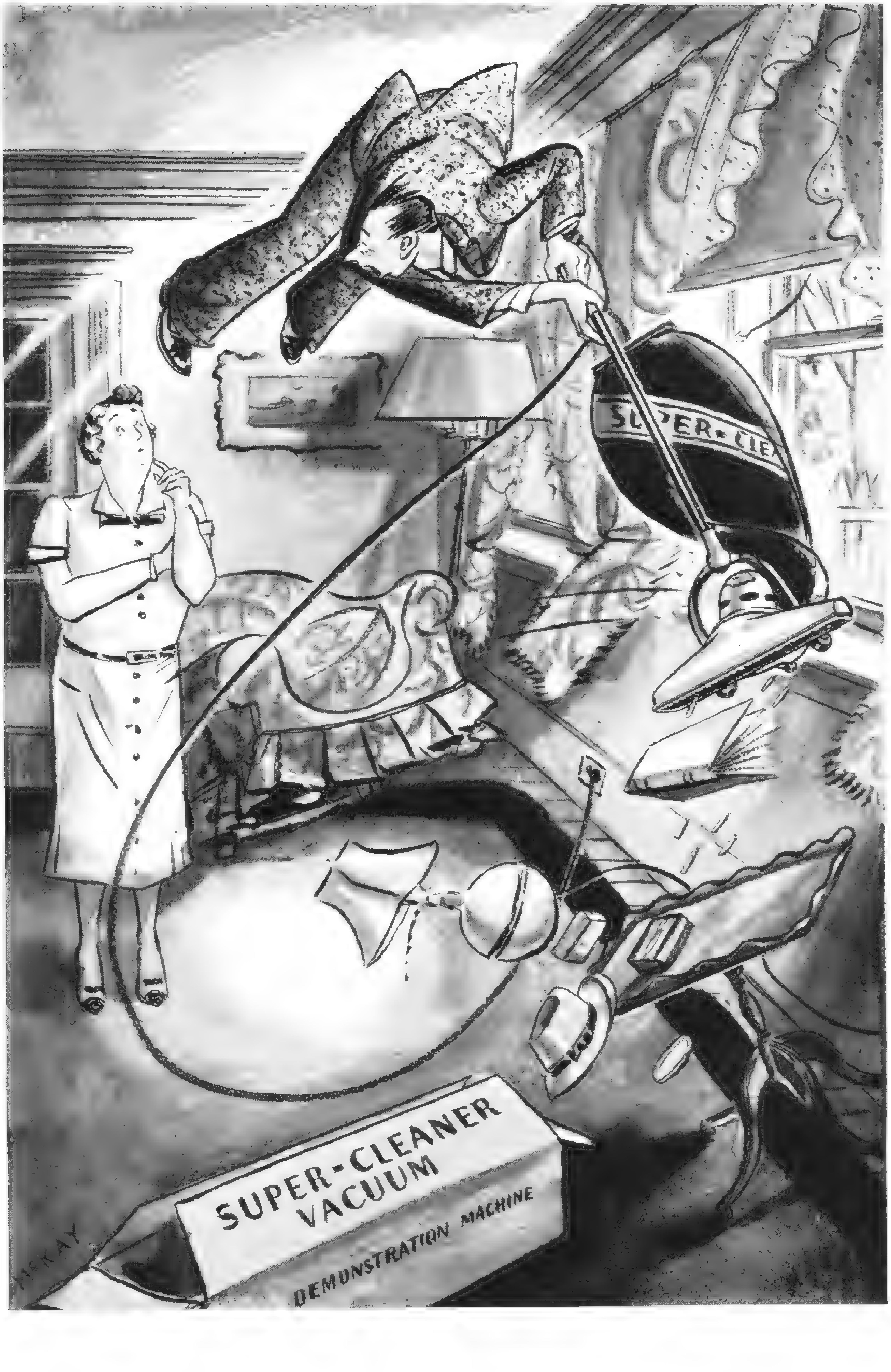


"Where was I night of February 19, 1911? What time?"



"That wasn't any good either, was it? You want me to do it again, don't you?"


SUPER-CLE
SUPER-CLEANER VACUUM
DEMONSTRATION MACHINE
McKAY

"It's not supposed to do this, of course!"

The House of Pain

It was a cozy little interview till Miss Gerry found out what part the young playwright had chosen for her

by IRWIN SHAW

• FICTION •

"TELL her Mr. Bloomer wants to see her," Philip said, holding his hat, standing straight before the elegant, white-handed hotel clerk.

"It's a Mr. Bloomer, Miss Gerry," the hotel clerk said elegantly, looking through Philip's plain, clean face, far across the rich lobby.

Philip heard the famous voice rise and fall in the receiver. "Who the hell is Mr. Bloomer?" the famous, sweet voice said.

Philip moved his shoulders uncomfortably in his overcoat. His country-boy ears, sticking out from his rough hair, reddened.

"I heard that," he said. "Tell her my name is Philip Bloomer and I wrote a play called *The House of Pain*."

"It's a Mr. Philip Bloomer," the clerk said languidly, "and he says he wrote a play called *A House of Pain*."

"Did he come all the way up here to tell me that?" the deep rich voice boomed in the receiver. "Tell him, that's dandy."

"Let me talk to her, please." Philip grabbed the receiver from the clerk's pale hand. "Hello," he said, his voice shaking in embarrassment. "This is Philip Bloomer."

"How do you do, Mr. Bloomer," the voice said with charm.

"The thing is, Miss Gerry, this play I wrote," Philip tried to find the subject, the object, the predicate before she hung up, "*The House of Pain*."

"The clerk said *A House of Pain*, Mr. Bloomer."

"He's wrong," Philip said.

"He's a very stupid man, that clerk," the voice said. "I've told him so many times."

"I went to Mr. Wilkes' office," Philip said desperately, "and they said you still had the script."

"What script?" Miss Gerry asked.

"*The House of Pain*," Philip cried, sweating. "When I brought it into Mr. Wilkes' office I suggested that you play the leading part and they sent it to you. Now, you see, somebody at the Theatre Guild wants to see the script, and you've had it for two months already, so I thought you mightn't mind letting me have it."

There was a pause, an intake of breath at the other end of the wire. "Won't you come up, Mr. Bloomer?" Miss Gerry said, her voice chaste but inviting.

"Yes, Ma'am," Philip said.

"1205, Sir," the clerk said, delicately taking the phone from Philip's hands and placing it softly on its pedestal.

In the elevator Philip looked anxiously at his reflection in the mirror, arranged his tie, tried to smooth down his hair. The truth was he looked like a farm boy, a dairy hand who had perhaps gone to Agricultural school for two years. As far as possible he tried to avoid meeting theatre people because he knew nobody would believe that anybody who looked like him could write plays.

He got out of the elevator and went down the softly-carpeted hall to 1205. There was a sheet of paper stuck in a clip on the metal door. He braced himself and rang the bell.

Miss Adele Gerry opened the door herself. She stood there, tall, dark-haired, perfumed, womanly, in an afternoon dress that showed a square yard of bosom. Her eyes held the same dark fire that had commanded admiring attention on many stages from Brooks Atkinson, from Mantle, from John Mason Brown. She stood there, her hand lightly on the door knob, her hair swept up simply, her head a little to one side, looking speculatively at Philip Bloomer in the hallway.

"I'm Mr. Bloomer," Philip said.

"Won't you come in?" Her voice was sweet, simple, direct, fitted exactly to the task of allaying the nervousness of farm boys and dairy hands.

"There's a note for you on the door," Philip said, glad of one sentence at least with which to get inside.

"Oh, thank you," she said, taking it.

"Probably a letter from some secret admirer," Philip said with a smile, suddenly resolved to be gallant, to fight the farm boy, destroy the dairy hand.

Miss Gerry took the sheet of paper over to the window, scanned it, her eyes close to it near-sightedly, her whole body beautifully intent on the written word.

"It's a menu," she said, tossing it on a table. "They have lamb stew tonight."

Philip closed his eyes for a moment, hoping that when he opened them, Miss Gerry, the room, the hotel would have completely disappeared.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Bloomer?" Miss Gerry said.

He opened his eyes and marched across the room and sat upright in a little gilt chair. Miss Gerry arranged herself beautifully on a sofa, her hand outstretched along the back, the fingers dangling, the legs very girlishly tucked in.

"You know, Mr. Bloomer," Miss Gerry said, her voice charmingly playful, "you don't look like a playwright at all."

"I know," Philip said, gloomily.

"You look so healthy." She laughed.

"I know."

"But you *are* a playwright?" She leaned forward intimately and Philip religiously kept his eyes away from her bosom. This, he suddenly realized, had become the great problem of the interview.

"Oh, yes," he said, looking steadfastly over her shoulder. "Yes, indeed. As I told you over the phone, I came up for my play."

"*The House of Pain*." She shook her head musingly. "A lovely title. Such a strange title

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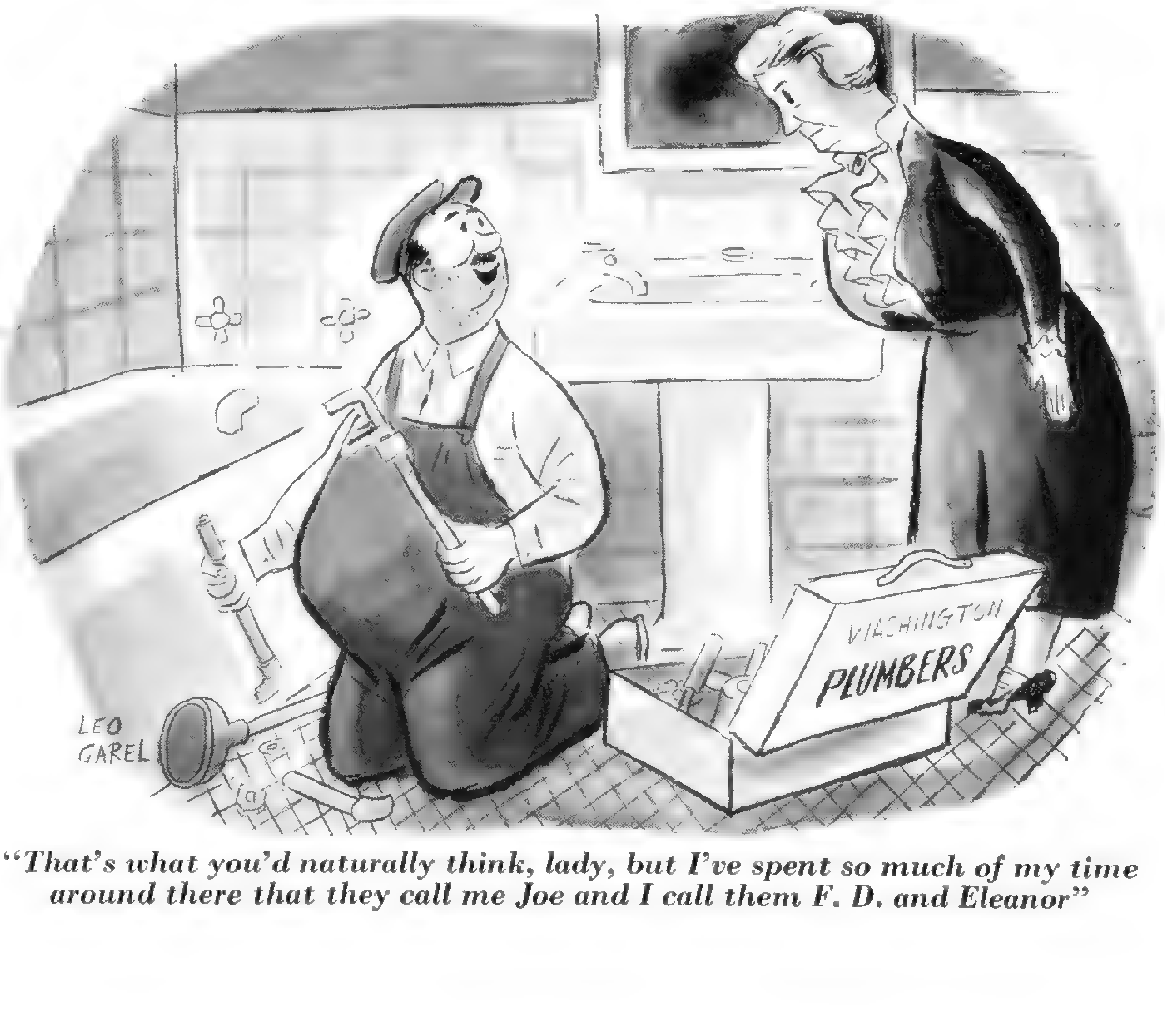

"That's what you'd naturally think, lady, but I've spent so much of my time around there that they call me Joe and I call them F. D. and Eleanor"

Beware of the Trojan Camel

The Drys are beginning another *putsch*, starting in rural communities, and they have an effective, double-edged weapon

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

IT CAN'T happen here *again*, people say—a little too glibly. As though a nation of a hundred and thirty million couldn't possibly be fooled a second time.

But it isn't the hundred and thirty million who do the maneuvering in these matters. It's the hen-and-bluenose minority, itching for our so-called betterment.

And now that our two-fisted lads are proving the stuff that's in them by going into uniform, prepared to defend Our Side of the Ocean in the interests of Liberty—well, it's a strategic time for schemers to figure how to filch a chunk of that Liberty from them. This trick was pulled successfully while the Doughboys were in France, wasn't it, sistren dears? So why not duplicate it by another W.C.T.U. *putsch?*

For the very same pretext is available again, namely, the notion that men in the Service need to be governessed against contamination by alcoholic beverages. Think of it, embustled Epworth Leaguers! Imagine the depravity of one of Uncle Sam's little Lord Fauntleroys of the Army or Navy in so forgetting what his Auntie of the Anti-Saloonatics told him—brazenly walking up to a bright and shiny bar and ordering himself a cocktail or a beer. Really, it's as appalling as when the brood of ducks a hen has raised, suddenly walk out on her in favor of the pond. The moral is, Abolish the Pond.

Let's skip for the moment, the fact that it's a pond which *can't* be abolished or dried up. (Any time you try, a million dirty puddles crop up spontaneously.) Getting down to realities, we've got to recognize that putting a uniform on our he-guys, God bless 'em, doesn't change the shape of their tonsils. For countless thousands of years these young men's ancestors were imbibers. Their throats are as conditioned to fermented and distilled beverages as their teeth are to meat eating. So they are going to drink on occasion. And why shouldn't they?

I understand (stop me if you've heard it) that a soldier by the name of G. Washington wasn't exactly a teetotaler, and possessed one of the best cellars on this continent. Nor was Ulysses S. Grant, who believed in keeping his cigar moist. Nor any other martial leader I can think of in all history, aside from the Mohammedans. And are you personally acquainted with any officer of the Army, Navy, or Marines who subsists contentedly on ice water? Certainly *I've* never come across any such. In fact, it's from the old boys in the Service that I get my best recipes. Who else are our tutors in julepping and punchwork? Who but the American Navy introduced America to Bacardi and the Daiquiri thereof, in 1898? Indeed, when today our warships patrol the rum isles of the West Indies, they do so with plenty of sentiment and rich tradition.

But what about the gob or buck private who hasn't access to the privileges and punctilios of the officers' mess?

Well, the *worst* way to attempt to "do him good" would be to close up the legally operated bars and package stores he at present has use of when on leave. You wouldn't stop his drinking, you would merely re-route it away from control and reliability and into the shady realm of the half-pint up the alley where poison lurks.

Furthermore, you'd be demolishing the social standards, all the niceties of drinking, that have developed since Repeal. For the average young fellow in his early twenties today is already of a different era. To him, drinking is an agreeable rite enjoyed in one's home with one's parents, brothers, sisters, and at pleasant restaurants with one's girl, along with other fellows and their girls. It is a part of birthday parties, dances, weddings, and so on. To rob him of all this normal, casual enjoyment and consign him grimly to the tender mercies of the blind tiger, the bootlegger, and the gangster, would be stinking stupidity such as only a Mrs. Ella Droole and her petticoateries would take great pride in.

So wake up, America. When the cats yowl, have that bootjack ready.

Unfortunately they are not only yowling but also clawing—getting their hooks into any rural county that isn't on its guard. Before the easy-going citizenry realize what is afoot, it's pounce! and the county is grabbed off into the dry column—thanks to sweet co-operation between the "temperance" forces and the local bootleggers and moonshiners, slyly aided by the politicians hankering for palm grease.

Great moral triumph, they call it. Oh, so moral! And in preparation for it every sort of intimidation is brought to bear, on the pattern "Are you for Morality or aren't you, Mr. Legislator, Mr. Newspaper Editor, Mr. Mayor, Mr. President of the Chamber of Commerce?"

A fantastic example of this blue bully-ragging occurred a couple of years ago in a certain Southern state I'm acquainted with, where the cohorts of gloom, looking for new worlds to conquer, thought up a bill which would forbid dancing on Sunday. A husband and wife who were so licentious as to turn on the radio or phonograph of a Sabbath afternoon and take a few waltz twirls in their living room, would have been lawbreakers, liable to arrest and durance vile. "Too farcical to take seriously," was the laughing opinion of a young Senator, friend of mine, representing urban constituents.

"You'll be surprised, I'm afraid," sighed a senior of many terms, representing rural folks. "This is one of those moral issues and,

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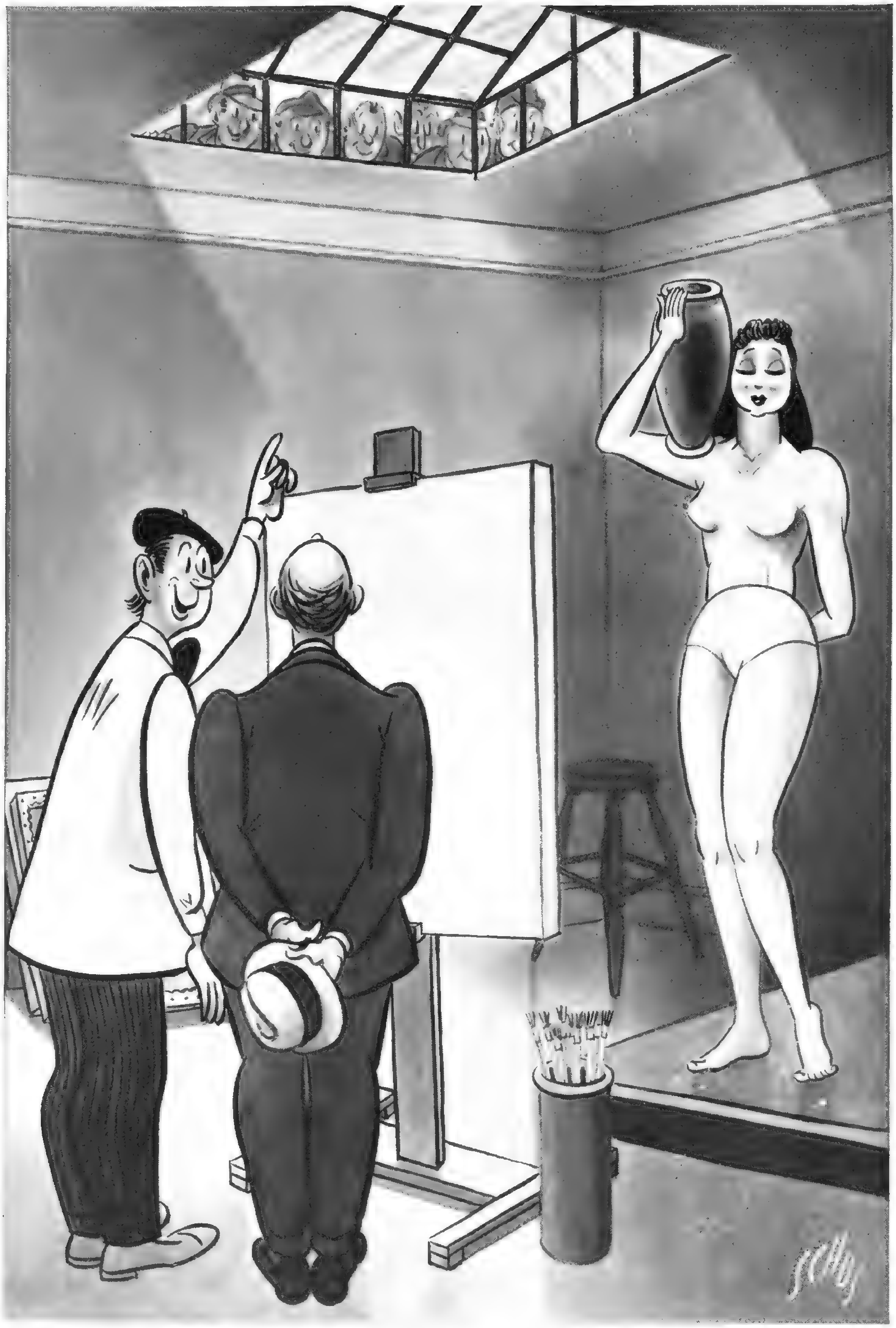
SALE
PANTIES
DOWN!
LARIAR

"These will last for years—unless you slide down bannisters in them"



"That skylight pays my rent!"

Esquire on the Record

How to sing a one-man quartet, which discs you'll keep, which junk, and praise for price cuts

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ RECORDS ▪

For years, the pricing of records has been a puzzle. How to solve such conundrums: A ten-inch disc sung by Marian Anderson accompanied by Eugene Ormandy and eighty men of the Philadelphia Orchestra, recording at union scale, retails for $1.50. A twelve-inch record by Miss Anderson with only Kosti Vehanen, her accompanist, at the piano costs $2. Does this make sense?

Of course, outlay for talent is only a fraction of a record's cost. Likewise, the amount of wax used is not a significant item: it does not cost 50c more to make a twelve-inch than a ten-inch disc. Advertising, promotion, distribution: the cost of moving the finished product from the factory to listeners' libraries is the greater cost. Any scale of prices determined by artistic merit or cost of materials is impossible. Therefore, having a monopoly, gramophone companies arbitrarily fixed prices according to the size of the disc, charging what they thought would bring them the greatest net profit.

A few artists were grouped in a lower classification and their performances sold for less. More recently, early recordings of old material have been re-issued at cut prices. But, in general, the established price has been maintained.

Merchandising experts have from time-to-time expressed the opinion that the demand for classical recordings is highly elastic, in other words, a slight decrease in the list price would bring a large increase in the number of records sold. The merit in this contention has been demonstrated by the widespread response to first quality recordings offered at reduced prices by newspapers and a music appreciation syndicate. No question about it, there is a larger public for records of good music than ever before. Listeners' appetites grow as they are fed . . . and many music lovers would add dozens of albums to their libraries if the cost were not prohibitive.

A step in the right direction is Columbia's recent announcement that its entire catalogue now sells at $1 for twelve-inch discs and 75 cents for ten-inchers. This makes available at half their former price all the Columbia masterworks, not seconds in interest or quality or value, but unparalleled performances by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic, Felix Weingartner and the Vienna Philharmonic, Artur Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony, Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony, Frederick Stock and the Chicago Orchestra and new recordings by the country's oldest—the New York Philharmonic-Symphony under John Barbirolli—and youngest—the All-American Youth orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski. Szigeti, Milstein, Piatigorsky, Feuermann, Gieseking, Robert Casadesus, Bartlett and Robertson, Nelson Eddy, Charles Kullman, Nino Martini, Orson Welles, Maurice Evans, and a half-dozen string quartets, among others, will make records at this new price.

Probably before you read this, RCA-Victor will have announced further price reductions in the 7500 selections of its catalogue. "The more, the merrier," says Mr. Record Buyer with his eye on the Christmas budget.

* * *

An organization has been formed in New York City for renting phonograph records. *Record Music Library*, it is called, with offices in Steinway Hall and records are sent out on a weekly basis with renewal privileges. . . .

Phonovision and Talkavision celluloid jukeboxes are getting off to a slow start. After an initial spurt, based on curiosity, the novelty has worn off and collegians, back in school, seem as willing to pay 5 cents for three minutes of music alone as for three minutes of sound plus the sight of their favorite band. They'd rather look at their dates.

SUGGESTIONS!

. . . Jean Watson, Canadian contralto, scored a sensational success at the last Bethlehem Bach Festival. Where were the scouts? We should have her on wax, for her voice would lend luster and beauty to any repertoire.

. . . Should you need spice for your record library—an authentic exotic touch—try Decca's *Music of the Orient* collection (Nos. 20120-31) or the Balinese Gamelan Gong Records (Decca Nos. 20133-38.) They're unique!

. . . Gordon King suggests a new pastime for long winter nights: singing duets or sextets with yourself. It's simple if you have a Home Recording equipment. First, record yourself singing a solo; then, play this record on a nearby phonograph and at the same time sing the tenor harmony to your own solo. The record amplifier will pick up both and preserve for your grandchildren a duet by you and yourself. Then (after a pause for breath, if necessary) play the duet record while you sing a third part, recording this on a third record. And so on *ad infinitum.*

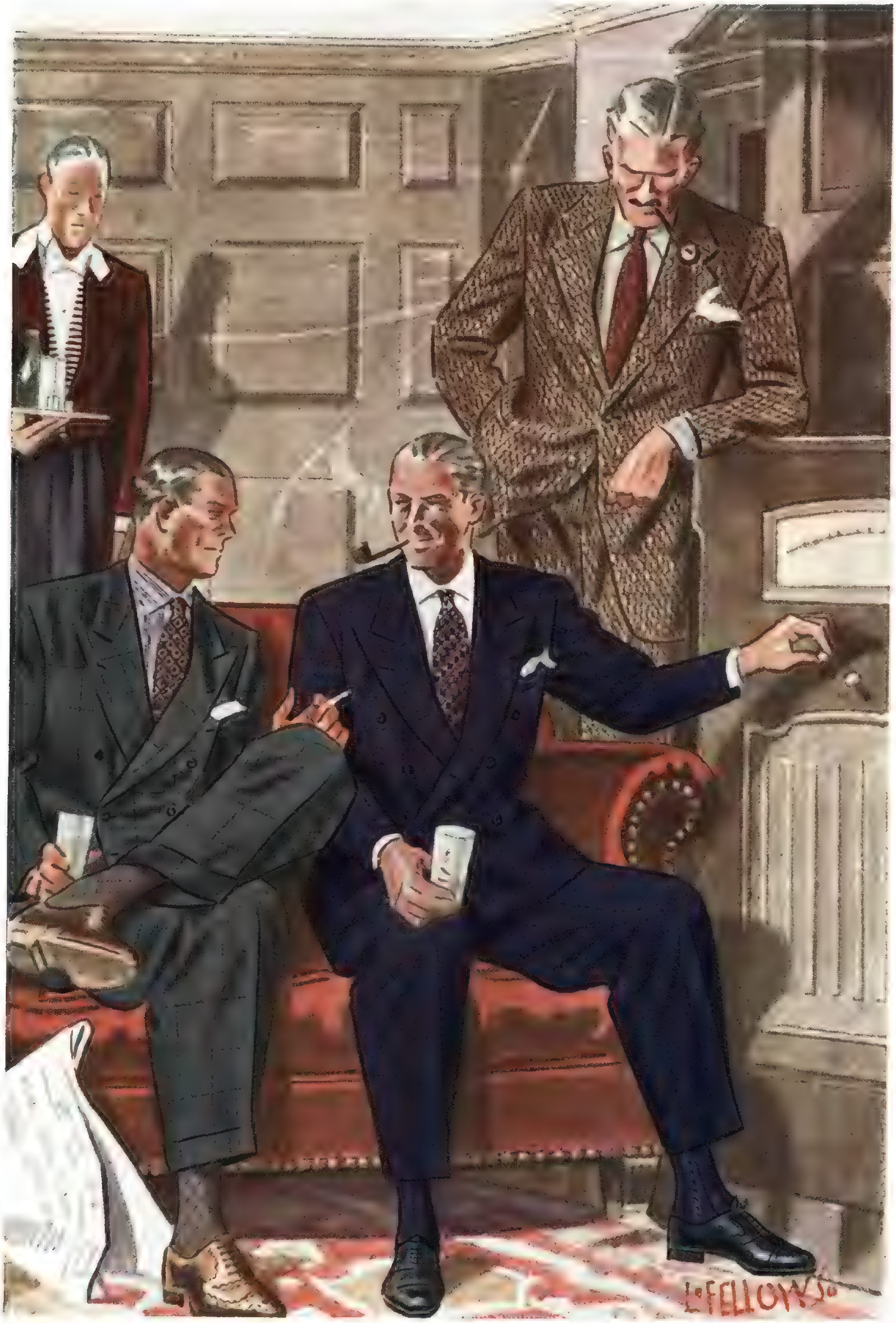
Well, why not? Let's have them: Duets by Bing Crosby! Quartets by Nelson Eddy and Jeannette MacDonald. Quintets by—well, you figure it out!

FOR YOUR COLLECTION

Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 4 in G, opus 58. Walter Gieseking and Saxon State Orchestra conducted by Karl Boehm. Columbia Masterwork. You may say it fails to sound the profoundest depths and, if so, you won't keep it in your collection. But, if you are content with finely shaded nuances of feeling,

Continued on page 157

"The finance company is stealing my car!"

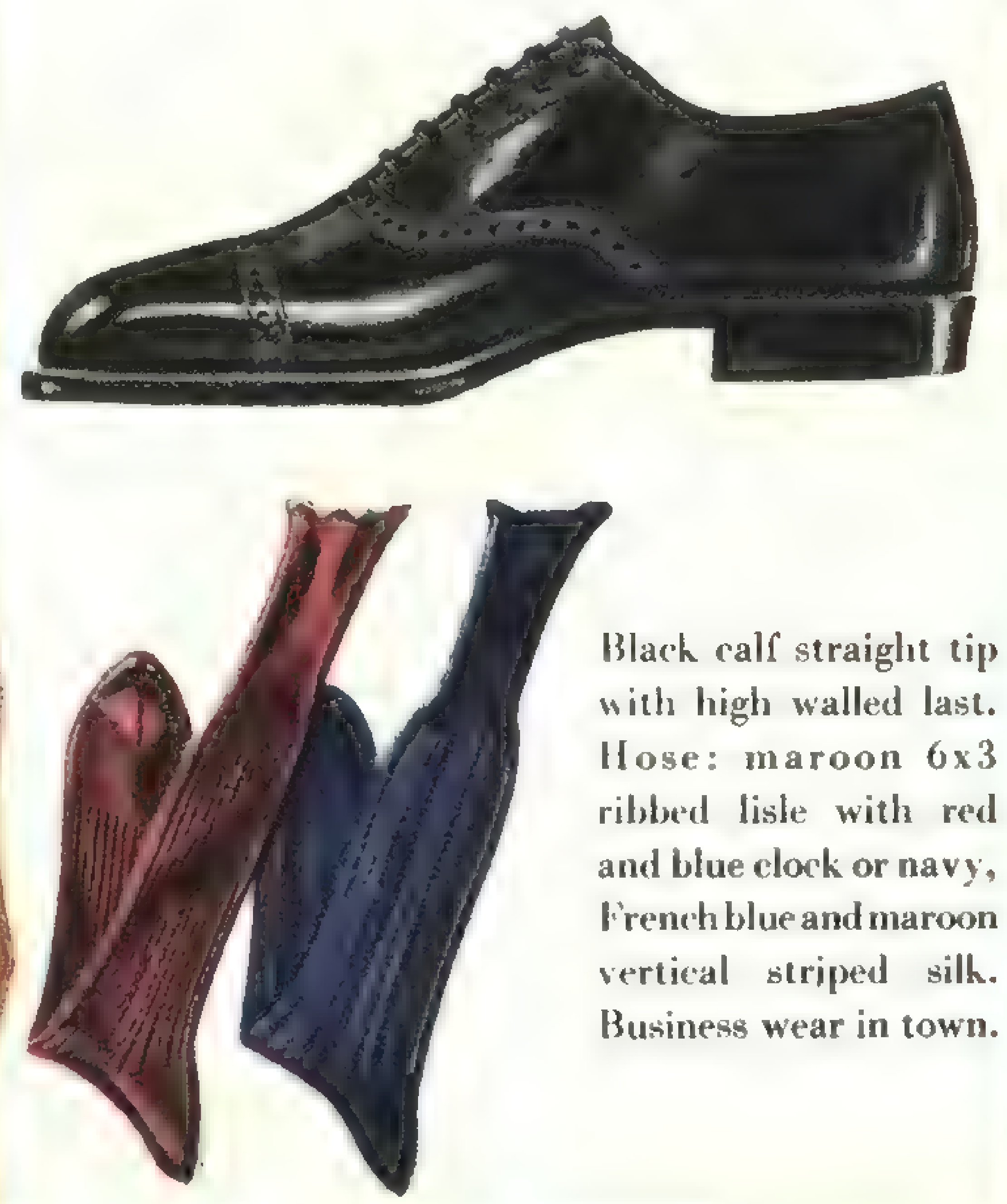


four votes for . . .

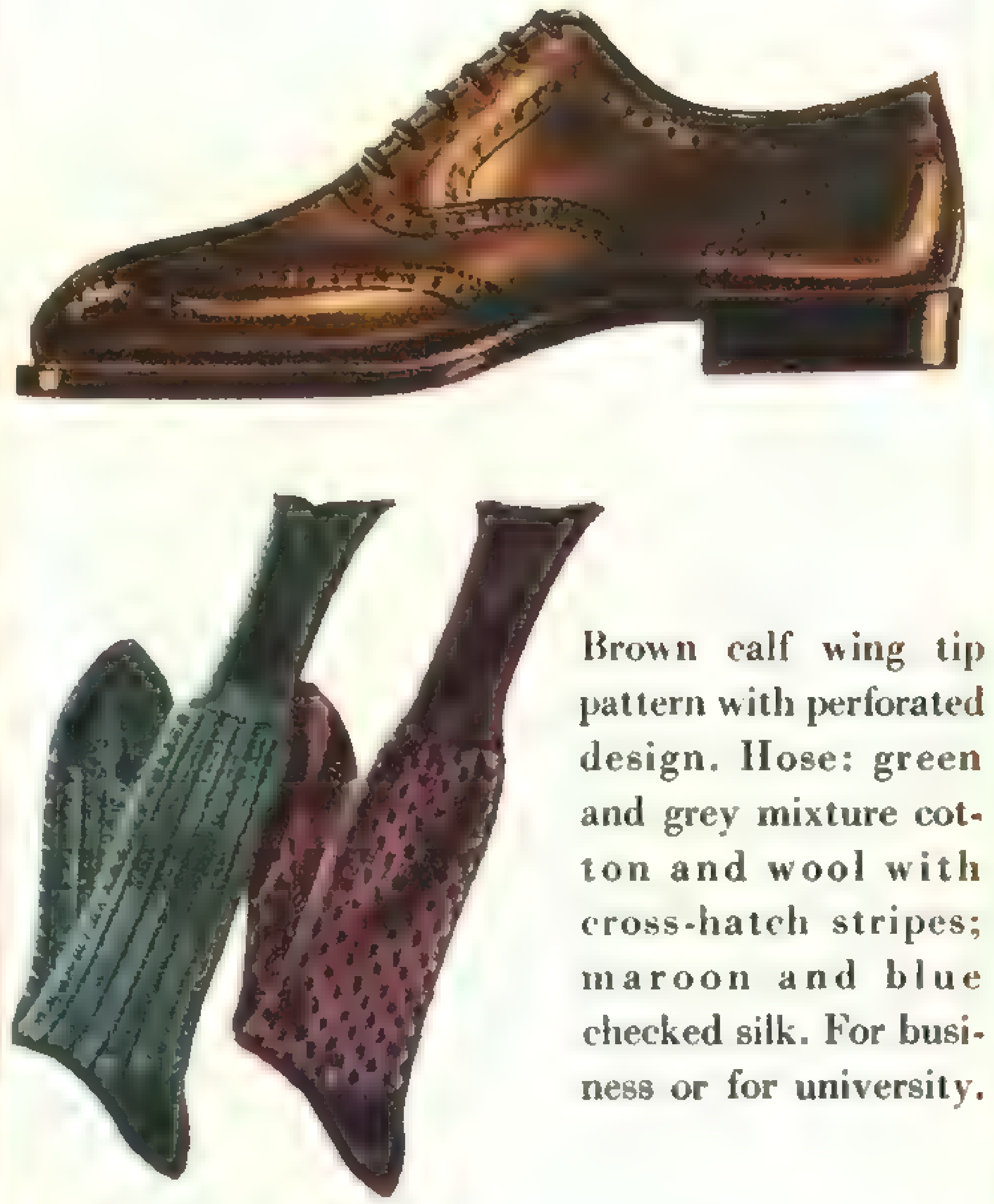
Your guess is as good as ours. At any rate, while the election returns pour in, and likewise the drinks, let us steal quietly from man to man and break down those smart town outfits into their component parts. At the left we have a dark-grey worsted suit with faint overplaid, red and blue Macclesfield tie, blue striped broadcloth shirt, grey- and wine-colored wool socks and dark-brown wing-tip shoes. Next victim: blue worsted overplaid suit, red, blue and grey Macclesfield tie, white broadcloth shirt, starched collar, clocked blue wool socks, black straight-tip shoes. Last and perhaps least: brown worsted suit, pale greenish striped shirt, copper-colored herringbone pattern tie. You might note, by the way, that overplaids are very conspicuous by their presence. No, we won't be describing the outfit of the man in the background. But being fond of democracies, we can't help pointing out that his vote counts just as much as that of any of the other three.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

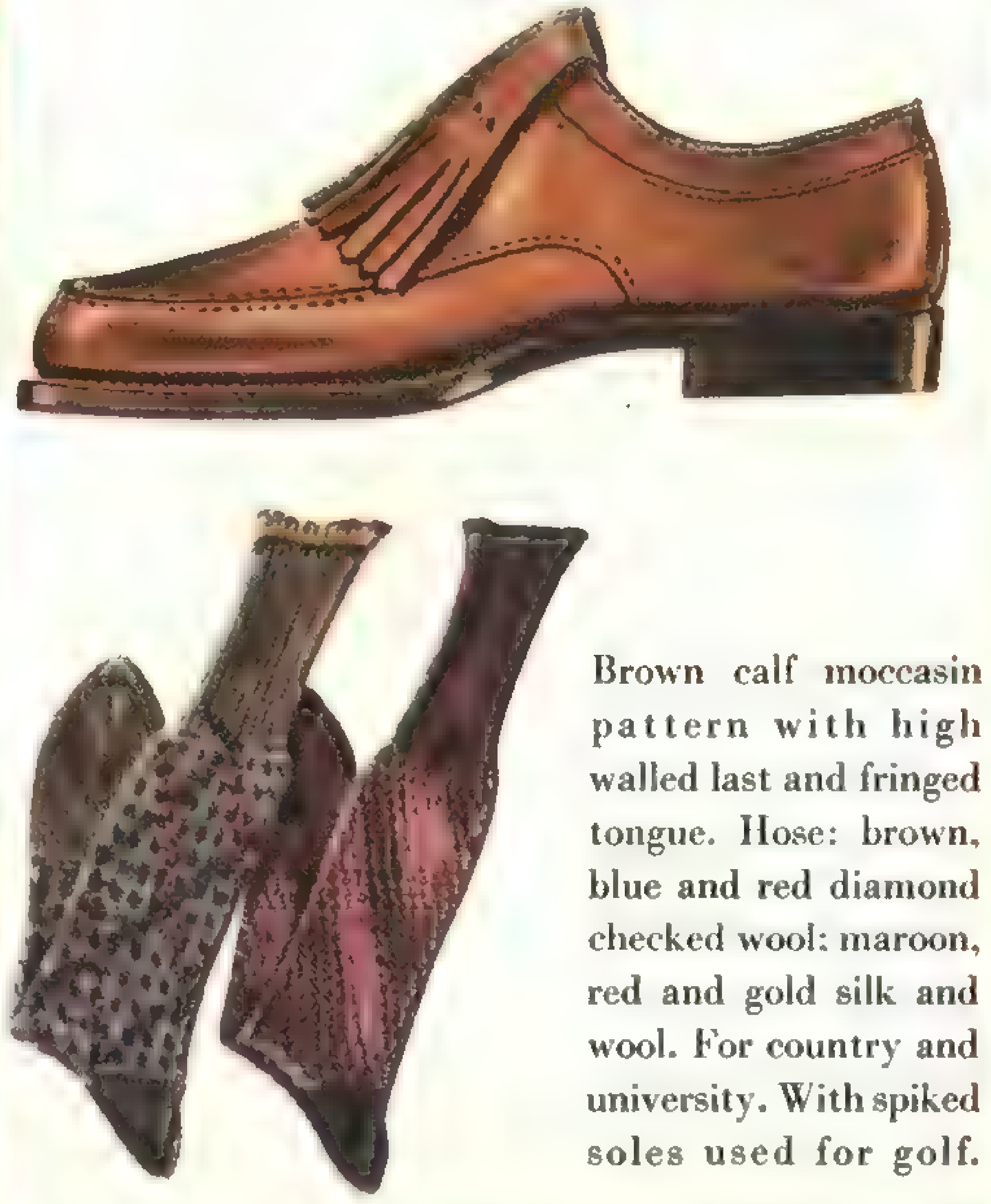
Esquire's shoe and sock wardrobe for fall and winter 1940-41



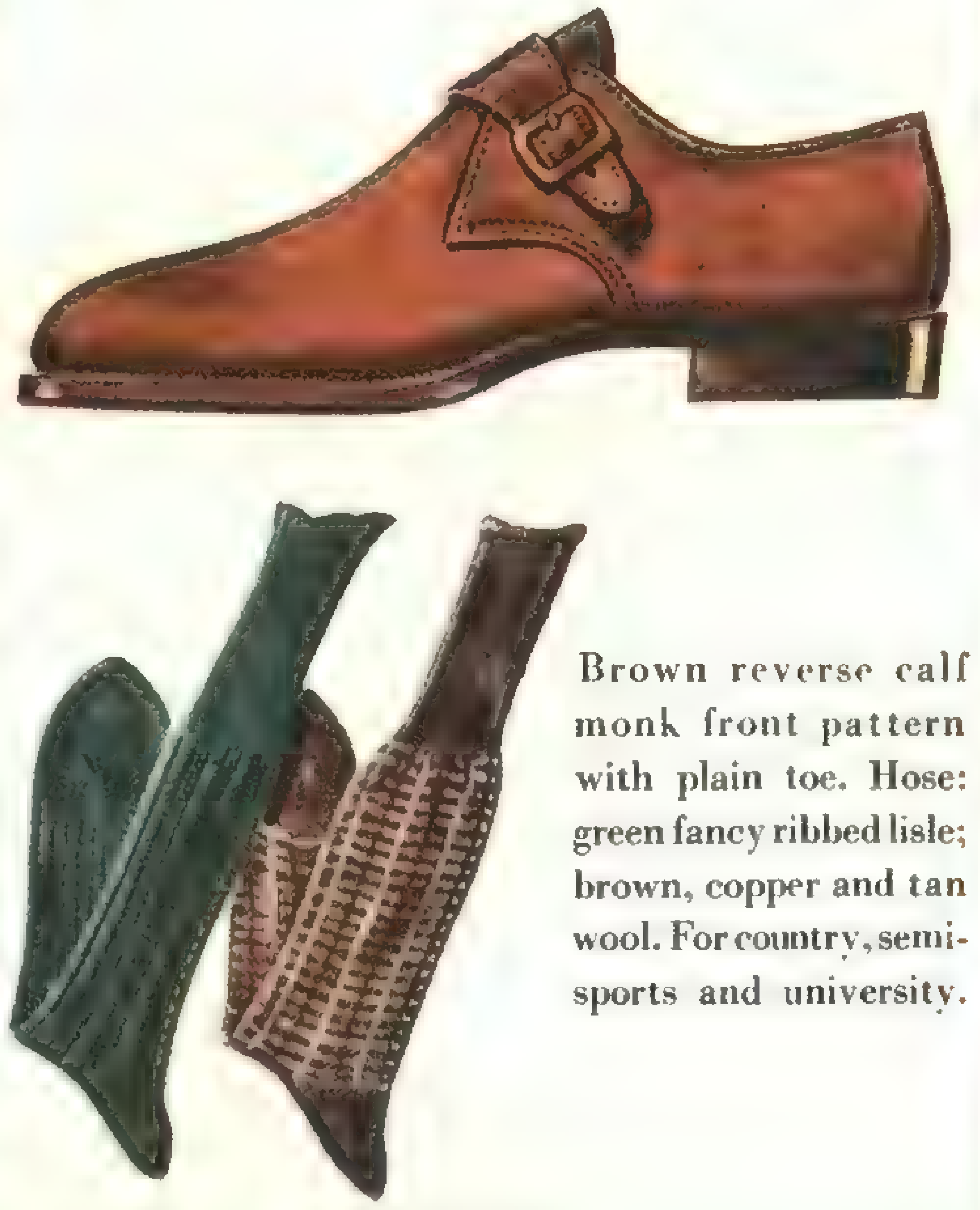
Black calf straight tip with high walled last. Hose: maroon 6x3 ribbed lisle with red and blue clock or navy, French blue and maroon vertical striped silk. Business wear in town.



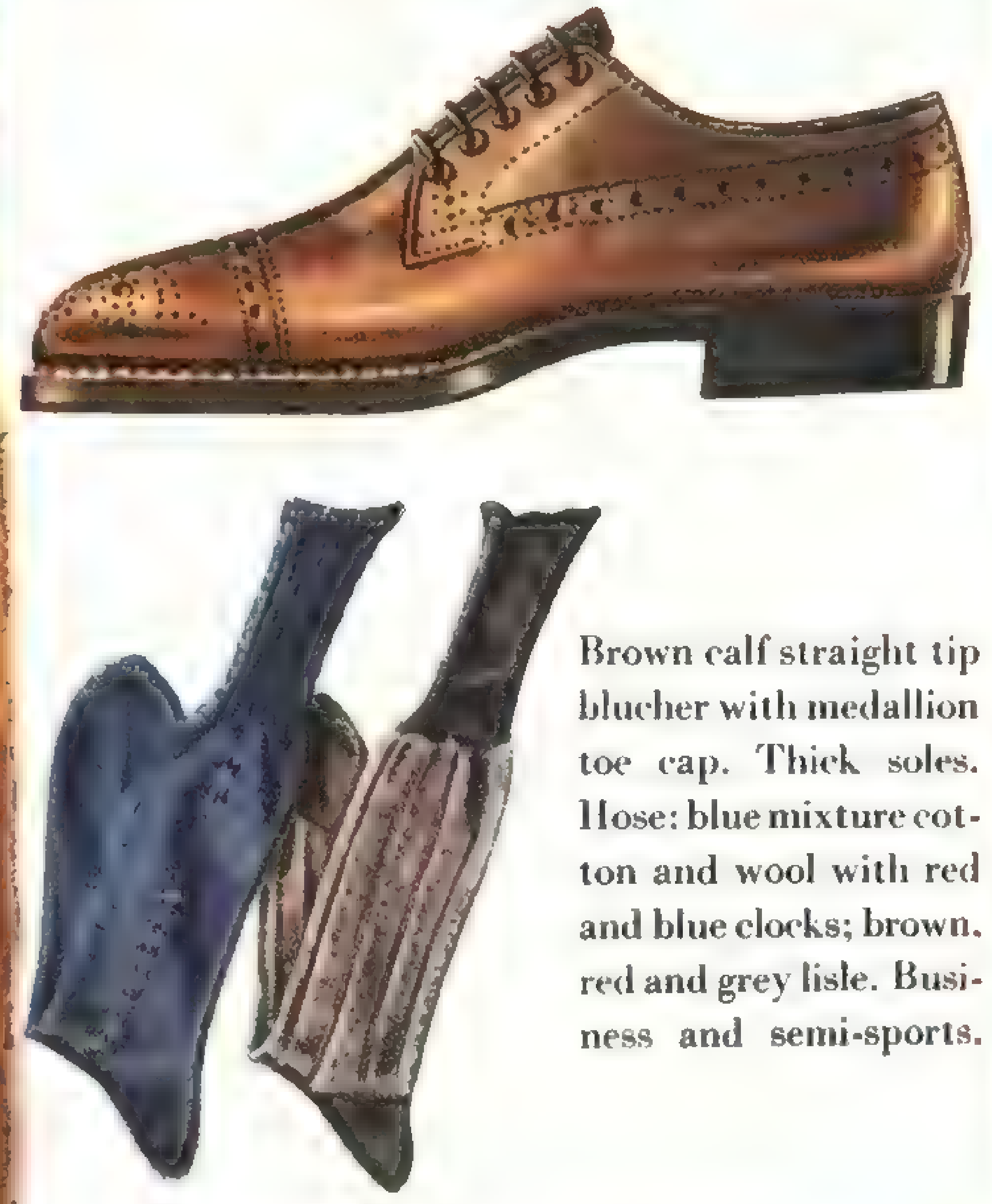
Brown calf wing tip pattern with perforated design. Hose: green and grey mixture cotton and wool with cross-hatch stripes; maroon and blue checked silk. For business or for university.



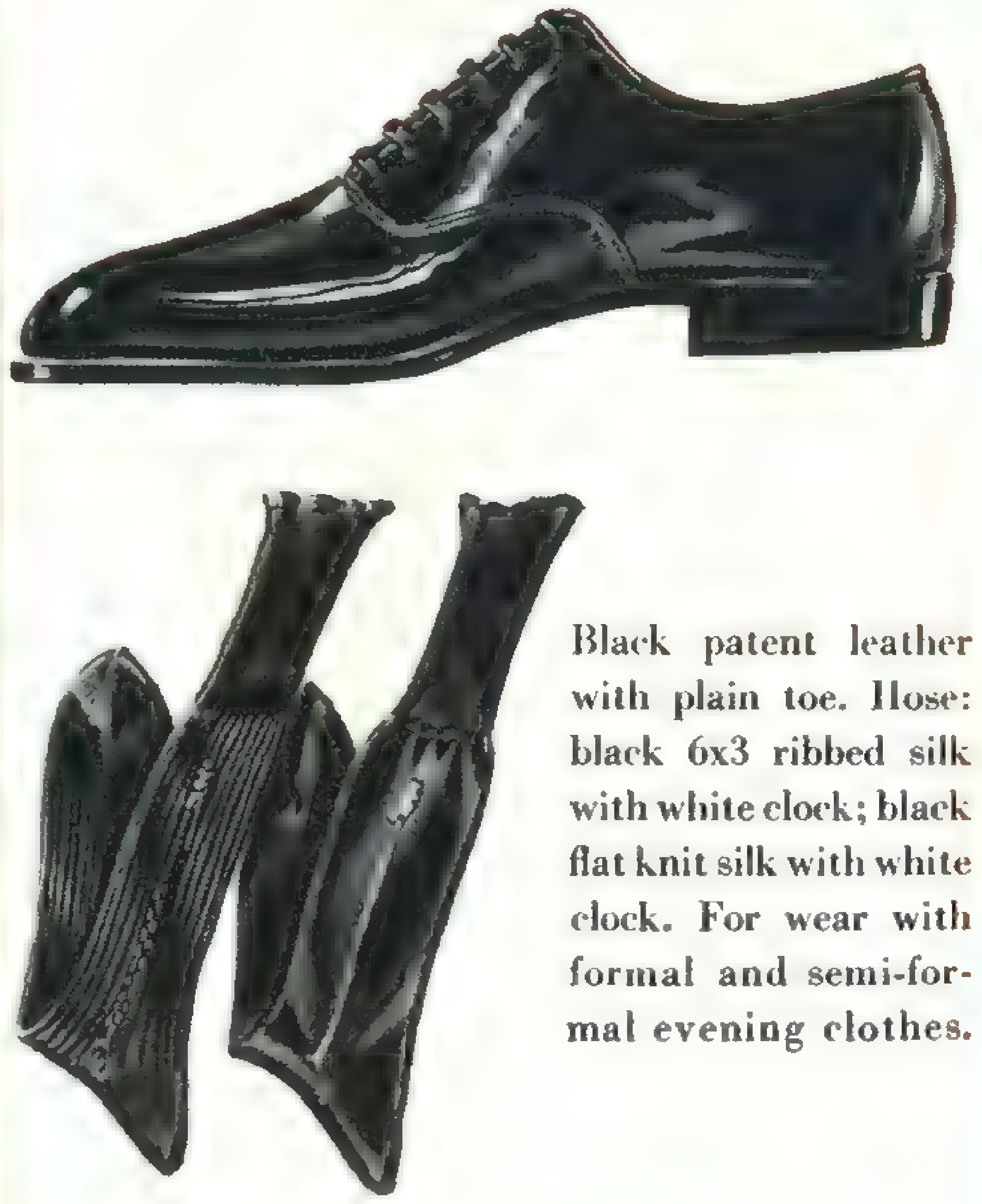
Brown calf moccasin pattern with high walled last and fringed tongue. Hose: brown, blue and red diamond checked wool: maroon, red and gold silk and wool. For country and university. With spiked soles used for golf.



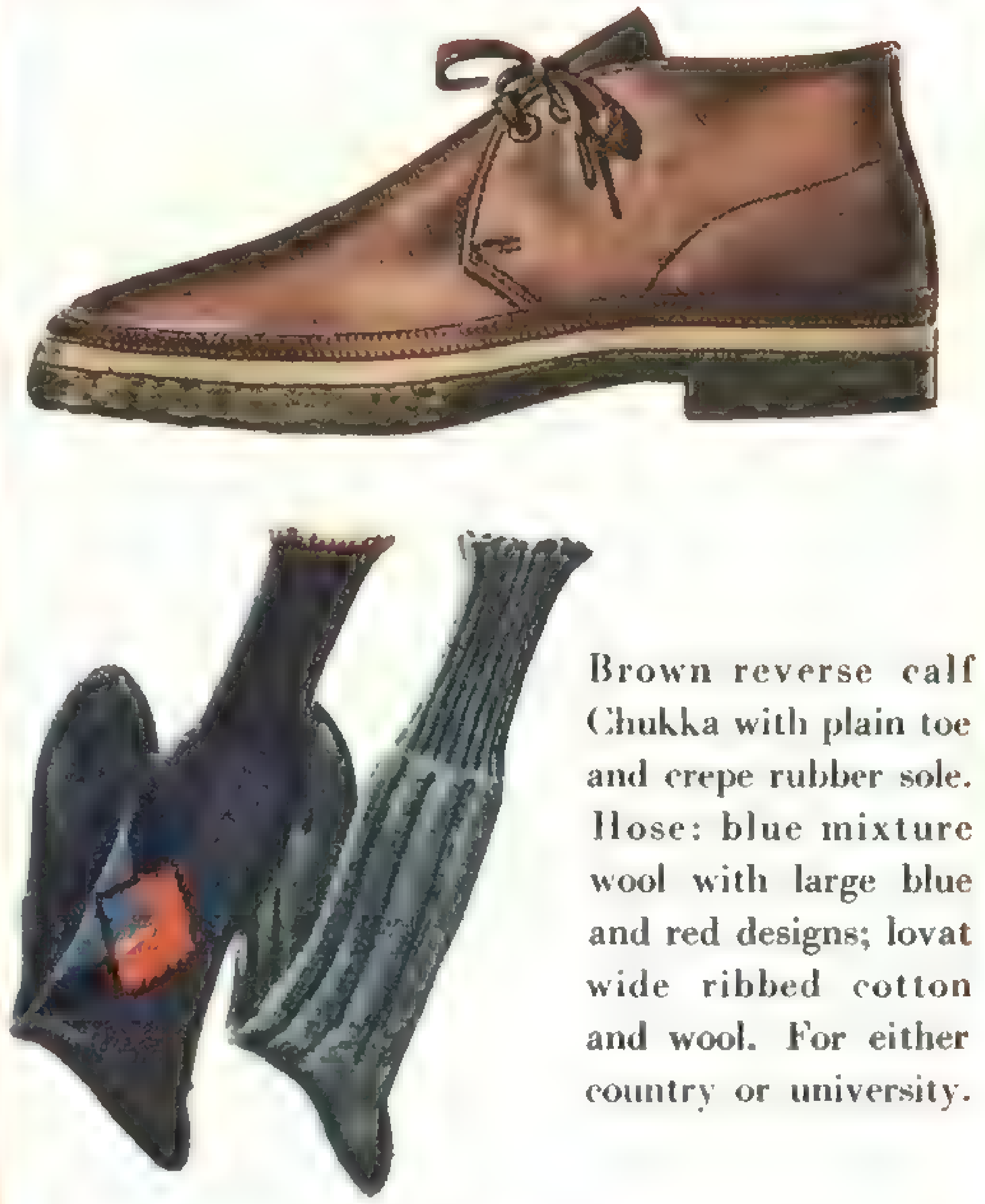
Brown reverse calf monk front pattern with plain toe. Hose: green fancy ribbed lisle; brown, copper and tan wool. For country, semi-sports and university.



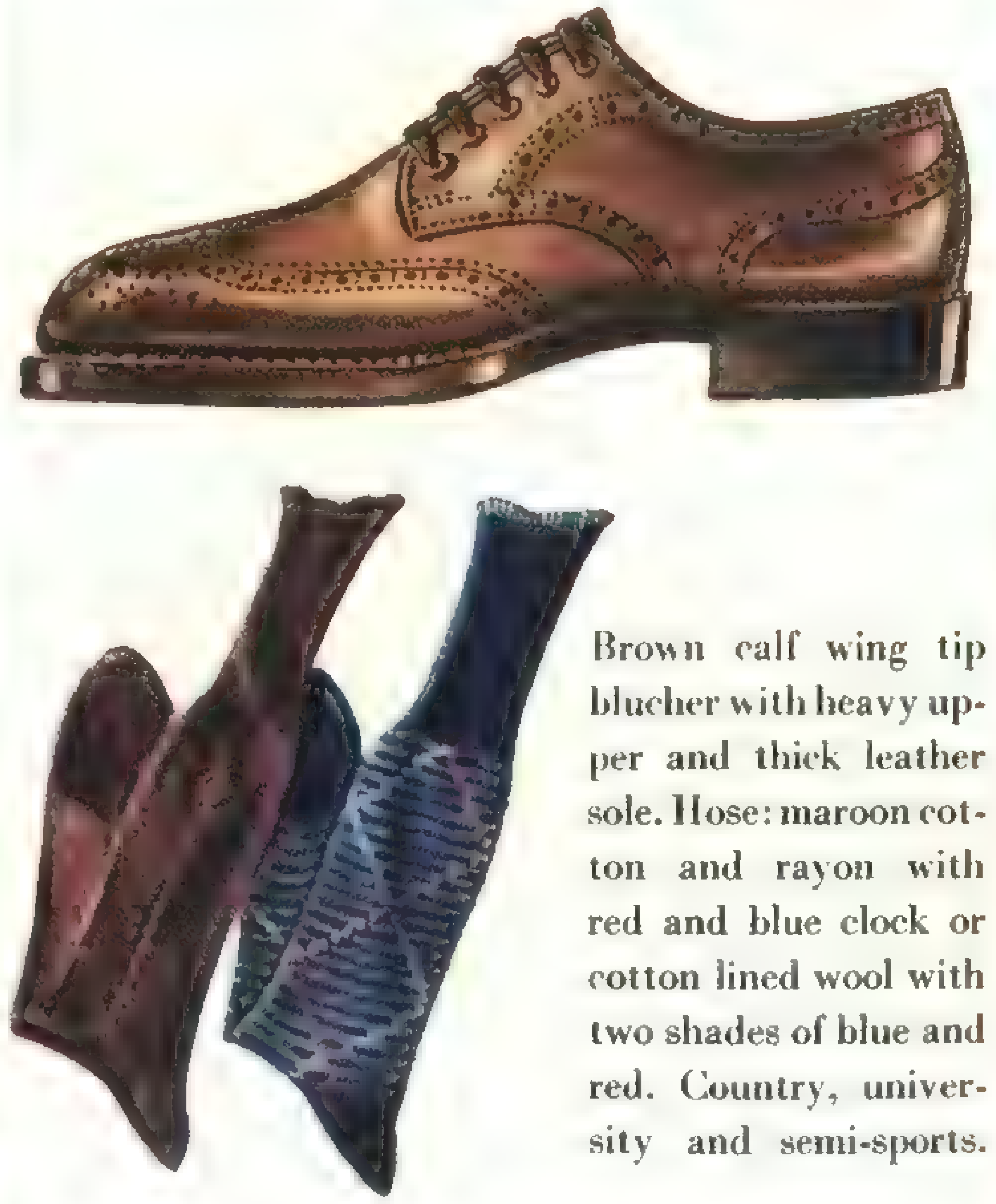
Brown calf straight tip blucher with medallion toe cap. Thick soles. Hose: blue mixture cotton and wool with red and blue clocks; brown, red and grey lisle. Business and semi-sports.



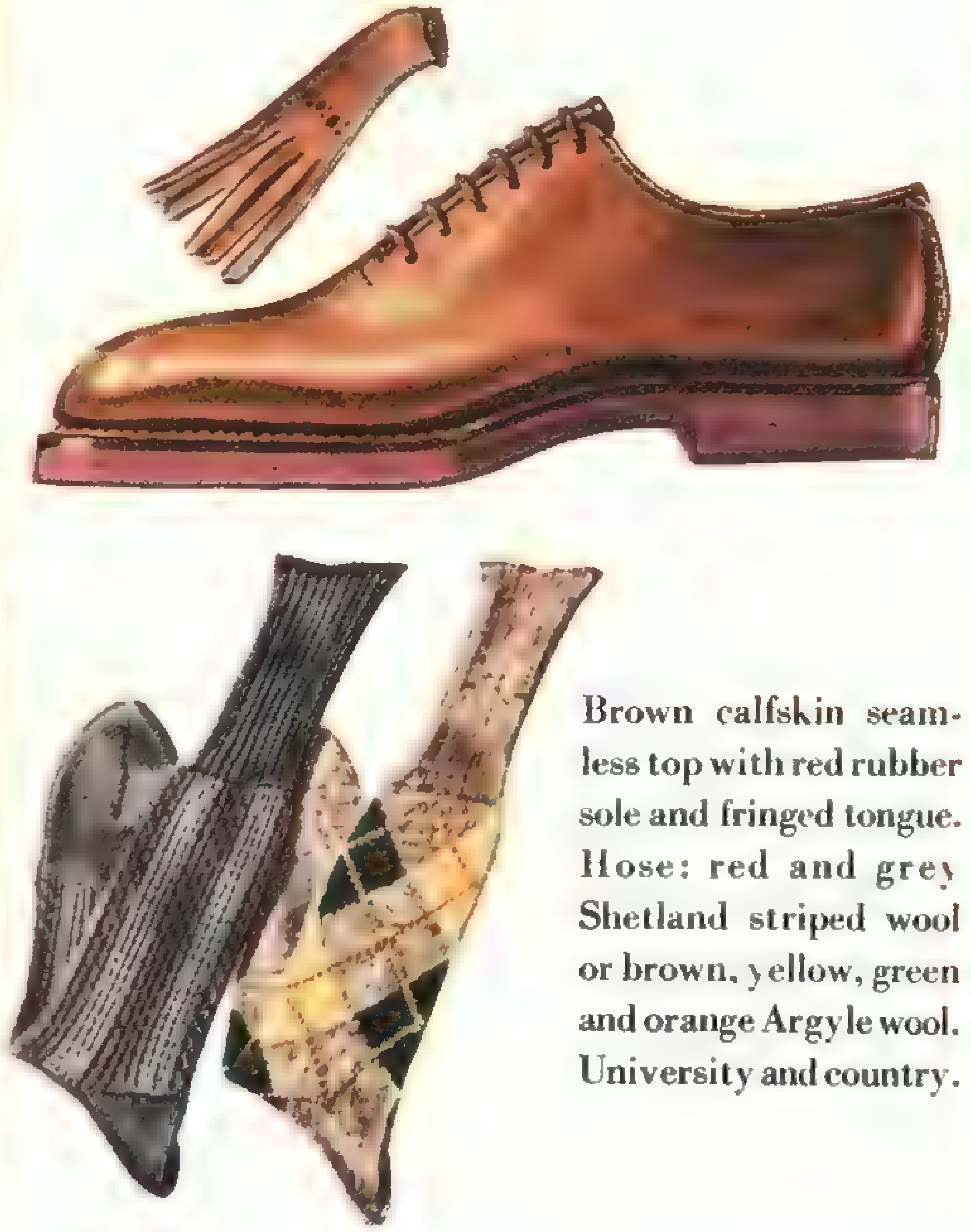
Black patent leather with plain toe. Hose: black 6x3 ribbed silk with white clock; black flat knit silk with white clock. For wear with formal and semi-formal evening clothes.



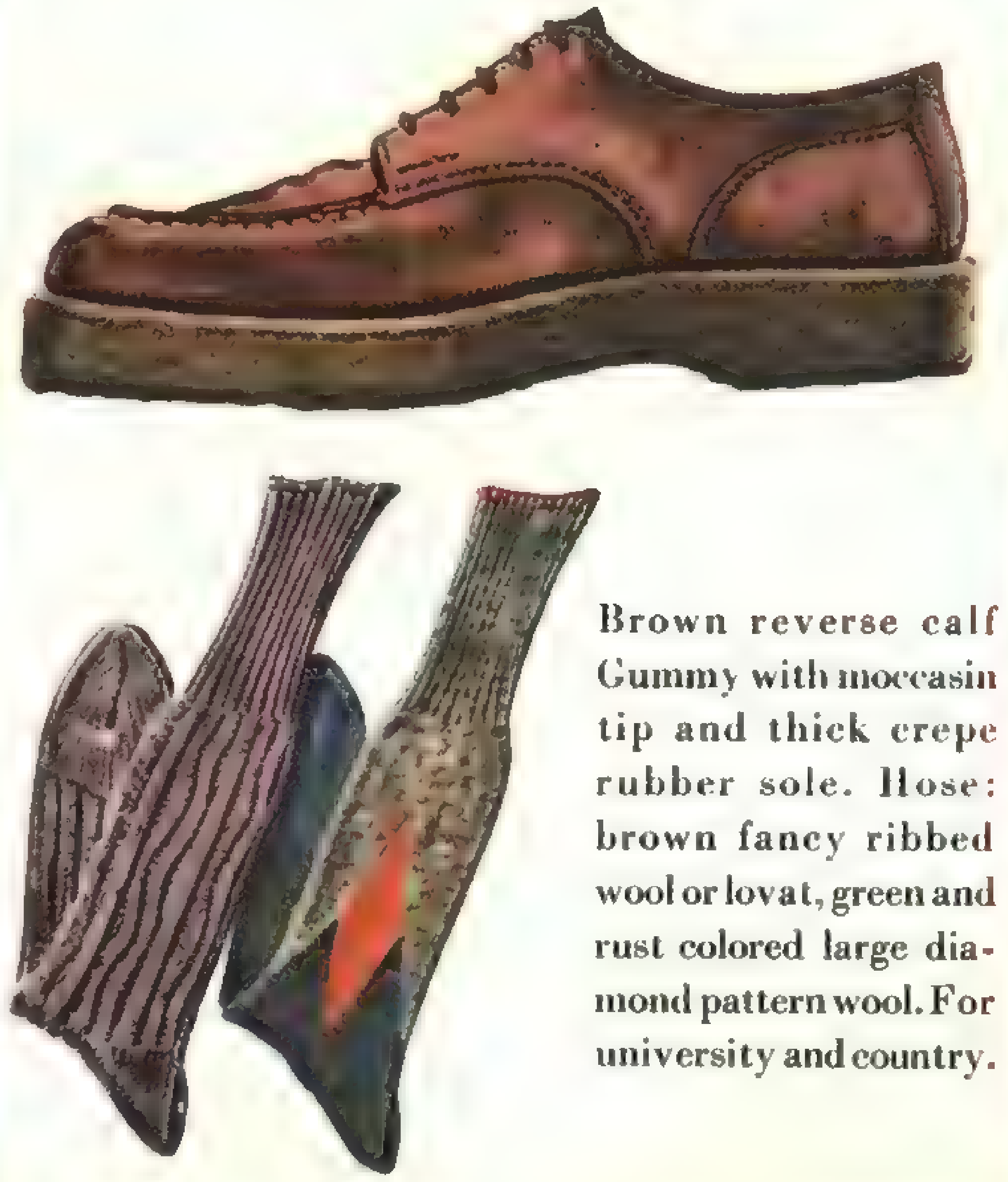
Brown reverse calf Chukka with plain toe and crepe rubber sole. Hose: blue mixture wool with large blue and red designs; lovat wide ribbed cotton and wool. For either country or university.



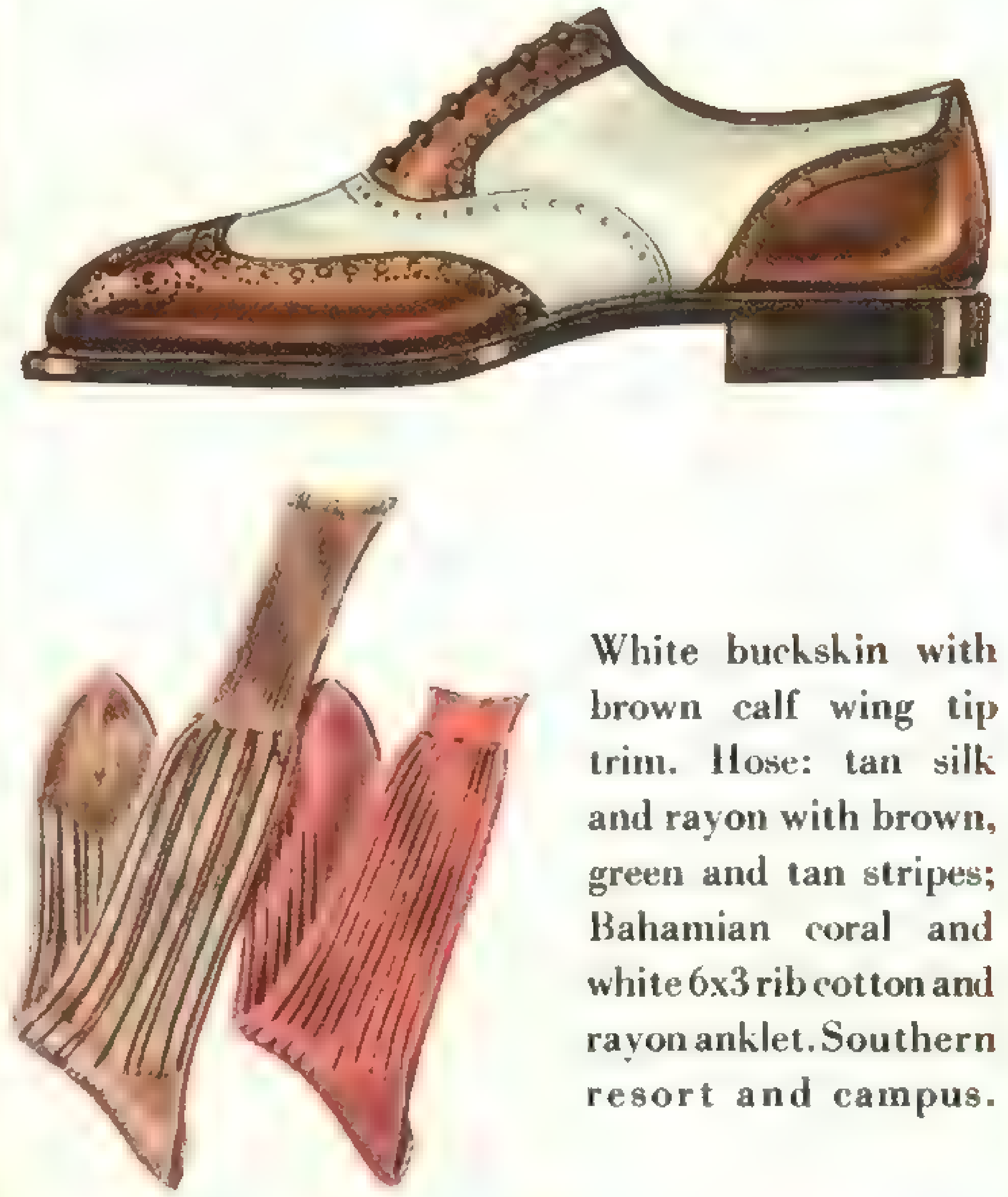
Brown calf wing tip blucher with heavy upper and thick leather sole. Hose: maroon cotton and rayon with red and blue clock or cotton lined wool with two shades of blue and red. Country, university and semi-sports.



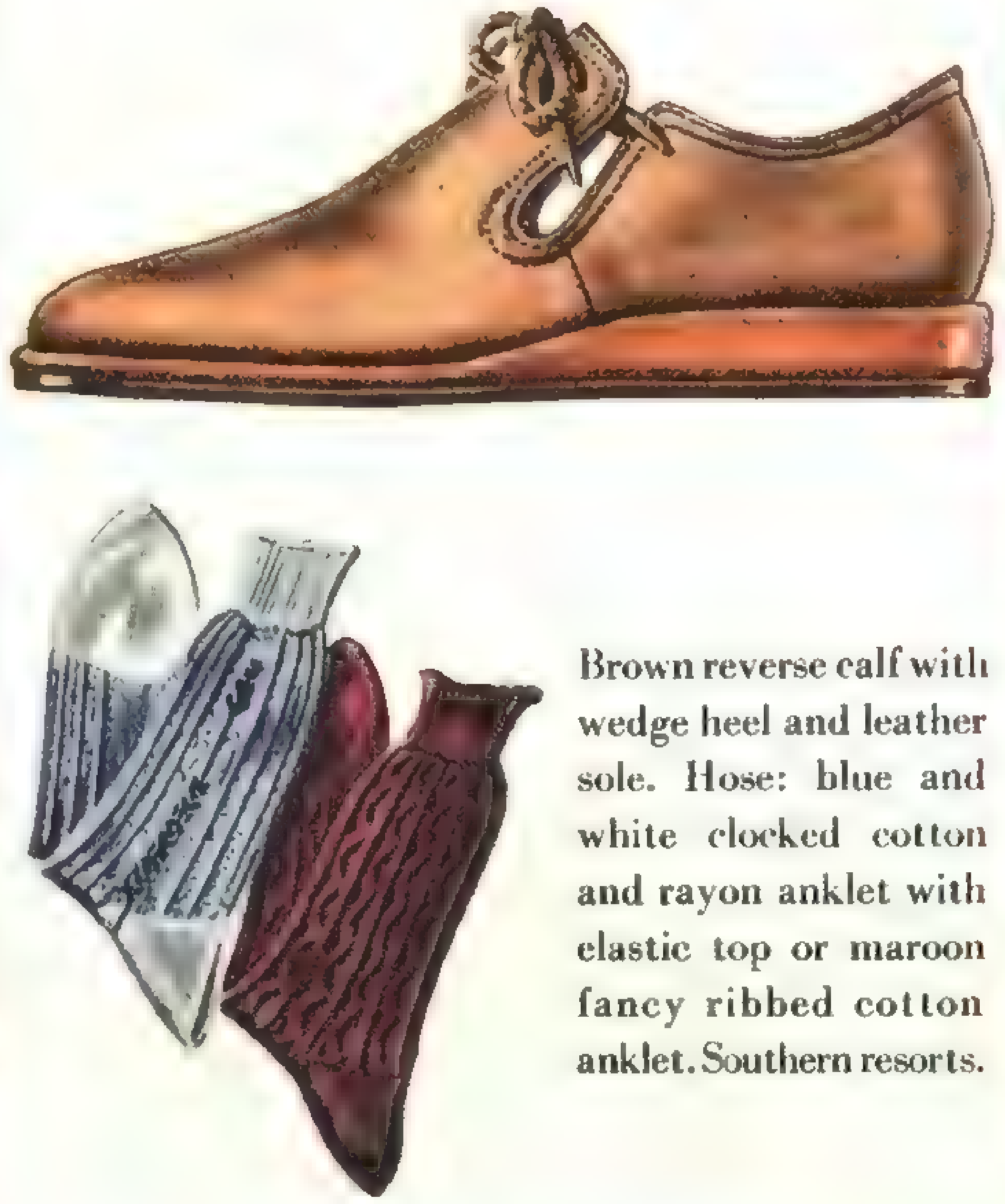
Brown calfskin seamless top with red rubber sole and fringed tongue. Hose: red and grey Shetland striped wool or brown, yellow, green and orange Argyle wool. University and country.



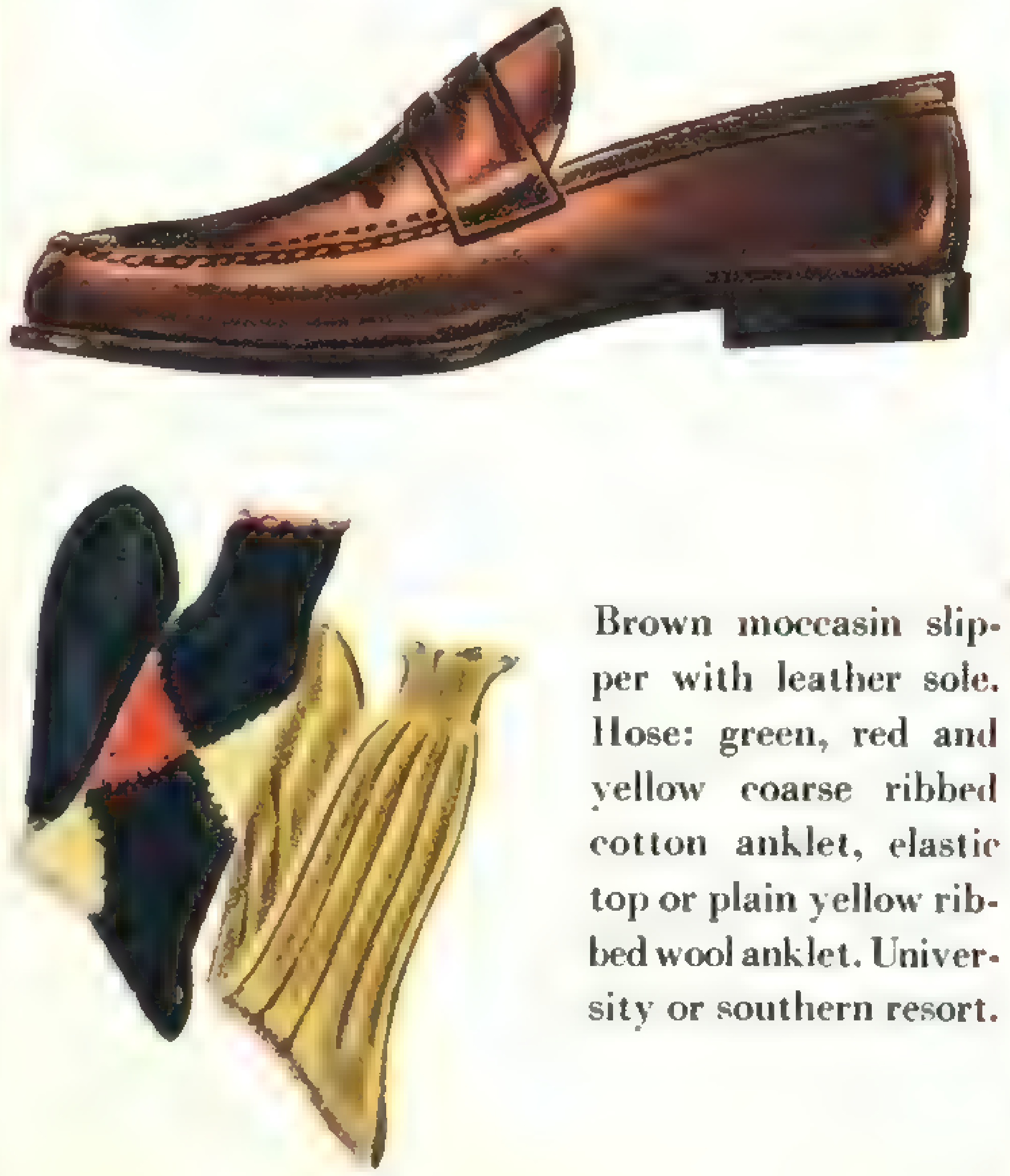
Brown reverse calf Gummy with moccasin tip and thick crepe rubber sole. Hose: brown fancy ribbed wool or lovat, green and rust colored large diamond pattern wool. For university and country.



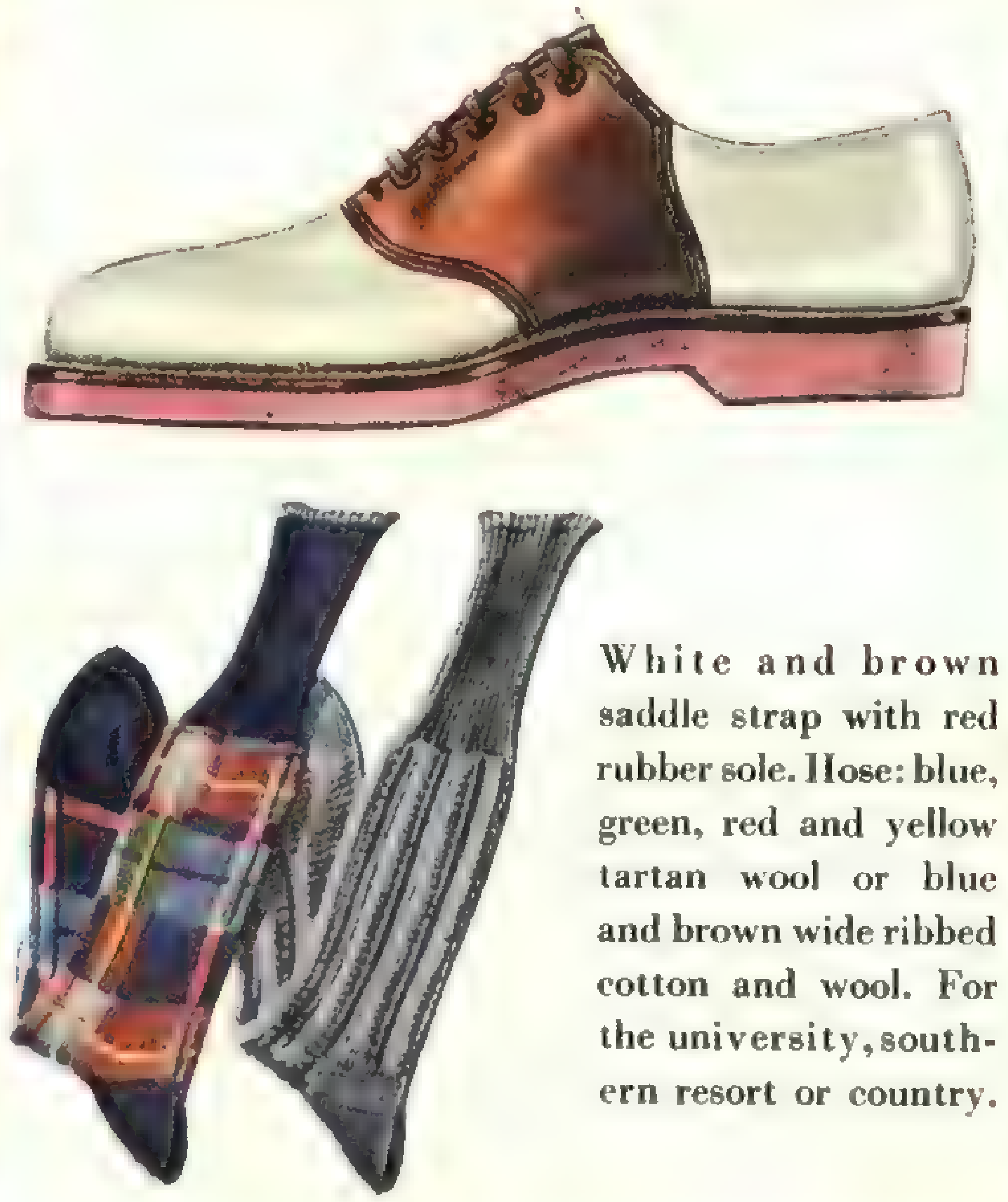
White buckskin with brown calf wing tip trim. Hose: tan silk and rayon with brown, green and tan stripes; Bahamian coral and white 6x3 rib cotton and rayon anklet. Southern resort and campus.



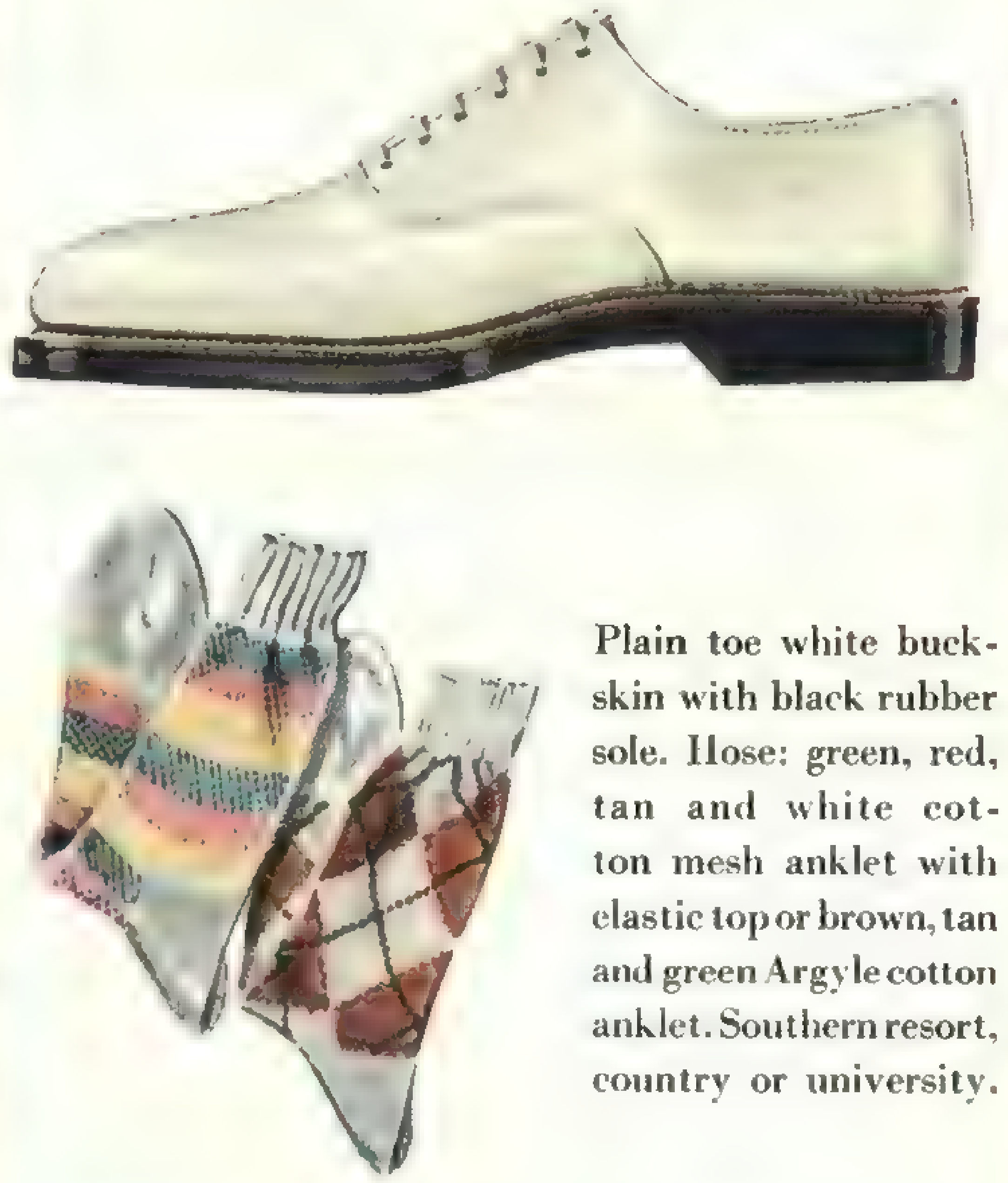
Brown reverse calf with wedge heel and leather sole. Hose: blue and white clocked cotton and rayon anklet with elastic top or maroon fancy ribbed cotton anklet. Southern resorts.



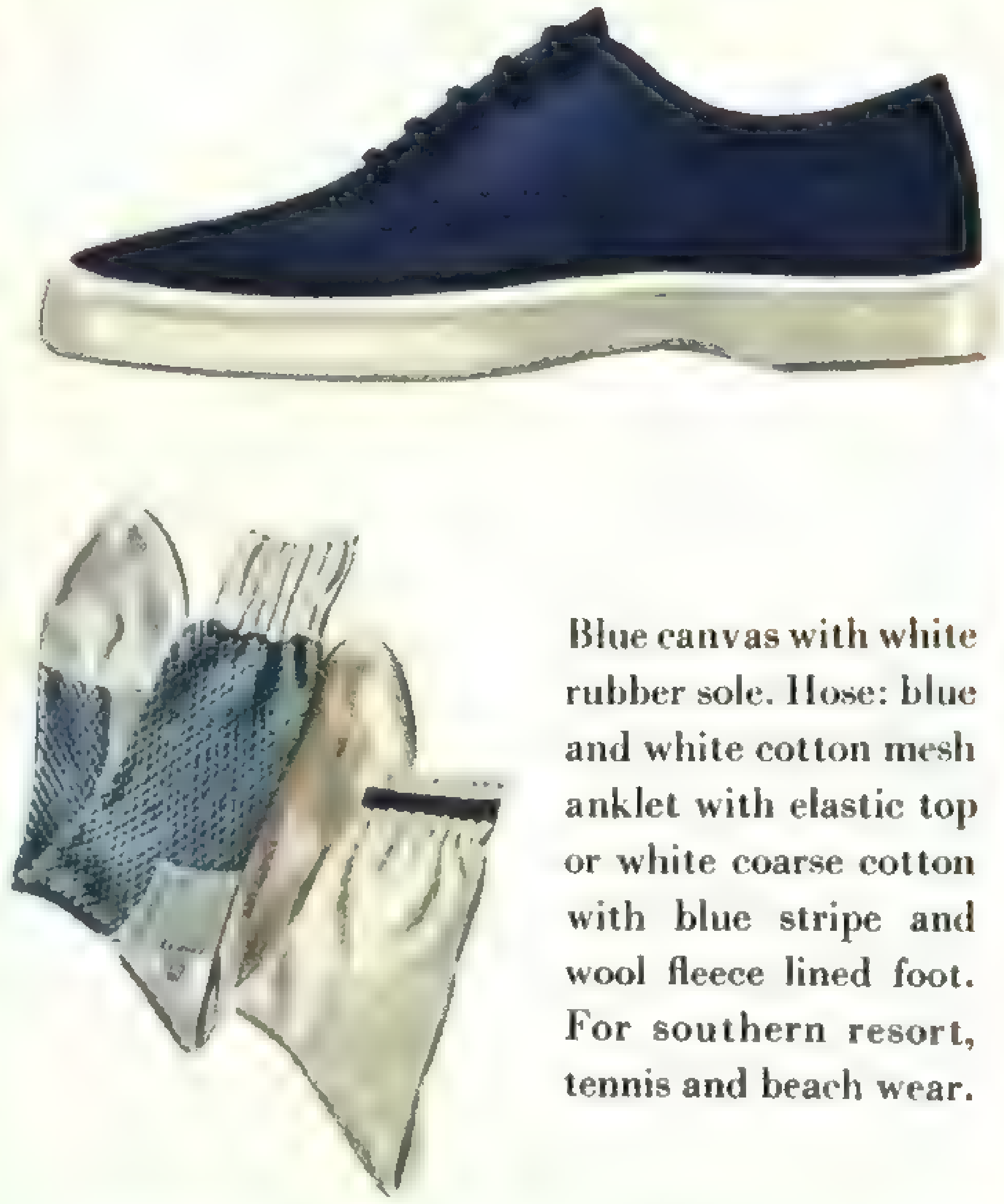
Brown moccasin slipper with leather sole. Hose: green, red and yellow coarse ribbed cotton anklet, elastic top or plain yellow ribbed wool anklet. University or southern resort.



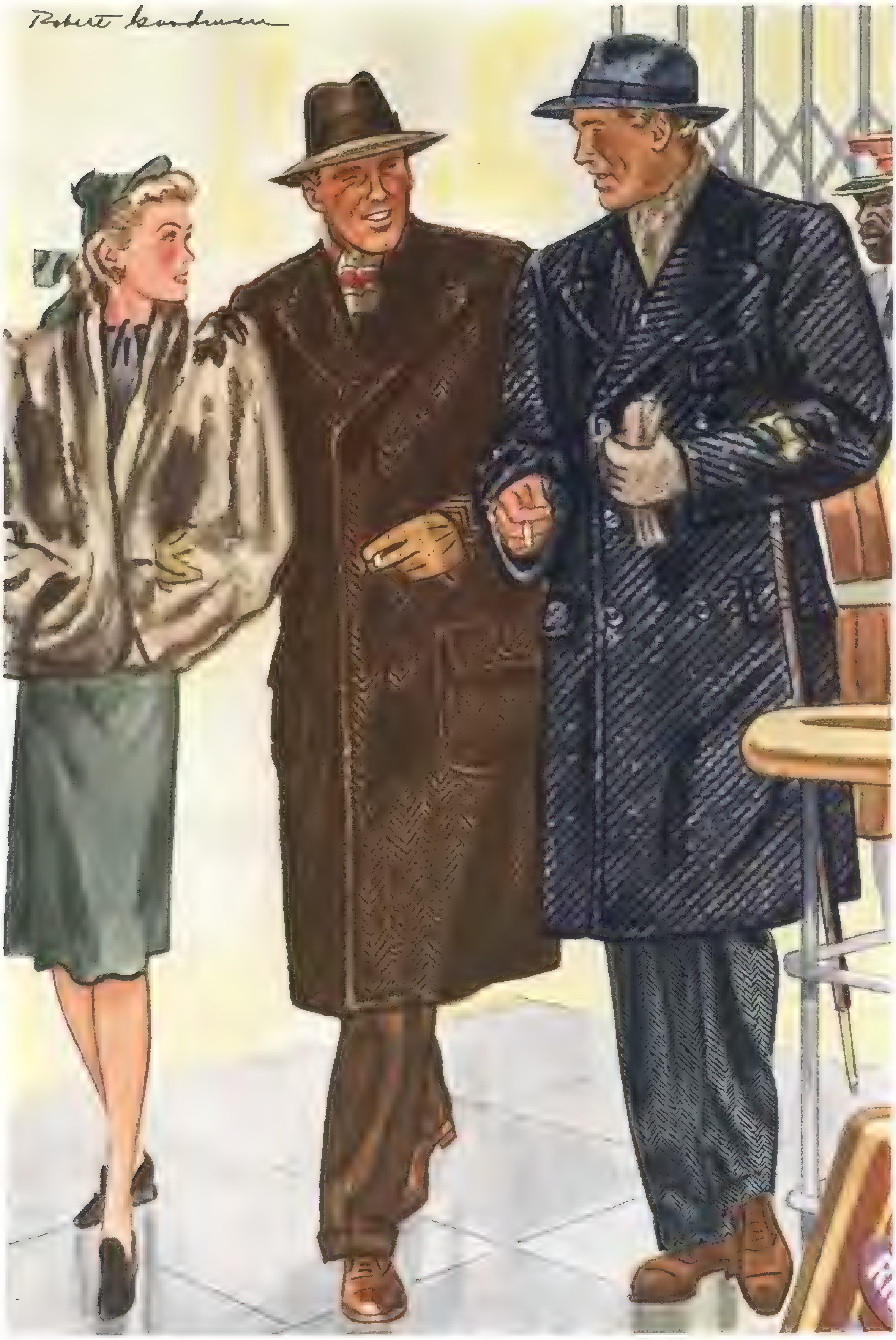
White and brown saddle strap with red rubber sole. Hose: blue, green, red and yellow tartan wool or blue and brown wide ribbed cotton and wool. For the university, southern resort or country.



Plain toe white buckskin with black rubber sole. Hose: green, red, tan and white cotton mesh anklet with elastic top or brown, tan and green Argyle cotton anklet. Southern resort, country or university.



Blue canvas with white rubber sole. Hose: blue and white cotton mesh anklet with elastic top or white coarse cotton with blue stripe and wool fleece lined foot. For southern resort, tennis and beach wear.



port unknown . . .

We can't tell whether they're coming or going. We honestly and truly can't. The man at the left is wearing, with neatness and dispatch, a very commendable business outfit. The other man wears, with nonchalance and aplomb, a well-balanced sports-flavored outfit. The girl, as is usual with girls, only complicates matters. Are they town-bound? Country-bound? Completely unbound? Perhaps we have failed to allow sufficiently for wind drift. At any rate, we hope that you are equally confused; certainly, it won't be our fault if you're not. The majority of the business getup consists of a blackish-brown Shetland overcoat with fly front and peaked lapels. For the rest, a Tartan cashmere muffler, brown hat worn with center crease only, pigskin gloves, brown worsted suit, town shoes. The other overcoat, you will note, reaches only to the knees; it has three pairs of buttons with the lapel rolling to the top pair. The bluish diagonal tweed is a countrified fabric. The rough-textured felt hat is in keeping with the coat, as are the natural woven cashmere muffler, knitted gloves to match, grey cheviot suit, brown shoes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Merry Christmas
. . . it *can* happen here!

God rest ye merry this Christmas, gentlemen, as never before. For in a war-torn world we are lucky that America retains the right to celebrate Christmas this year in the traditional spirit of merriment, good fellowship and high spirits. Whereas Christmas in many lands will be hollow mockery, Americans know that "Merry Christmas" *can* happen here!

Increasingly popular at Christmas time, Esquire, The Magazine for Men, is perfectly emblematic of the spirit of "Merry Christmas." For Esquire combines merriment, good fellowship and high spirits in a dazzling variety of masculine entertainment. No wonder Esquire is the choice of thousands as a gift for a man at Christmas!

This Christmas in answer to the ever-growing demand for a means of saying "Merry Christmas," Esquire is pleased to announce the following low money-saving Christmas subscription rates, effective until January 15th:

Christmas rates to Esquire

One subscription, one year	$5.00
Two subscriptions, one year, or one subscription, two years	$8.00
Three subscriptions, one year, or one subscription, three years	$10.00
Additional subscriptions, per year, each	$3.00

(Add $2.50 for foreign postage; 50c for Canada)

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Thus, by ordering three or more subscriptions to Esquire at these money-saving rates, you can save upwards of $5.00. A combination order form and reply envelope is bound into this issue for your convenience.

Yes, a Merry Christmas *can* happen here!

Previewing 1941's Cars

Engine power has been stepped up, running boards are lopped off and bodies are broadened in the beam

by ROBERT W. MARKS

• MOTORS •

NINETEEN-FORTY should be known as the year when a remark to the effect that "this is a mad world," would go down as a classic of understatement. And the uncertainty, chaos, *Realpolitik*, and increasing belief in Mumbo Jumbo which color the remainder of the earth, just as surely affect the thinking in the motor empire. Detroit is agog; and many cats are jumping many different ways.

Some of the automobile manufacturers have said: "This is no year for changes; our old guns are loaded, and we'll stick by them." Others have said, "Last year we amortized the costs for die changes on the new bodies; this year we'll make drastic improvements in machinery." A third group held that this was the year for low-priced cars, and made a flying leap into the automotive industry's "Tourist Third." And a fourth group, up to the time this issue went to press, wouldn't talk.

Summarize all of this, and you have the famous curriculum of the Mock Turtle, with emphasis on "Reeling and Writhing."

In general, certain trends are to be noted. The 1941 bodies, like women in the best of health, are somewhat broader at the beam. They are also longer, and closer to the earth (the simile has ended). Engine power has been increased in many of the models; and running boards have been condensed, planed, truncated, or concealed.

Most of the changes are continuations or extensions of features introduced in times past—such as fluid drives, beam broadening, vacuum shifts, automatic shifts, vacuum-operated tops, and so on. Some of these are touched on here, in passing; some are not—depending on the relative news importance. Too close a cataloging of the perfectly obvious is as depressing as weak coffee, served too hot.

Oldsmobile, this season, presents six new series—three Sixes and three Eights—the widest variety ever offered in the perennial youth of this 43-year old company. And once again the chief feature is the much-publicized "Hydra-Matic Drive"—the mechanism that eliminates the clutch, and the clutch pedal, and which shifts gears automatically. This piece of mechanical magic carries automotive development up to its next-to-the-last phase—the last being one in which there is complete radio control, eliminating the need either for driver or passengers.

Many men have longed for a machine that would call for the girl, entertain her for the evening, and take her home again. "Hydra-Matic Drive" won't do this exactly—but at least it's a step in the right direction.

The 1941 Oldsmobiles have concealed running boards, and are roomier. Engine horsepower also has been increased.

Studebaker has concentrated this year, on styling—not mechanical changes. Again drawing on designer Raymond Loewy, for over-all planning through the line, the 1941 Studebakers feature what is called "Slip-Stream" bodies. Mr. Loewy has astutely run two chromium bands along the side of a torpedo-shaped body, allowing the lines to converge at the luggage compartment. Now since to the mind's eye all of this represents parallel lines meeting at infinity, you get a cosmic sense of perspective and intimations of trailing clouds of glory. This is particularly true when this false-perspective band is filled in with light-colored enamel—like Chinese cloisonné.

Another 1941 Studebaker feature is the "heating-ventilating Climatizer." Air is scooped up by little fin-like flappers on the side of the car. This air is then scrubbed, filtered, given a manicure, and delivered, post haste, to a microscopic heater concealed under the front seat—like a divorce-case microphone.

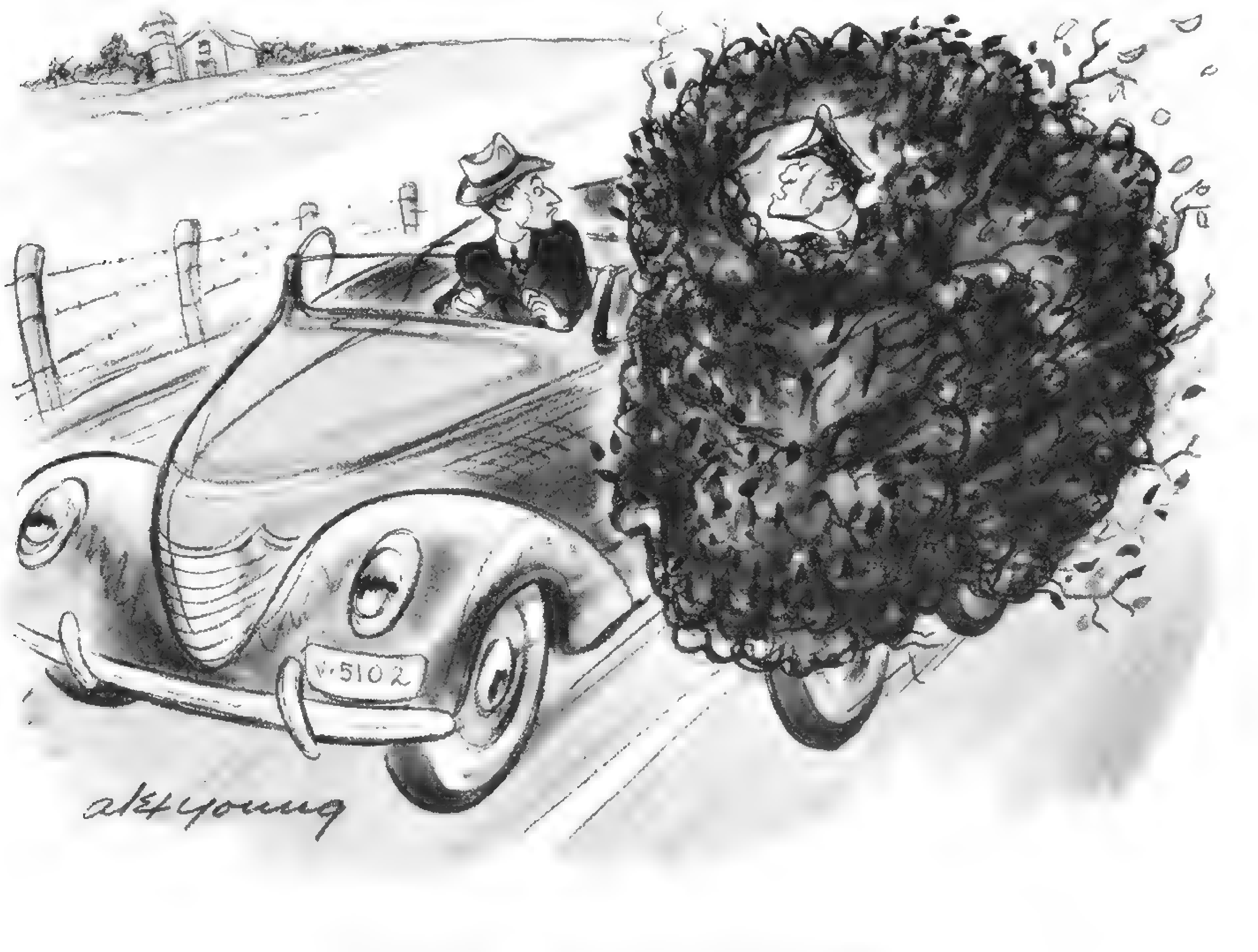
Cadillac and LaSalle's changes are conservative. Both feature new Fleetwood bodies; both step up horsepower. The LaSalles are longer. Cadillac is resplendent with lots more chrome plating than last year, and upholstery that harmonizes with the paint jobs. A special feature is a built-in fog lamp, set under the headlamps. Direction and turn indicators are built into the catwalk. Bumpers are more massive, and extend their province to the license plates—holding them up for a little bumping, too.

A special luxury feature on the new Cadillacs is a set of twin cigar lighters for the rear seats, one on each side. Now there is no reason for a rider in these sleek buggies to have to muddle along with his cigar unlit. (Gone are the old days, when front seat riders puffed away happily—while people in the rear chewed gloomily on worn-out butts, pretending, like Eva Tanguay, not to care.)

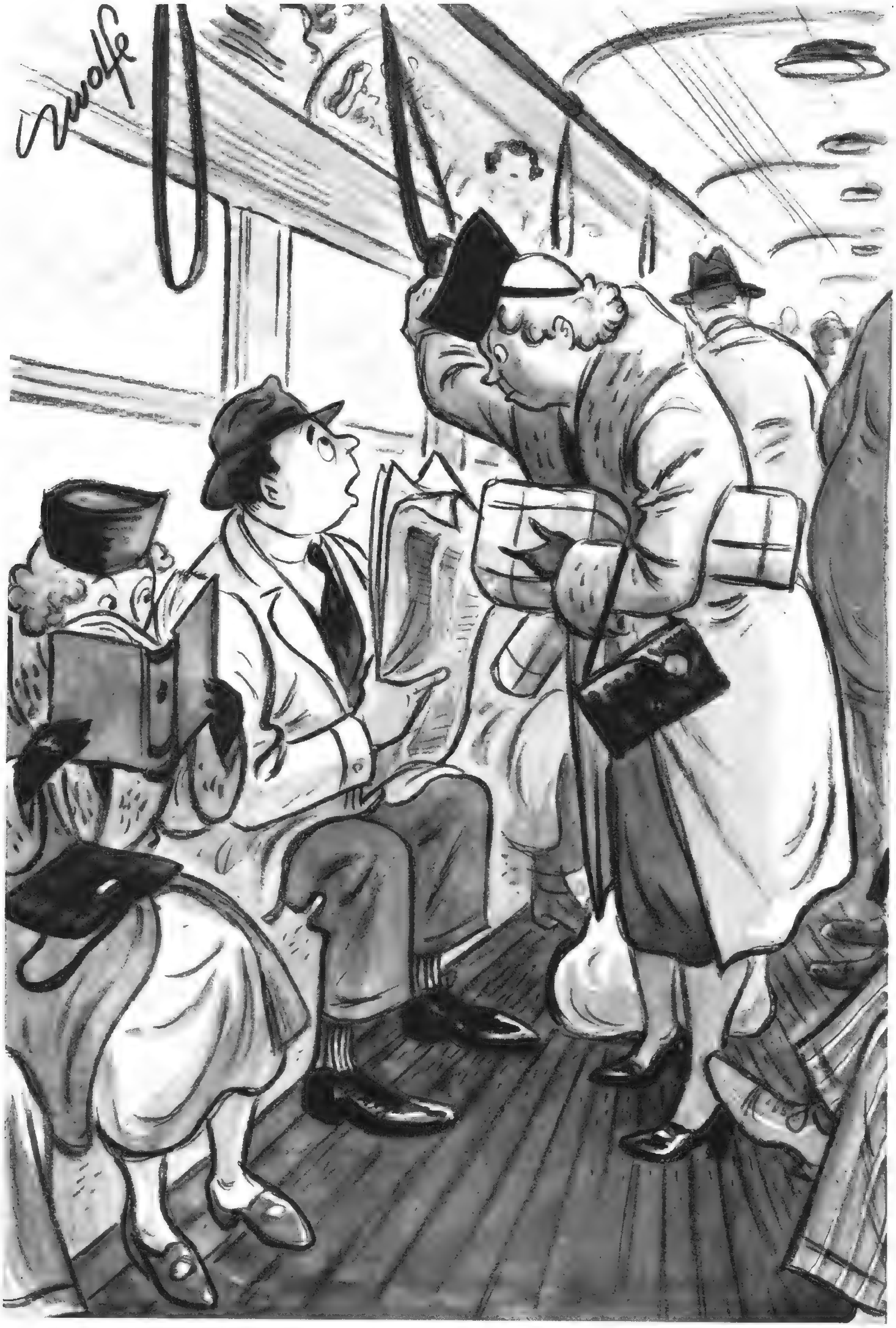
Another Cadillac feature is a sliding sun visor. It seems that in the old cars, there was a slight crack, or space, between the sun visor on the left and the sun visor on the right. And often, just about dusk, when Phaëthon's chariot was competing with yours, a slim pencil of sunlight would slip in between visors. Well, Cadillac, ever alert to *raffiné* detail, got to work on this problem, reduced it to its bare essentials, and turned out a solution: a sliding panel to cover the cracks. Everything is now in its proper place: the sunshine Vitamin at the beach, peace and comfort in your car.

Speaking of the sun and its vagaries, incidentally, brings us with tongues hanging out to the new Packard. For here, in all its pristine glory, is igloo-refrigerated air-conditioning, as complete, as scientific, as comforting as the atmosphere of Radio City. The Packard refrigerating unit, ensconced in the luggage compartment, takes Nature's air, de-

Continued on page 182



"All right, pull over to the curb!"



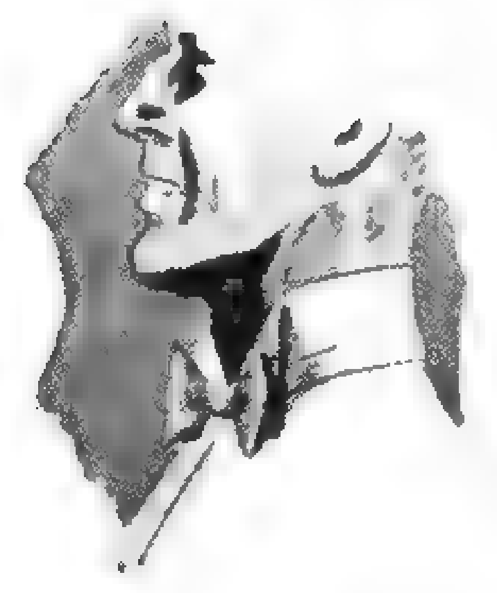
"Sure my conscience bothers me but my feet bother me much more!"

Black + White = Evening Dress

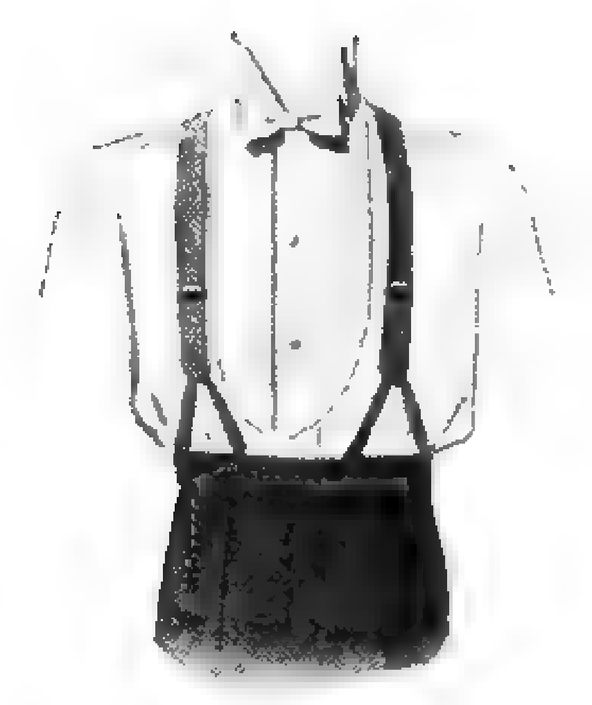
Correct details on clothes and accessories

by **FASHION STAFF**

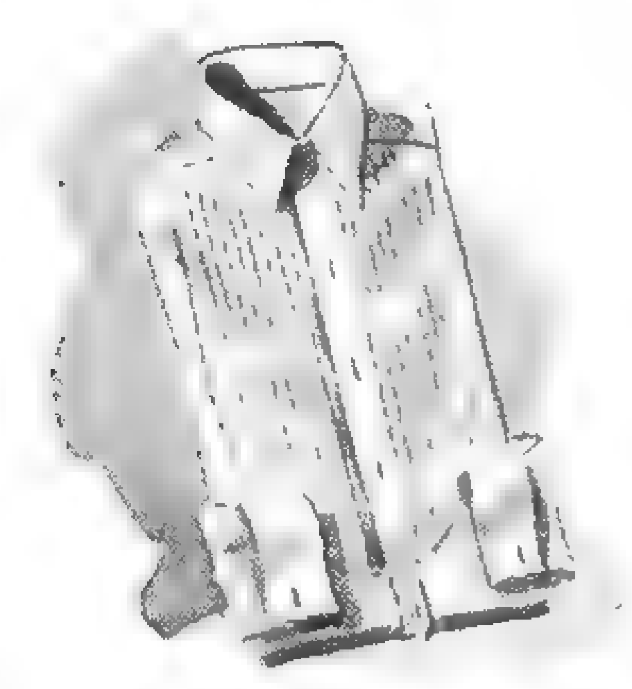
• WEARABLES •



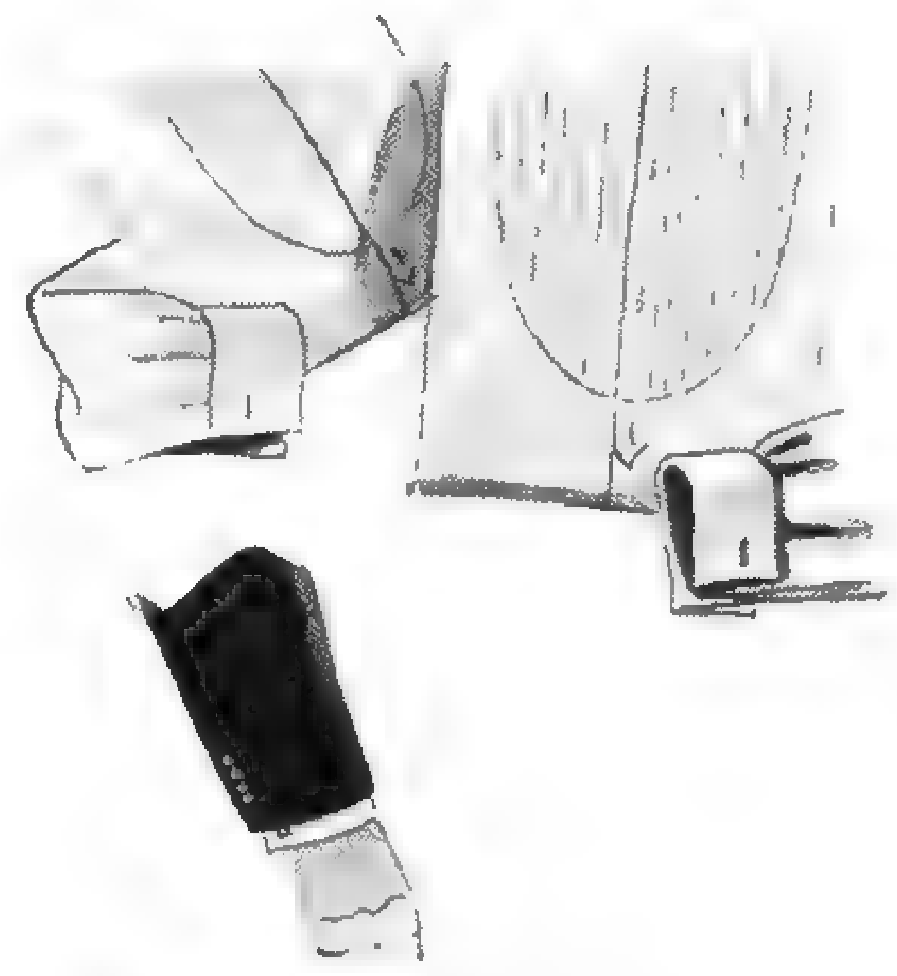
The wing collar and the neckband of the dress shirt should have a forward slope. This slant not only gives a flattering neckline but contributes to greater comfort around the neck.



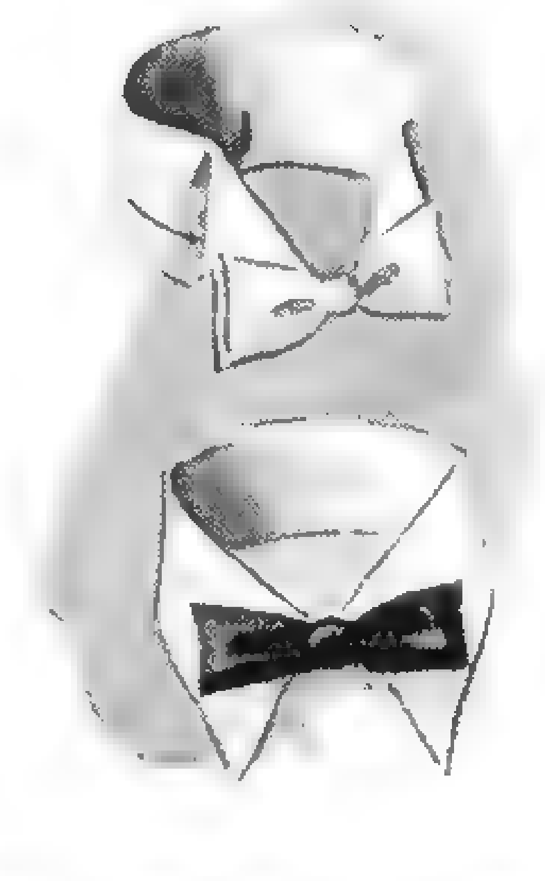
Shirt bosoms should be short enough so that they do not extend below the waistband of the high-rise trousers to prevent them from bulging. Less width will also help to preclude ballooning bosoms.



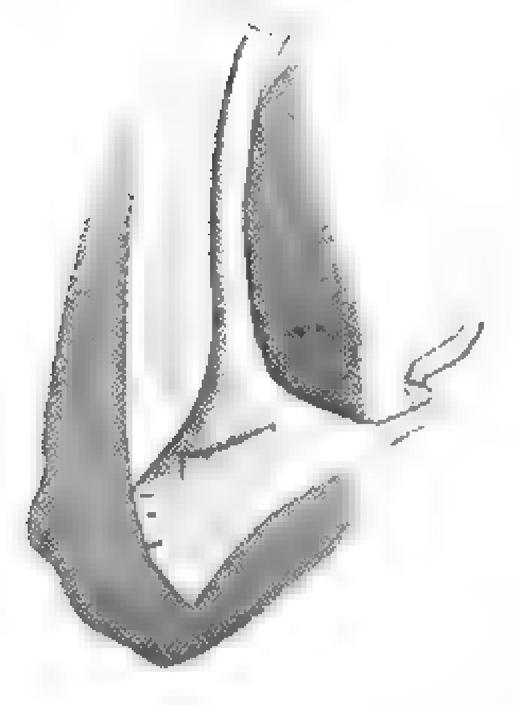
Pleated bosom shirts are becoming more popular for wear with the evening jacket. The latest trend is toward many narrow pleats on each side. Those first to set a fashion are wearing shirts of this type.



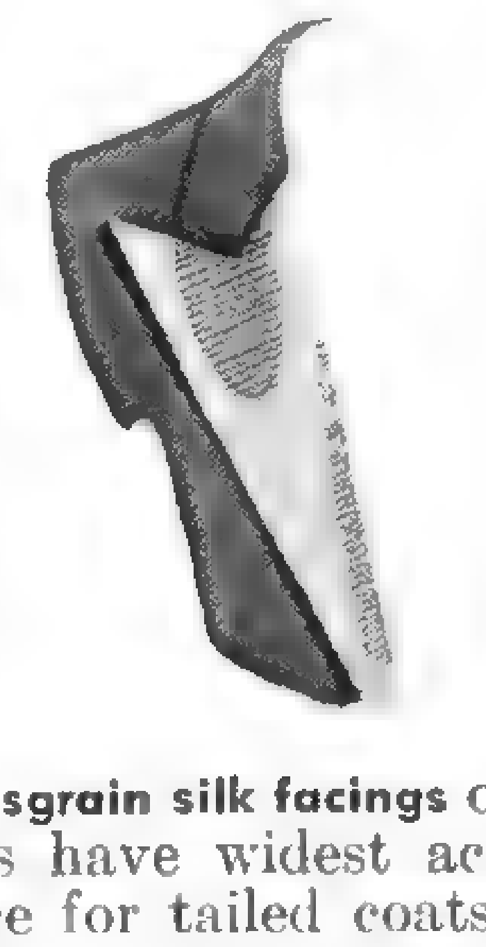
Stiff bosom shirts always have stiff cuffs. Pleated bosom shirts, correct only with the dinner jacket, carry double cuffs. Sleeves should be long enough to show ½-inch of the shirt cuff below coat sleeve.



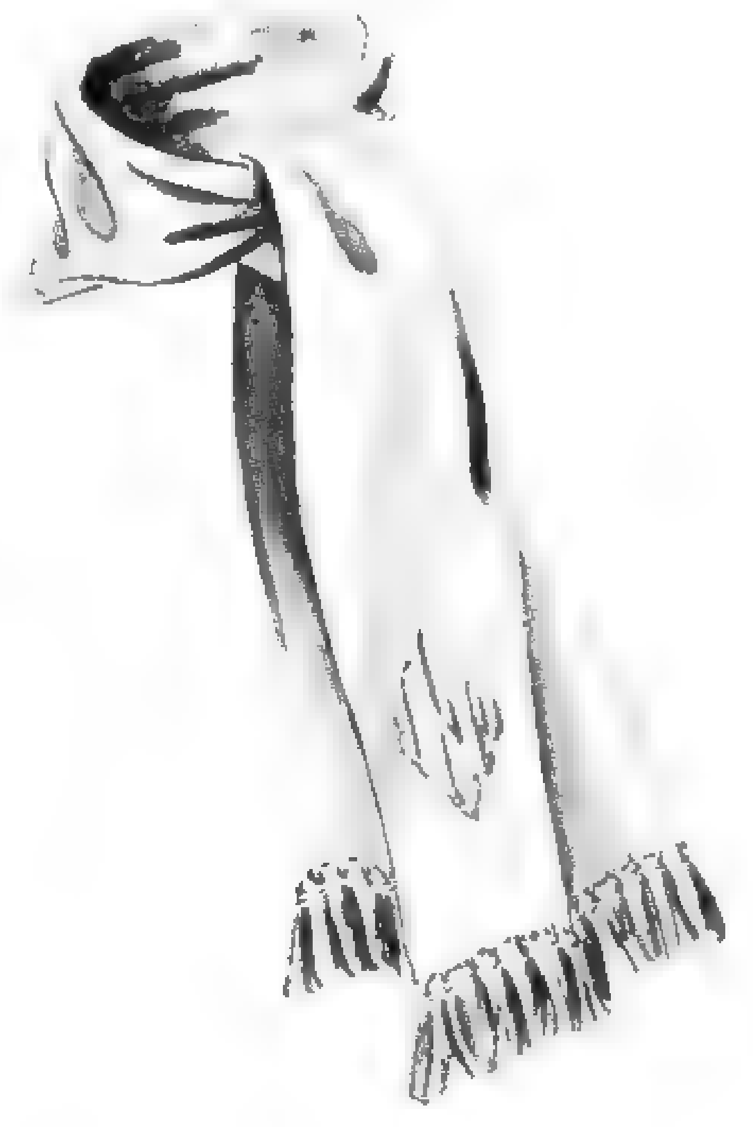
White butterfly bow ties are correctly worn in front of the collar wings with the tailcoat. The black or blue silk club-shape bow tie is gaining favor for wear with the dinner jacket.



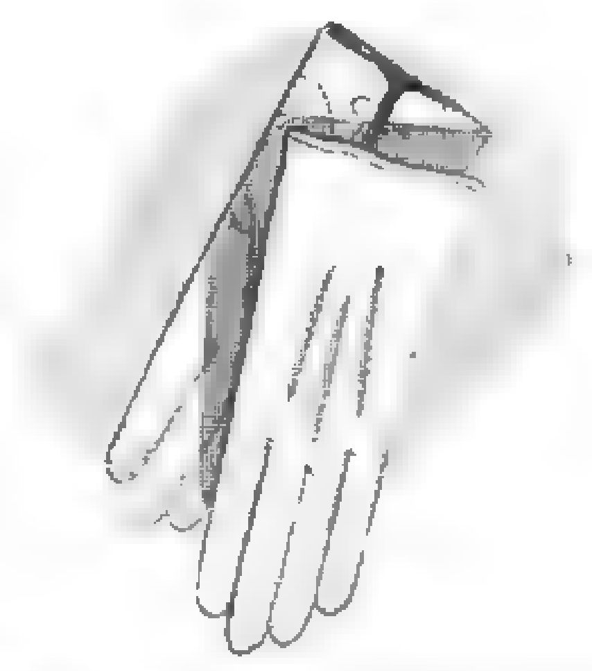
The backless waistcoat, tailored either in white pique, black or midnight blue silk, has become an established fashion simply because the absence of extra fabric in back makes it much more comfortable than those with backs.



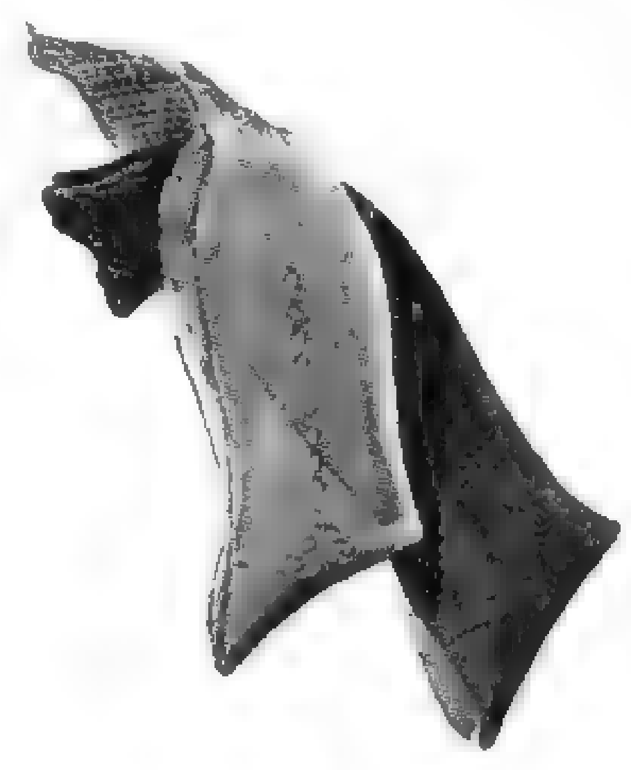
Grosgrain silk facings on lapels have widest acceptance for tailed coats and dinner jackets. The more lustrous satin-faced lapels though less popular, have gained high fashion rating.



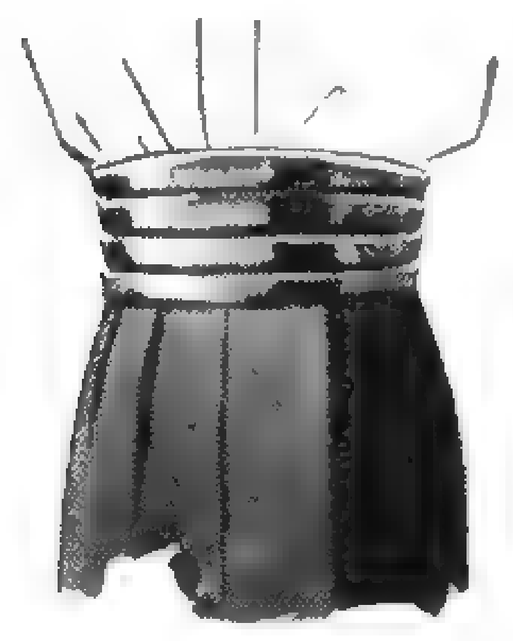
The white knitted or woven silk muffler, invariably worn throwover fashion, may have an embroidered monogram as a personal note. Most widely used are the oblong shaped mufflers.



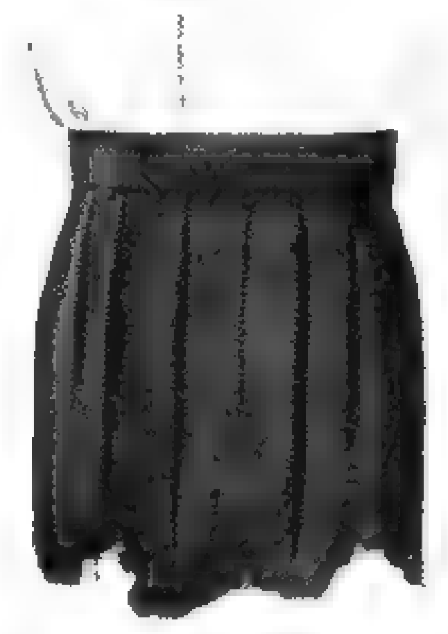
White gloves are obligatory for formal and for semi-formal evening wear. White kid or mocha are acceptable with the tailcoat; white mocha good taste with the dinner jacket.



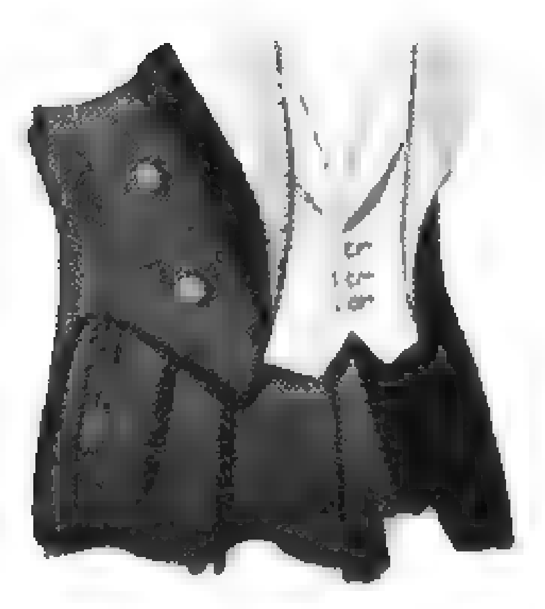
Black woolen socks with white clocks are authentic alternates with clocked black silk or lisle socks for accenting evening clothes, formal or semi-formal.



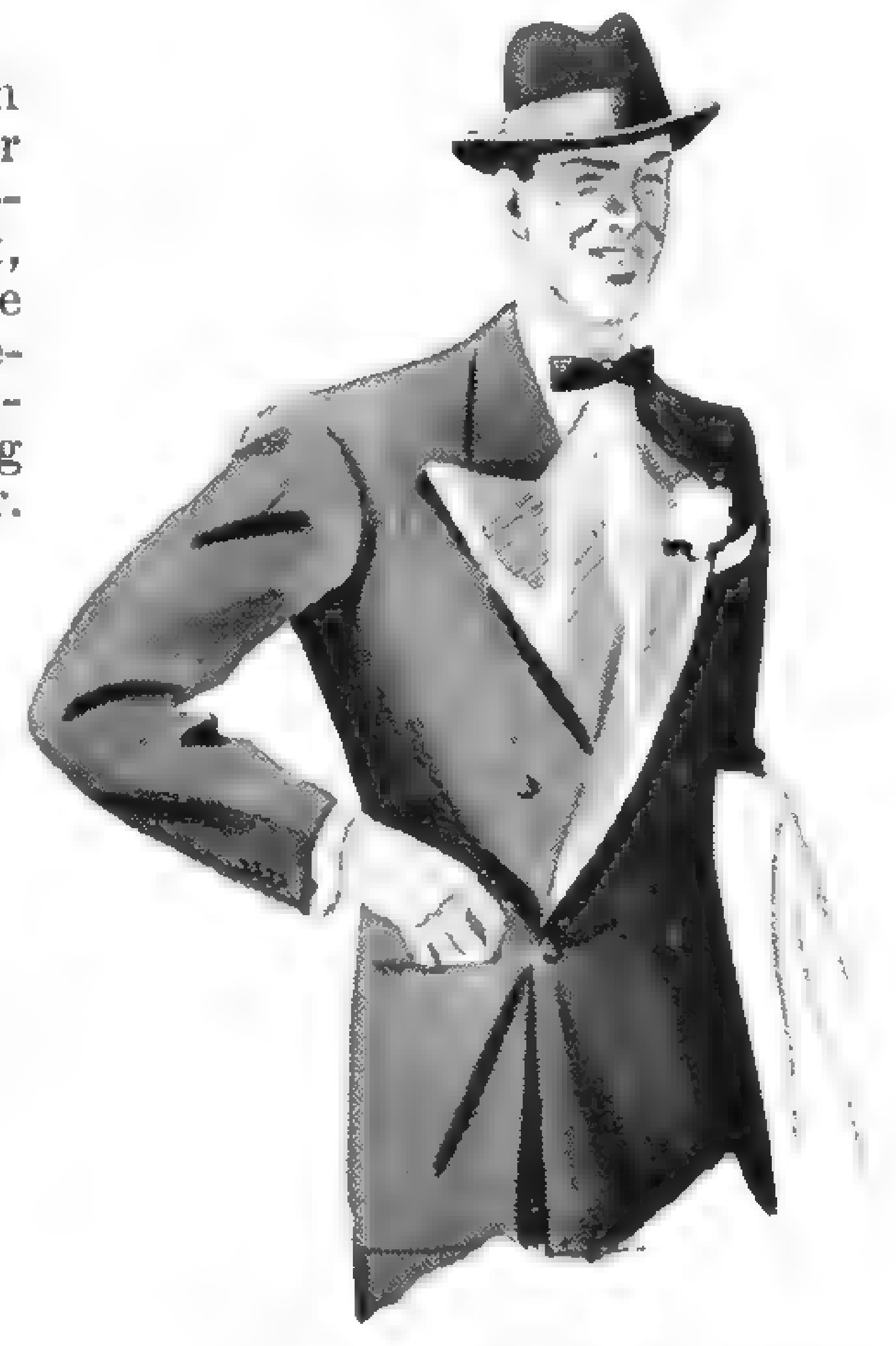
The pleated cummerbund in black, midnight blue or maroon silk may be substituted for the black, midnight blue or white waistcoat with the evening jacket; either the midnight blue or white being acceptable for resort wear.



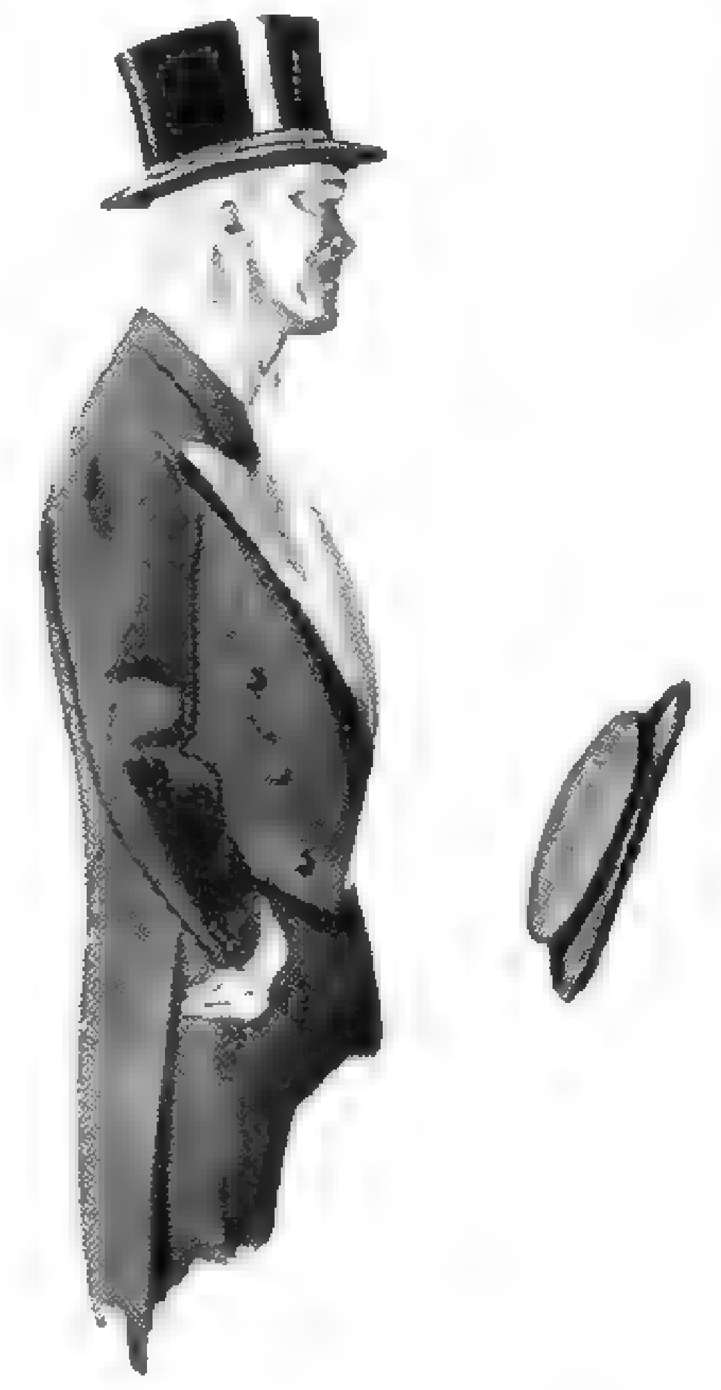
Pleats of trousers for tailcoat or dinner jacket should have the folds opening toward the center. This gives proper fullness for appearance and comfort.



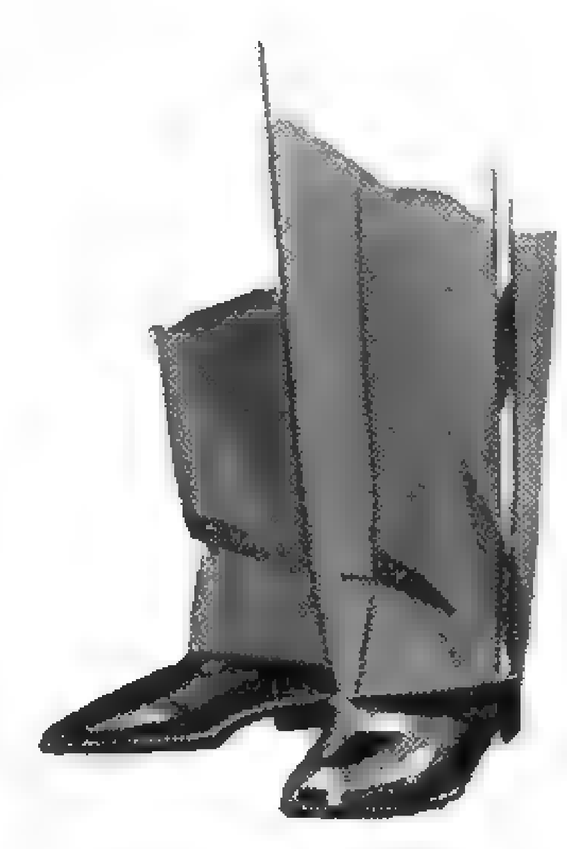
The tailcoat should be long enough to cover the waistcoat. In other words, the waistcoat should be short enough to be concealed by the sides of the tailcoat.



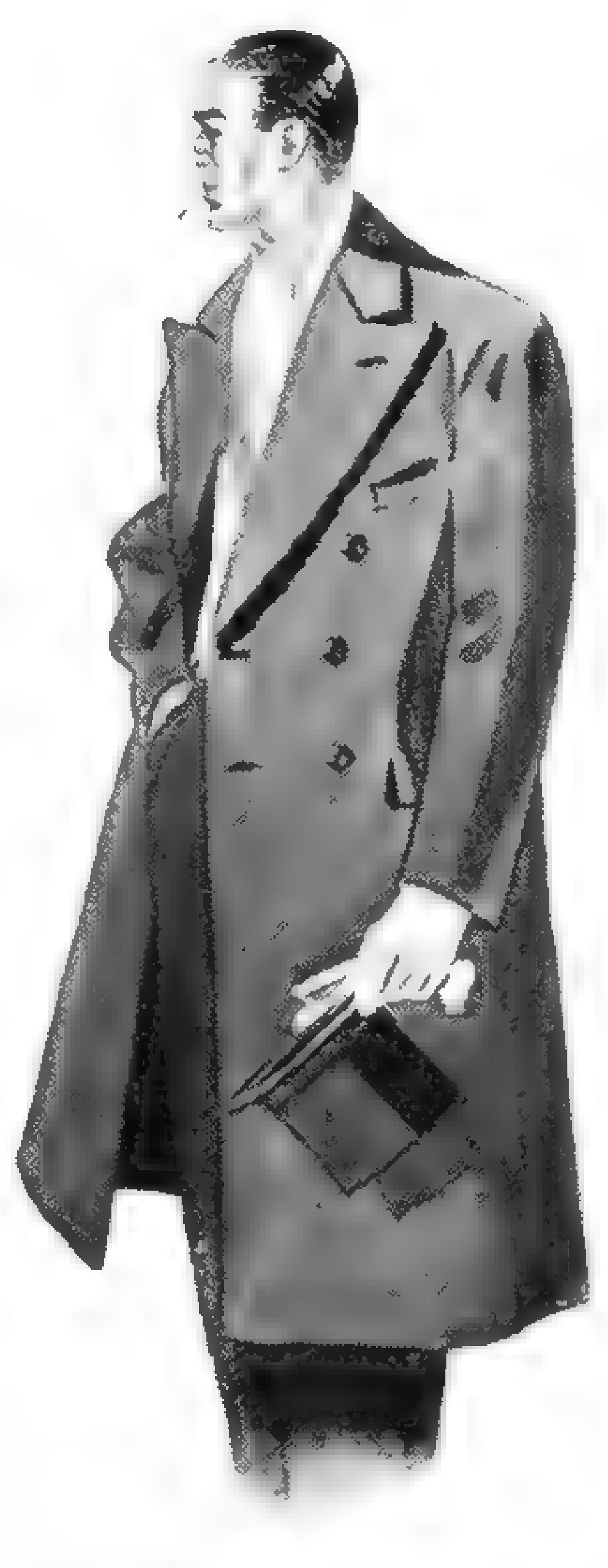
The Homburg hat in black or midnight blue felt is proper with the dinner jacket. The derby correctly worn for business or country is never acceptable with evening clothes.



The shiny high silk or the grosgrain silk collapsible opera hat are the only two formal hats of established tradition to top off the tailcoat.



Trousers should be long enough to break slightly over the instep. A single silk braid down the sides is acceptable; double braid with a tailcoat, optional.



The dark blue or oxford grey overcoat is expressive of evening formality. Other colors are definitely not in keeping with either the dinner jacket or tailcoat.

Man the Kitchenette

Here's how they cook snipe, sparrows, partridge, pheasants and rabbits in Europe, where landowners are the law

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

Once, many a fall ago, I shot a snipe—probably through a mistake like that by which anti-aircraft fire brings down an enemy plane from great altitudes. The poor long-beaked bird, esteemed by European gastronomes under the name *bécasse*, must have dodged into my bullet in the course of its erratic travel, for these birds dart like a flash in the air, not unlike bats. Being hot-headed and excitable, I am a rotten shot at game, although now and then I make the bull's-eye over a short shooting range.

After the kill I drove the battered little dog cart fast towards home, not even hindering the old pony from occasionally changing its pace from the proper trot to an unethical gallop. Twice before in my life I had tasted snipe, and now I could hardly wait. But my host was in town that evening, playing rummy at the local casino for high stakes, and I found the country-house kitchen abandoned except for a little scullery maid. She told me gleefully that cook was also away, with her secret lover, the overseer. "And naturally I don't expect her back before very late tonight. I'm supposed to heat up some leftovers for your dinner," she said.

With the eager impatience of males anticipating a great pleasure, I gave orders to fix the bird; epicures (except Leopoldt, a great culinary writer who said that they should be cooked eight hours after being shot) maintain that most wild fowl is uneatable unless it is hung by the tail feathers in the least respected chamber of the house until the feathers give way and the half-rotten bird falls. This process takes about a week; and the flesh must be greenish in color. I was not an epicure at that time. I was simply hungry. So I looked for and found a recipe to prepare bécasse speedily; reading matter in a Central European country home consists mainly of cook books, and a great many of the recipes are for game.

If memory serves, we, the little maid and I, left the legs and breast to cook further after browning the snipe in a pan; with the rest we proceeded in the following way: the liver was crushed, the carcass ground in a mortar, and cream was added. The sauce was then put in a pan together with butter, and a drop of brandy was stirred in from time to time. Finally the sauce was seasoned with salt and white pepper. The inside of the intestines of this clean-living bird, which feeds on juniper-berries, is a great delicacy. Accordingly, we extracted this, and mixed it with a few bread-crumbs, a little chopped parsley, butter, and salt and white pepper, and the paste was then spread on triangular pieces of toast. We poured the sauce over the legs and breast, which we surrounded on the platter with the pieces of toast. The taste of that feast still lingers in my mouth; a mere single bécasse only whets the appetite, and I seem to remember devouring the leftovers offered by the scullery maid afterward.

There are even better ways to prepare snipe, that most delicious of all birds, such as *Bécasse Brulées au Rhum à la Bacouaise;* here the snipe is lit and sizzled in rum. But I think one version is sufficient, because they are terribly difficult to shoot. I don't know much about American snipe; in Europe they used to summer in the Black Forest, around Baden and Württemberg, and in Slavonia; in October they started their migration for Egypt, but they always tired at the same village in Turkey, called Embarli, near the Bosphorus. Here unsportsmanlike hunters turned up in a body from all parts of Europe to massacre the exhausted birds, so hard to bag elsewhere.

Game appeals to man's palate more than to woman's; the ladies do not seem to favor its richly perfumed and pungent taste. Fortunately or unfortunately, game does not taste so strong in America. The explanation for this is that much of it comes here from abroad, notably from South America and Canada, in a frozen state. And now that there is a large army in Canada, the venison and moose that used to be sold to the U.S. market will go to the combatants. I can't report anything very good about game in America, although I have seen groups of fat partridges in Michigan, Vermont and Connecticut, and have heard of the boar hunting on Catalina Island. The system here—owing perhaps to the fact that game has been rapidly disappearing in the United States on account of increased population and advanced civilization—is quite different from that in Europe. There you may kill people if you are dressed in field gray, as many as you like or can. But just try to harm a hair on a stag's back, or ruffle the feathers of a pheasant! Unless you own land, or rent acreage and do your hunting on this terrain, you are a doomed man, facing terrible consequences. Poachers pay a high price on the other side.

On this side let me speak from my own experience. The first case concerns an automobile salesman who was very anxious to sell me a car. He took me out in it one morning, and we drove around in the hills surrounding the village where I was living. Suddenly the salesman stopped the car at a thicket where there were several posters tied to the tree-trunks saying: Positively No Hunting, Private Property. He produced a musket from nowhere; presently I saw a group of ringnecks at a distance, stepping cautiously but proudly, and pecking away merrily, as though the signs protected them. The salesman got one of them, and presented the fat bird to me; I ate it broiled with bacon and chestnut purée. And I bought the car, of course, because a gift of game creates the greatest possible sympathies between men; but I can tell you

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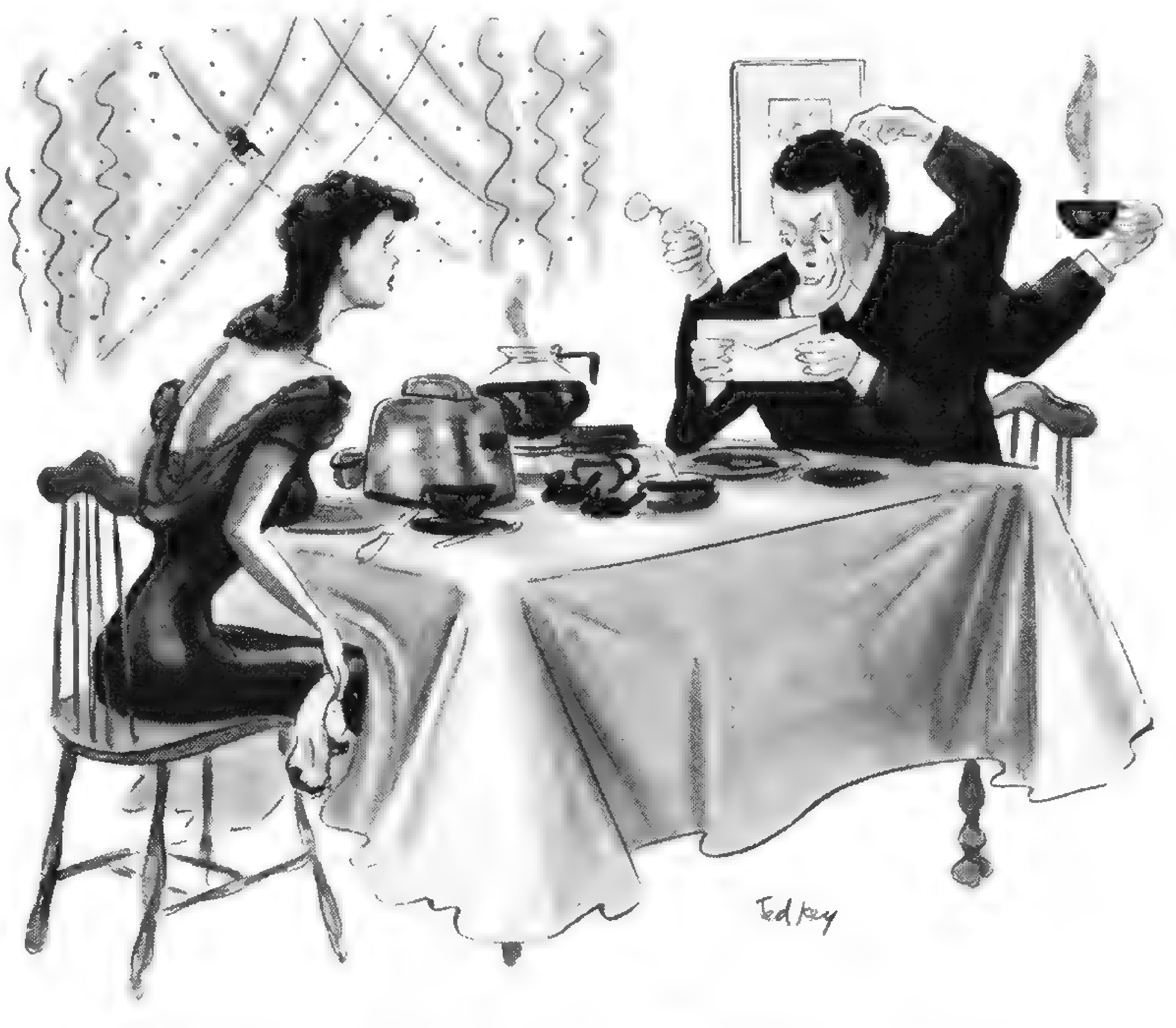


"Letter from Robert L. Ripley. Wonder what he wants?"

Beware of the Trojan Camel

Continued from page 96

idiotic as it is, I'm being pressured uphill and down dale to vote for it against my common sense. And there are so many of us in the same boat, it may pass."

As things turned out, the bill failed by a narrow squeak. The concerted pressure just wasn't quite strong enough, due to the fact that the bootlegging of dancing hadn't been organized on a practical, profitable basis. The drive had the requisite gloom behind it, but not the golden gravy ahead of it.

I don't have to tell you that in dry campaigns, that gravy on the horizon is a flood.

And so the "welfare" of one rural section after another is zealously worked for, with exhorters, fixers, and slush-fundamentalists swarming like Japanese beetles. In consequence, a number of minor coups have been scored (much to the hurt of the merchants in these towns) but so far nothing big enough to cause widespread alarm.

People in the more populous areas have their liquor and aren't worrying.

But they *ought* to be. For although these petty, sporadic gains may appear trivial they are all definite moves in a carefully planned *Kampf* whose objective is the re-subjugation of America under Prohibition.

If what they were trying to take away from us were merely the individual's right of enjoyment, that would be serious enough. But aside from and beyond that, they are aiming at one of the pillars of our national economic structure, restored seven years ago after an absence which had cost us approximately twenty billion dollars, or about half as much as our present national debt.

Should they succeed *this* time, the blow would be even more disastrous, because now, reckoned in investments, tax revenues, payrolls, etc., there is far more to smash than there was January 16, 1920 when Prohibition began its career of Dry Rottenness that lasted nearly fourteen years.

To be specific, our brewers are buying farm products as raw materials to the extent of around a hundred million dollars' worth a year; our distillers are forty-million-dollar customers in the same market. If you subtracted their combined purchases from the picture, wouldn't agriculture feel a jolt! (And wouldn't Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward and International Harvester and the automobile companies and everybody else who sells to farmers.) The contrast between crop utilization under Prohibition and under Legality is told in blunt figures of acreages: for near-beer, etc., less than 200,000 acres; for present annual requirements of brewers and distillers (I'm leaving out wine for now) 4,200,000 acres.

As for persons directly employed by establishments which manufacture alcoholic beverages, the total is close to 75,000 and they receive over $100,000,000 a year in wages. Besides these, there is a sizable army employed in jobbing, wholesaling and distributing. And a vast army indeed who retail.

But it is impossible to consider the drink industry as a thing unto itself. It carries so many big and little industries along with it. Hundreds of them.

Coal, for example—millions of tons used. Even the making of the bottles since Repeal has involved 1,500,000 tons of it, not to mention silica, soda ash, and lime.

Lumber for barrels is an industry which pours profits into eleven states. And there are aluminum and steel barrels (for beer) turned out by the metal people, who also have the hoops to play with.

"A dream of fair women" . . . in twelve full pages of full color, that's The Varga Girl Calendar, a super-feature of the super-issue, December's Esquire.

Cans take pretty nearly 150,000 tons of tin plate per annum, plus much lacquer for inner and outer coatings.

When it comes to corks, crowns, neckbands, labels, boxes, cartons, wooden cases, promotional literature, advertising, trucks, gasoline, oil, tires, batteries, vehicle licenses, transportation by railroad to and from distillery or brewery—when it comes to these items, we're knee deep in impressive statistics, and we're just started.

Riding along side by side with our spirituous and malt friends are the mineral waters, the ginger ales, the bitters, oranges, lemons, pearl onions, limes, ice, sugar, olives, cherries, toy frankfurters, canapé spreads, potato chips, peanuts, popcorn, pretzels, cheese, cocktail crackers, glassware, mirrors, bar fixtures, cash registers, electrical mixers and juicers, nickel-in-the-slot record machines, Muzak music, cigars, cigarettes, and hat-check girls.

Wine, once the step-child of the drink list, has lately blossomed out to the tune of almost a hundred million gals a year, and rightly so, which is quite a lot of cork-pulling. For we Americans have at last become generally cognizant of the interplay between food flavor and grape bouquet. And Uncle Samuel has vineyards aplenty, from coast to coast, with California, New York, Ohio, Missouri, New Jersey and North Carolina as Bacchus's own back yards.

Indeed, our wines would rank among the most famous in the world if an artificial blight called Prohibition hadn't come along just when gold medals and grand special mentions were beginning to accumulate in the trophy rooms. But it came, it smote, and it conquered, leaving us with grapes and raisins and not much else. So when Liberation finally arrived, viticulture and viniculture had to start virtually from scratch. Yet despite that terrible handicap, they have leaped and bounded not only in volume but also in quality, with no upper limits in sight. And their range takes in practically any type you could ask for, from Vermouth to Chianti to Champagne. All of which adds up to a mighty nice jingle of silver in our national pocket. So beware of pickpockets.

Some of the most pathetic victims of the latter were the big hotels and time-honored restaurants. Magnificent dining rooms became so deserted and dreary, all they needed was Poe's raven to announce that they'd be prosperous nevermore. At any rate, that was the sad news for the stockholders and bondholders and the great big insurance companies with the great big headaches over what Mr. Volstead had done to real estate. As for dance orchestras and entertainers, they were just eating their young.

And where was everybody? Practicing new manners in the cuspidors, under the sofas, and in your hair in the reeking speaks. A bizarre social world in which to bring up sons and daughters and federal agents. Law was "that louse."

It took the grand toboggan of Depression to shake us to our senses. But, give us credit, we *did* get rid of the damn thing and all its works. For *ever*, we hoped.

And banking on the permanence of emancipation, business leaders responded by investing much millions in plants, equipment, materials, wages, and what not. Hotels re-did themselves, opening up gala new dining rooms and supper rooms, featuring star entertainers and top-flight orchestras. In fact, brilliant new orchestras sprang to life from nowhere into the money. And countless new restaurants burst upon us, to be promptly thronged with spenders. Chromium, murals, modernistic lighting, air-conditioning became almost an epidemic—eventually topped off by the drafting of Norman Bel Geddes, Dorothy Draper and Jo Mielziner as designer-uppers.

All this financial stimulus, originating with the brewers and distillers and applied to a national economy which seemed to be on its last limp, produced a revivifying effect which extended out into all walks of life and almost every nook and cranny of the country. The statistics I've quoted give only a faint idea of the reach of its influence as a rehabilitator.

If you relish horrors, try to picture to yourself where we'd be today with the unrelieved weight of that Depression on our chest and Miss Prohibition still riding high, wide, and unhandsome.

As things are, her admirers and beneficiaries miss her and would love to have her back.

But the normal public—neither cranks nor criminals—has views on that subject. Strong ones. Recognizing that all human affairs are subject to human fallibility, they aren't surprised to detect certain flaws here and there in need of attention. And the distillers and brewers aren't dodging their share of the responsibility either, which they regard as a public trust.

Such are our gains to date. But we shan't continue to have them unless we hold onto them despite any re-incarnation of Wayne B. Wheeler mouthing the same threats and policies he only too successfully carried out.

Testifies his secretary-biographer, Justin Steuart: "Wayne B. Wheeler controlled six Congresses, dictated to two Presidents of the United States, directed legislation in most of the states of the Union, picked elective state and federal officers, held the balance of power in both the Republican and Democratic parties, distributed more patronage than any dozen other men, and supervised a federal bureau from outside without official authority." And it is explained that this Dry Dictator got his results by outsmarting politicians at the same time he was intriguing with them, by consistent intimidation, and, most of all, by taking advantage of a split in the Wet ranks.

Never should we forget what he did to us—and the fact that it *was* done.

But his way wasn't, and isn't, necessarily the only. There's a double-edged-sword style of attack on liquor by super-taxation. Under pretext of helping the federal government in a financial emergency, you lay on an extra-heavy tax to raise "lots of money." But it's *so* heavy, it cuts down sales, with the result that the total yield is both disappointing to the government and devastating to business—let alone the guy who would like to buy a bottle and can't pay the increased price. And on top of that, states and municipalities or counties load *their* tax hamperments, till finally the Drys can rub their hands with glee at the shrunken volume of legitimate liquor in use. But the loudest chucklers are the bootleggers, as good as set up in business again.

What It Takes to Be President

Continued from page 57

inet twice a week, receive the Press twice a week, consult frequently by phone and in person with individual members of his Cabinet and with congressional, political and other leaders and must travel many thousands of miles each year for his party's sake, *he must find time for his correspondence and have the skill required to handle it quickly and well.*

The White House mail rooms receive anywhere from four thousand to twenty thousand letters a day, in addition to edibles, inventions, gadgets, pets and other items sent as presents. Much of this mail is answered by aids to the President and much is routed to other federal units for answer.

All the while a stream of decoded, confidential and other communications is being sent from the State, War, Navy and other departments and bureaus to the President. Most of these and many letters, a goodly share of the 250 telegrams, cablegrams and wireless messages and many of the 1200 local, long-distance and international telephone calls arriving at the Executive Offices on a typical day require the personal attention of our Chief Executive. *Contrast:* The president of a business whose name is a household word recently told me that, so well has he organized his work "away from him" in order to have time to consider broad questions of policy, he seldom has to dictate more than two or three letters a day and rarely sees a telegram or cable or has to put in or receive an outside telephone call unless it is "personal." *Another contrast:* This business executive, like most alert top executives, applies the sound rule of never permitting more than eight people to report directly to him. *Still another contrast:* He explained that the head of any well-organized business owes it to himself to be free to come to the office late in order to go home early, to come at 1:00 in order to leave at once, and to take vacations whenever so minded!

II

Rare is the individual blessed with all of these skills.

Yet these are by no means all.

A president must answer to the specifications laid down in our Constitution, now the oldest written constitution without any fundamental change in existence. These specifications, to be sure, are few. Our Constitution merely says: "No person except a natural born citizen . . . shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years and been fourteen years a resident within the United States." Though this inspired document was written more than a century before women won the vote, it does *not* preclude a woman president.)

Also, the Constitution specifies that a president must receive ambassadors and other foreign ministers. It requires him to make treaties "with the advice and consent of the Senate"; to recommend to Congress "such measures as shall be necessary and expedient"; to serve as "Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy and of the militia of the several states when called into the actual service of the United States."

But tradition has established many other requirements. To mention only one: Because the Presidency is our highest honor, the only one which we *all* have at least some part in giving, we naturally expect a President to be worthy of that honor.

He must be personable, and should have, as they say, "a talented wife and lovely family."

He must not have any skeletons in his family closet (though there have been exceptions).

He must be youth's ideal.

He must be worthy of "the world's greatest pulpit," (this the Presidency has been for many presidents, precisely as it has been a pillory for some).

He must stand for something—something positive, since we Americans are never anti-anything for very long.

He must be able to take an enormous amount of punishment, not only in the form of criticism, ridicule, lambasting by organized pressure groups and assaults from the guerilla warfare of Washington and politics but, also, physical punishment. 'Way back in 1907, when at Princeton, Woodrow Wilson said that the President of the United States is the most heavily burdened public official on earth and that he is continuously tried by countless questions of duty and conscience. Then he added this grim prophecy which his own years in the White House affirmed: "Men of ordinary physique and discretion cannot be presidents and live, unless the strain be somehow relieved."

III

Since 1907 the Executive Branch of our Government has grown by leaps and bounds straight through both Republican and Democratic administrations for a great number of reasons.

This fact and these findings knock into a cocked hat the old, accepted and cherished tradition that any man who has what it takes to be nominated and elected has all it takes to be an acceptable president—and the idea not long back expressed by a candidate, "Any American town of 10,000 can provide an acceptable president."

It just isn't so any more. The prevailing international situation alone is sufficient to prove that this isn't so.

Although this article is a job analysis, taking no sides, obviously the least we can do is to consider its findings on and before November 5th when forty-five millions of us will decide who is to be our President during the most critical years in our history. #

Milly and Johnny Were Lovers

Continued from page 60

like kissing; or at least they were rubbing their noses together.

Milly's mamma was a coquettish, beautiful young matron. She was amused at what she had seen. But in addition she was a little frightened. That's how she had begun her career. True, she had been a little older. She had been eight years old when a boy first kissed her at dancing school. Smiling and sighing she said to herself: Good Lord, these modern times! What is going to happen to this child when she grows up if she has got this far at five? At home she put on a severe mien and made her daughter give an accounting of what she had been doing.

Milly noticed that her severity was of a different kind, a deeper brand, than that to which she had been accustomed. It was a larger and darker cloud among the fleecy cloudlets of her sunny skies. Therefore she changed her behavior accordingly. Up to that time her usual technique was to burst out bawling every time anybody cast an accusing look at her. She could bawl terrifically. The veins swelled up in her neck and the tears gushed from her eyes and her little throat almost burst. No matter what mischief she had done, they apologized to her just so that she would stop crying.

But now she didn't cry. With the genius of children she realized the extreme importance of her conduct; she sensed that the situation was much more complicated than in her previous misdeeds—when she had been accused of plucking out her doll's eyes, breaking a plate, soiling her dress, or neglecting to say her prayers before going to sleep. This was a misdeed of another order, a much more interesting affair. Perhaps she was enjoying it. Anyway, she didn't cry. She watched the faces of the grown-ups around her as if to see what secret there was behind the screen of spoken words. And she denied everything.

Stubbornly she denied the pebbles, the walks, the park, the bench. She even tried to deny Johnny. How could she know which Johnny they were talking about? There were five Johnnys in the kindergarten!

The boy behaved differently in the storm. Boldly and openly he confessed everything, as befitted a young gentleman. Yes, it was true. He would leave the kindergarten when he saw that his father had driven away. And it was true too that every day he would go for Milly and throw pebbles at her window. It was true, too, that they sat down on the bench. Everything was true. The only thing he refused to discuss, no matter how they pressed him, was why he had done these things.

Poor, cornered Johnny should have announced to them simply: "Because I am in love with her." However, this conception was still lacking from his vocabulary, although not from his heart.

Because there was such a profound contrast in the stories of the two children, they were confronted with each other.

Milly stuck to her original strategy. She denied everything. She was wearing her rosy little hat with the silk ribbon tied under her chin, her rubber duck under her arm. Opening her blue eyes wide and round, she looked into Johnny's face. Amazement, rebuke, and insult were written in her eyes. She practically dismissed the boy with her eyes; she practically accused him. How could a person be so bad as to get her in trouble with his folly?

The father struck the table and said sternly: "There is something strange about this affair. Somebody is lying. Which one of you isn't telling the truth?"

Milly rolled her blue eyes even more innocently and pursed her little lips. And she remained silent.

Johnny's face slowly took on a glow and then turned deep red. His walnut-colored lock he again tossed back with that bold, seafaring gesture. Firmly, belligerently, he announced: "Milly is telling the truth! I was lying."

Johnny could not understand why his father grabbed him and raised him in the air, why he pressed him so lovingly to himself that it almost hurt; why he covered him with kisses, face, hair, and even his bare legs above his socks. Grown-ups are unpredictable.

Johnny's father was practically foaming with joy. Excitedly he boasted to Milly's mother:

"Well, what do you think of this kid? The way he acted? Where could he have learned it? He knew instinctively what to do. It's in his blood! In his character! He inherited it from me!"

And then he added slyly, because it never hurts to make a score with a lovely woman:

"Remember, that's the way I am too, if sometime I should start making love to you."

The beautiful matron pretended that she was very sad that her daughter had passed such a bad examination in character. But in the recesses of her reflections she was exceptionally satisfied with Milly. Milly had behaved just as a clever woman is supposed to behave in a difficult situation. She had not lost her head, and impudently she had denied everything. #

Poachers, the Rum, and the Preacher

Continued from page 83

enough for you tonight?"

"I always say," said the preacher, "that there's nothing like bread dipped in nice beef gravy. Do try some, Mr. Coongate."

"Thanks."

The preacher unselfishly passed the platter of moose meat to the game warden. The warden declined. The preacher then gave a brief talk on the staying powers of red meat in the human system. Sarah listened worshipfully, as if his every word were gold. Zack and Jeff exchanged sad, thirsty glances. The preacher showed no signs of drowsiness. In fact, he grew wider awake by the minute. He was enthusiastic over food, nature, people, and his own voice. Zack thought of the first, cool feeling of rum in his mouth, then the shock and burn in his throat, then the strangling sensation, and at last the huge warmth in his belly and the power in his brain. The parson was off on a new tack. Old Jeff was brooding by the woodbox The game warden seemed lost in bleak thought. But it was the game warden who first succumbed to weariness. "Guess I'll turn in," he said.

"Very wise decision," approved the preacher. "You have been through a terrible experience. Nothing like long and dreamless sleep to reknit the fibers sundered by terror and exhaustion."

The warden looked as though his fibers needed reknitting. Zack showed him to the front room of the cabin. There wasn't any bed. The spare bed was for the preacher. Zack spread some bearskins and got some blankets. The warden took off his boots and his pants and laid down. Zack returned to the kitchen, closed the door gently.

The preacher had arranged a peck or so of rocks on the table and was going nicely on geology and Indian relics. Sarah, her face ruddy in the lamp light, looked as if her soul were filling rapidly with wisdom. Jeff Coongate, hunkered by the woodbox, thought of the sound of a cork squeaking out of a bottle.

"Should think," said Sarah, "that warden would of wanted to stay up and listen to these educational things."

"Guess he's beat out," said Zack, taking a chair.

"I can readily understand it," the preacher said.

"Ain't you a little mite tired yourself, Reverend?" thoughtfully inquired Jeff. "We don't aim to keep you up. Any time you want to hit the hay, why—"

"I get along on very little sleep," replied the guest. "I attribute it to exercise in the great outdoors, and to the stimulus of exchanging ideas with people."

"Oh."

The preacher selected a fresh rock and held it up to the light.

"This," he said, "is a specimen of jasper, rare in these parts. Frankly, I was surprised to find it."

"My!" Sarah exclaimed. "Ain't it interestin' to hear a man talk like this? It's very educational."

"Yuh," Zack said, lamely.

Encouraged, the preacher picked up some other rocks. "Now here we have a very interesting quartz relationship. I—"

"Quartz?" said old Jeff huskily, his one eye rolling.

"Yes. Now a crystalline schist, as you no doubt fully appreciate, is—"

"A rock is a rock," Zack observed.

"Don't show your ignorance!" Sarah blurted.

The preacher smiled tolerantly. "A rock, as your husband has pointed out, is, of course, a rock. But how was it formed? When was it formed? And under what conditions? These are the great questions."

The parson answered these questions. He propounded others, and he answered them. He spoke weightily of pyrites, lignites, chalcedony, fault scarps, morraines, stalactites, stalagmites, sedimentation, silica, and the great ice sheet. The two poachers suffered in silence. Not that they wanted to speak. Their throats were too parched. They were far less interested in rocks than in the cruel Fate which had first brought them a game warden who would jail them, and second a preacher who had kept them from their rum. Their mercy and hospitality had brought them misery tenfold.

Just as the preacher packed away his rocks and looked as if he might consider going to bed, Sarah began about her brother Jonas. Old Jeff settled back on the woodbox too weak to sigh. Zack swallowed, and his throat made a rustling sound. Sarah's brother Jonas had fought in the war, and had died on the nineteenth anniversary of his shrapnel wound, just at sunset, when a neighbor's boy, a Scout bugler, happened to be playing taps. To Sarah the coincidence had a deep religious significance. Here was her great chance to get a clergyman's opinion.

Zack and Jeff had heard the story so many times that they could clock off the points accurately. Five minutes for Jonas's patriotism and character; seven for his *croix de guerre*; nine for his hospitalization; twenty-two for his operations; three for the neighbor's boy who had joined the Scouts at Jonas's suggestion; two for Jonas's kindness in buying the boy the bugle; and from eight to twelve for the death scene. Forty minutes might cover it for an ordinary guest, but Zack figured Sarah would take close to sixty for the preacher. He estimated that, with luck, he could live an hour and ten minutes more without rum. But over on the woodbox, old Jeff Coongate looked as if he couldn't hold out, that death by thirst would claim him before Sarah got Jonas out of the veterans' hospital.

Sarah had progressed as far as Jonas's second operation, and the preacher was listening in an attitude of deep thought, when they first heard the bumping noise. Sarah paused, annoyed. "That's your canoe blowin', Zack. Didn't you tie it?"

"The wind's died out," Zack said.

The preacher said: "Listen."

They listened for some moments, but the night was still. Sarah resumed her story: "Well, then Jonas said to the doctors: 'I'm willin' to undergo anything.' Jonas was brave, always brave. He said to them: 'You cut me open before, an' you can do it again.' So then they cut Jonas open, and—"

They heard the bumping sound again. It was much nearer—against the outside wall of the cabin. Jeff Coongate looked up at the deer horns where his rifle hung. Zack had stood up and started toward the door, when a doleful voice sang:

"I'll go where you wan' me to go
dear Lor',
I'll travel o'er lan' an' sea.
I'll do what you wan' me to do
dear Lor',
I'll be what you wan' me to
be-e-e-e-e—"

When Zack opened the door, the game warden almost fell into the kitchen. He caught himself with one hand. In the other he held the rum bottle. It was nearly empty. Clearly he had gone out through the front door of the cabin, down into the root cellar. Judging by the pittance of rum left, he had been in the cellar a long time. He was minus his pants and boots, and his long underwear lacked crucial buttons.

"Re-knitting fibersh," he said. "Fibersh fine now."

"Mrs. Bourne," said the preacher gallantly, "shall I show you to your room?"

"He got into our medicine that we keep in the root cellar," wailed Sarah, determined to explain the rum bottle on high moral grounds.

"It was for Mr. Coongate's cough," Zack softly added.

Jeff gulped out loud. "Zack sometimes coughed a mite, too," he informed the parson.

The game warden swayed, aimed for a chair, and just made it. His underwear opened all the way down the front. The preacher stepped between him and Sarah. Sarah fled to the bedroom, and the preacher turned to deal with the drunken warden. He placed a hand firmly on the warden's shoulder. "Listen to me," he said severely. "Are you able to understand me?"

"Shernly," said the warden, looking up solemnly. "Shernly I understand."

"These men saved your life on the lake today. They brought you to their home."

"They had to," the warden mumbled. "Only place on the lake."

"They fed you. They gave you of their hospitality—their food and meat."

"Din't eat any meat," the warden muttered.

"And you steal their medicine, and get helplessly intoxicated."

"Unh," said the warden.

"I am therefore in duty bound," continued the preacher, "to report you to the authorities. An officer of the law, drunk."

Old Jeff Coongate sidled forward. "Reverend," he said. "This man went through a mighty terrible time in the lake till we come along. He swum an hour in the cold water, with the fear of death on him."

"His poor wife and children are dependent on him," mused Zack Bourne.

"Lookin' at it one way, he wan't hardly responsible for what he done, Reverend," Jeff went on mercifully. "'Course it's a terrible thing, what he done. But I say he should be forgiven. On account of his wife and children, and—"

"An' the work he does protectin' this country from the ravidges of lawless poachers," said Zack. "But we could always get hold of you to witness what he done here tonight, in case we had cause ever to change our minds. Couldn't we, Reverend?"

"You could," said the preacher, emphatically. "And I must say, you have demonstrated remarkable forgiveness. I shall remember it as long as I live."

"Shame here," grunted the warden.

"You are a very fortunate man," the preacher told the warden.

"Everyone's forshunit. Guess go back bed now."

He went very carefully, and he knew he could sleep, for the cruelty of the storm and the cold of the lake were no longer in him. And he wouldn't be obliged to arrest the men who had saved his life. He couldn't. He sank down on the bearskins and drew the blankets over him. "Everyone's forshunit," he muttered, and went to sleep.

Reservations are in order, if you want your newsdealer to save you a copy of the big Christmas issue, Esquire for December, on sale November 15th.

A MAN WITH EXTRA PATIENCE

MASTER SEEDSMAN, DAVID BURPEE

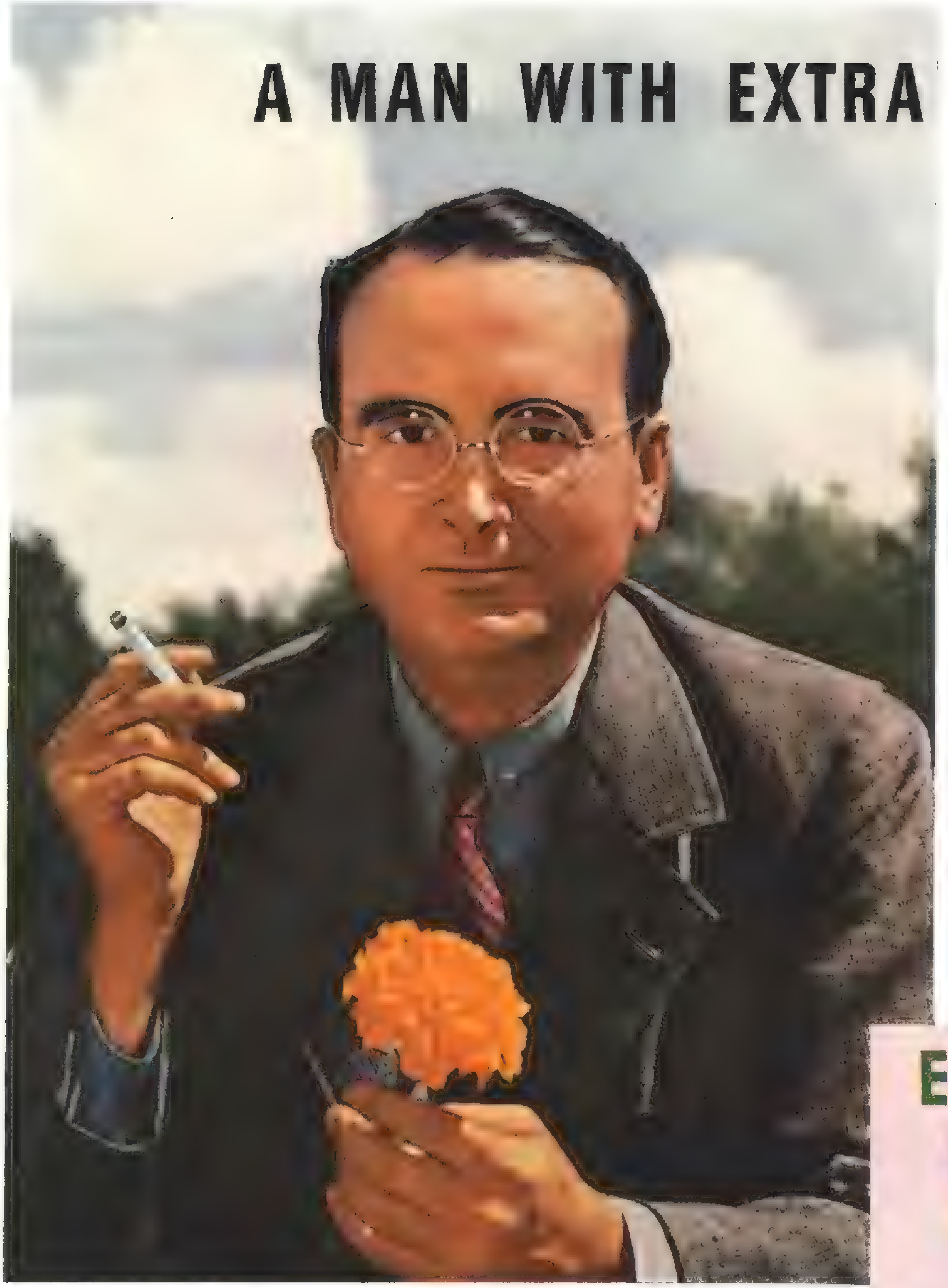
Once in a million times he gets that certain extra quality in a flower. But in his cigarette he gets the extras *every time* with slower-burning Camels

HE follows springtime up and down the continent, shuttling precious seeds and plants by air to kaleidoscope three generations of flower life into less than a year. Even then it's a one-in-a-million chance he'll get what he's after. It took him years to get a marigold with odorless foliage (*"Burpee Gold," shown at left*)...even longer to get his amazing new "Wildfire" marigold.

But every time David Burpee lights up a cigarette, he knows he's going to get mildness, coolness, and flavor—with that extra measure of each that makes such a difference to the critical smoker.

For he smokes *costlier tobaccos* matchlessly blended into a cigarette that is slower-burning...free from flavor-dulling heat and the irritating qualities of too-fast burning. Yes, he smokes Camels.

Try Camels yourself. Enjoy the extras—including extra smoking (*see below*).



"YES, THOSE **EXTRAS** IN SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS COUNT WITH ME. CAMELS ARE EXTRA MILD AND COOL. THEIR FULL, RICH FLAVOR ALWAYS HOLDS A FRESH APPEAL FOR ME."

David Burpee

PRESIDENT, W. ATLEE BURPEE CO.

EXTRA MILDNESS
EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

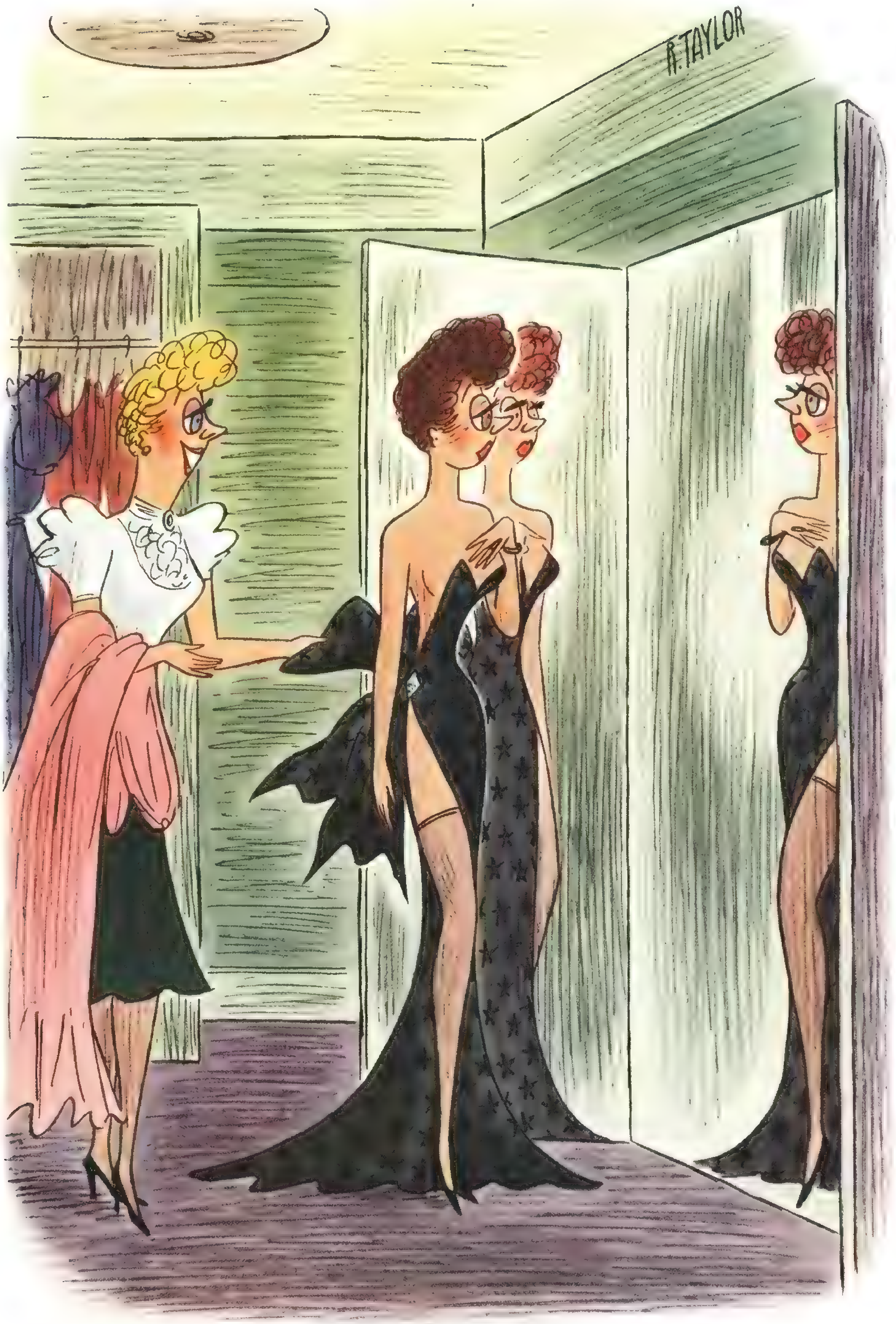
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

GET THE "EXTRAS" WITH SLOWER-BURNING

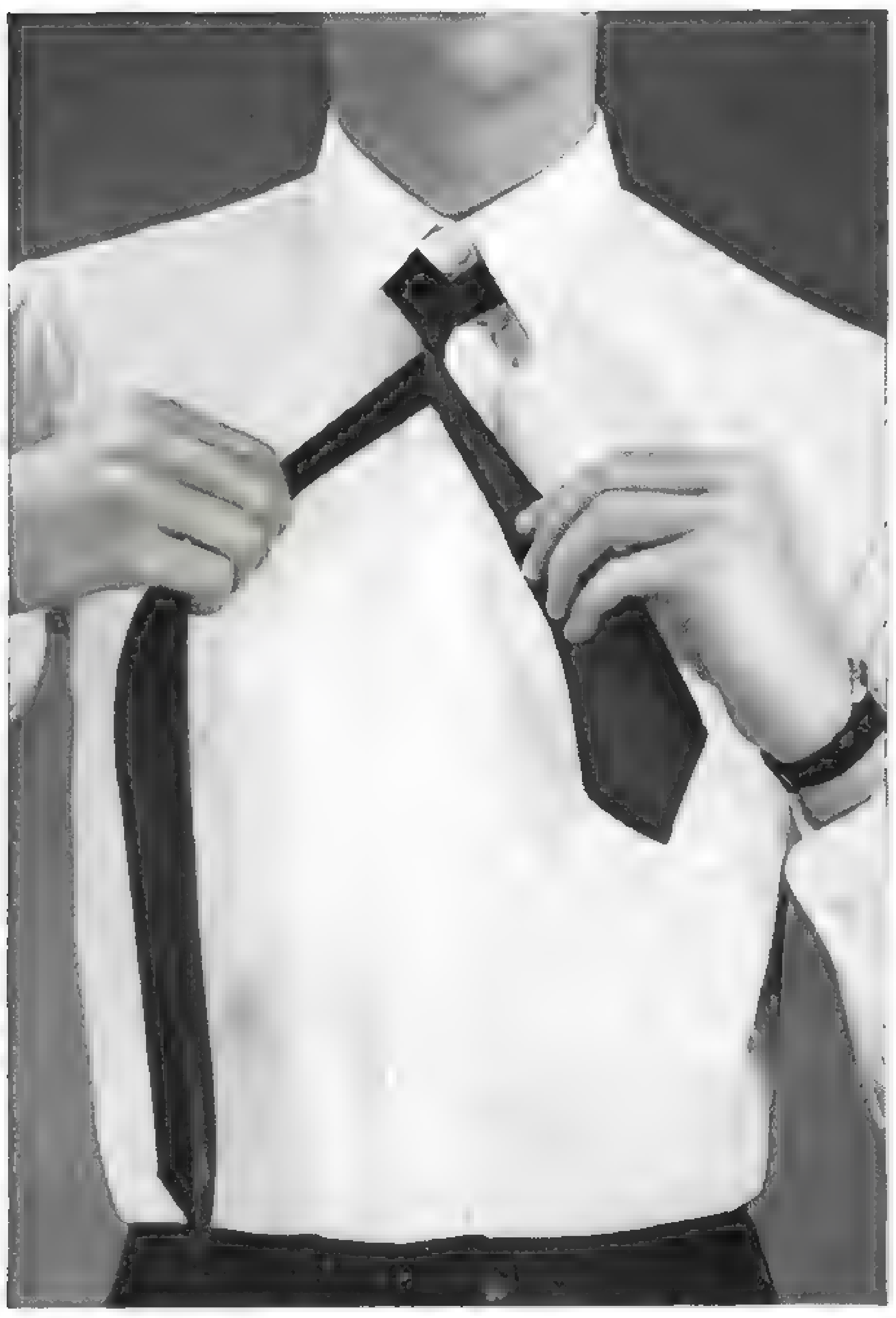
CAMELS

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

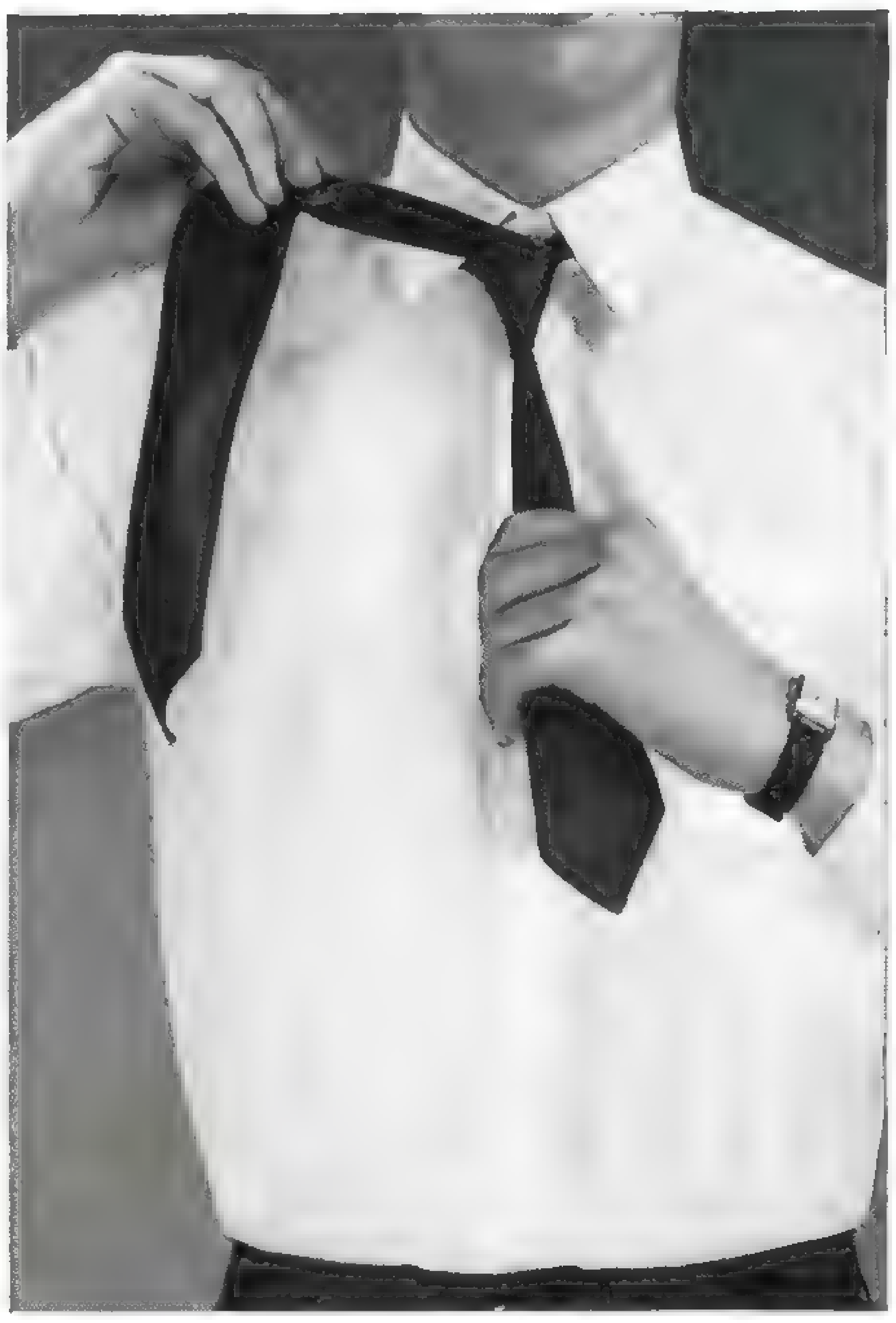


". . . this is our leap year special"

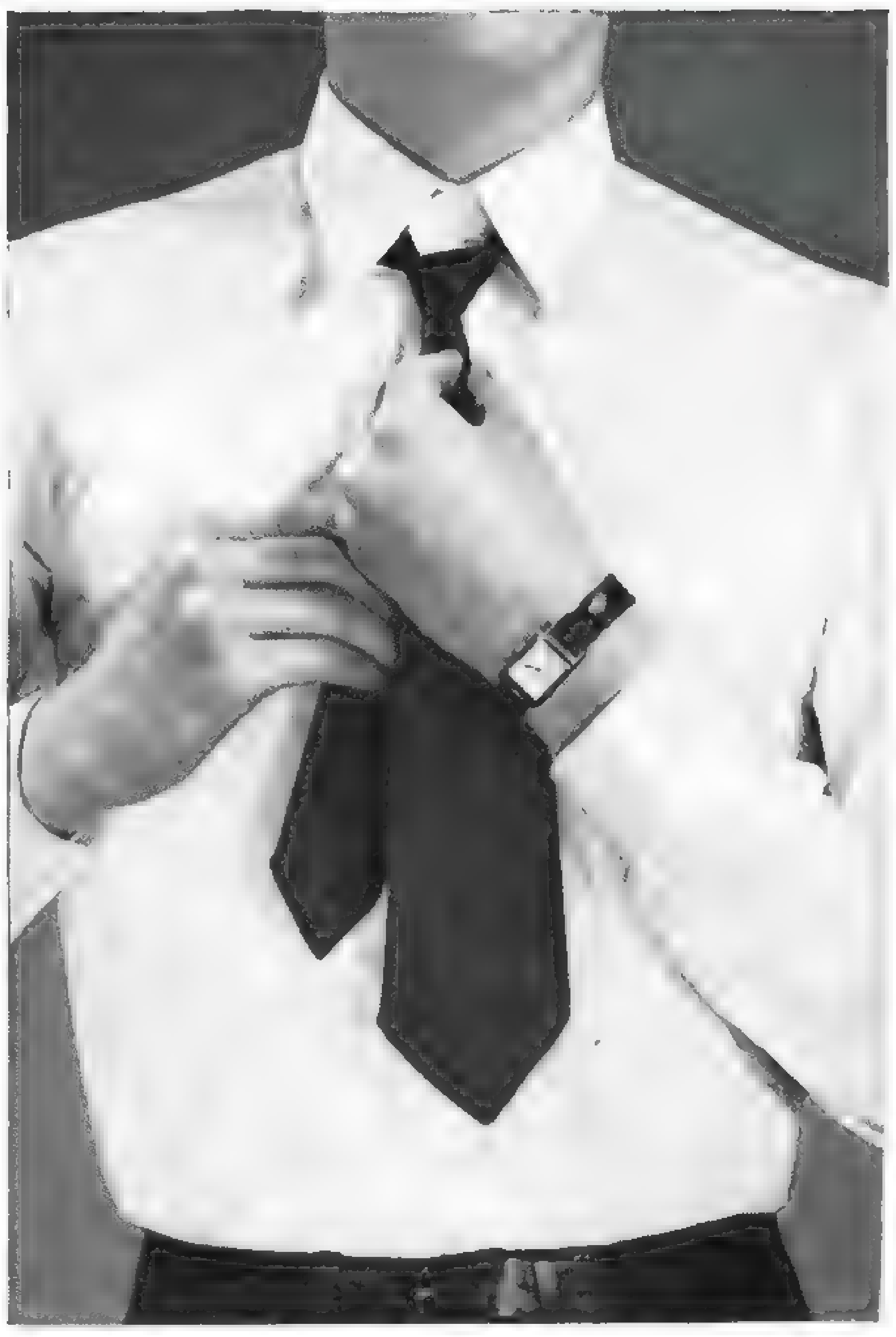
Arrow shows you how to tie a tie



1. If you want the handsomest knot you ever made, drape an Arrow *Viking Twill* Tie through your collar and follow this procedure for tying *all* ties: First, put the wide end over the narrow end . . . thus . . .



2. Then form a preliminary knot, by bringing the wide end over the narrow and up through the opening at the collar. At this stage of the game, stop and smooth out the preliminary knot.



3. Put the wide end through the loop; then groove it lengthwise by pinching the sides together. When you tighten the tie, this forms a dimple, an especially good-looking dimple in the case of Viking Twills.

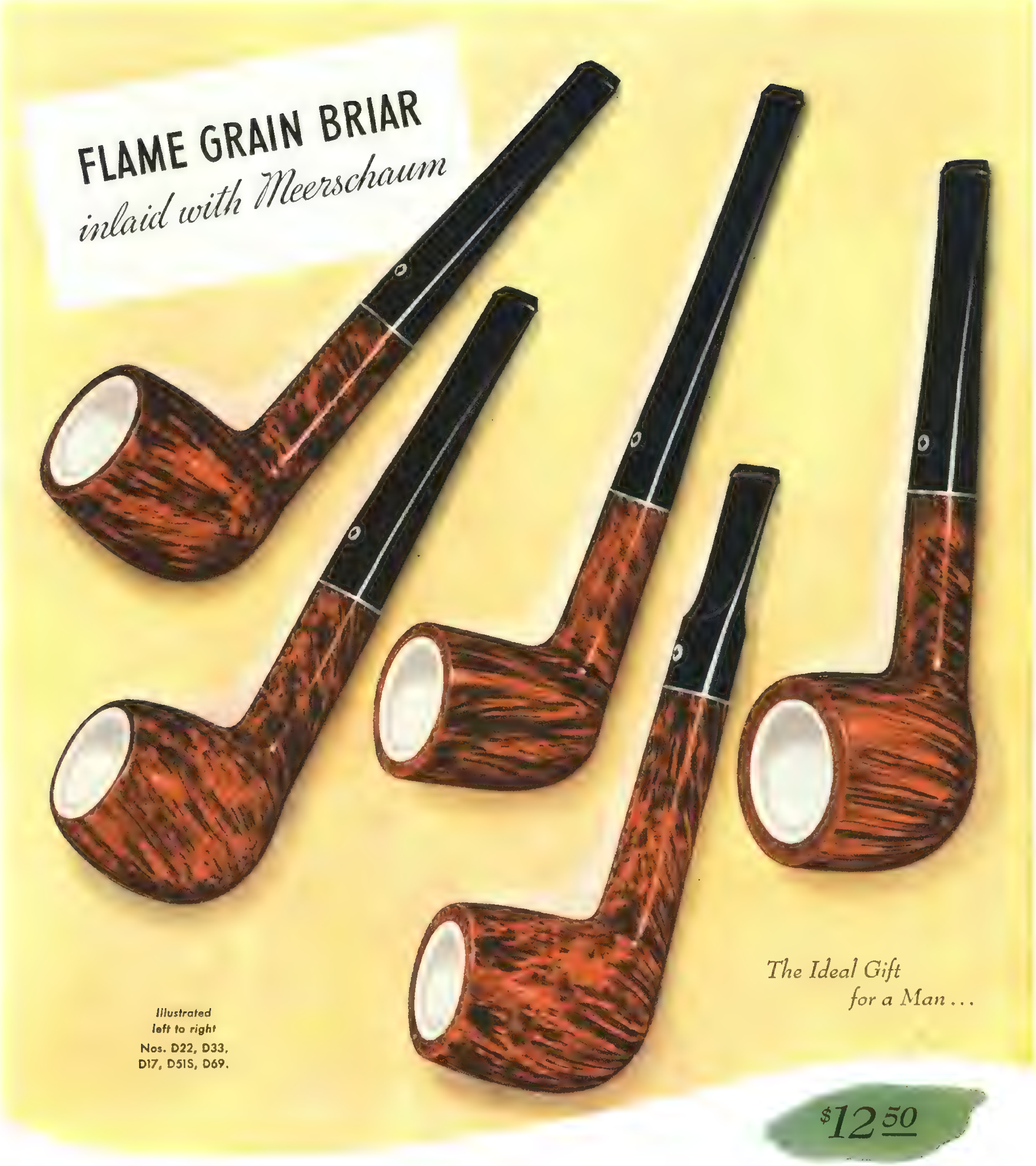
4. The finished job! A medium-sized knot, not too tight, no gap above it. Viking Twills, like all Arrow Ties, have the *patented Resilio construction* that helps them knot perfectly and hold their shape!

VIKING TWILL is exclusively an Arrow Tie, and one of the vast Arrow Tie family. It has a rich, expensive fabric, colorful stripes, and is most compatible with your suits and shirts. See Viking Twills at your Arrow dealer's. Only $1. Other smart, wrinkle-resistant Arrow Ties, $1 and $1.50.

ARROW
MADE IN U.S.A.

If it hasn't an Arrow label,
it isn't an Arrow Tie

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Company, Inc., Troy, N. Y.


FLAME GRAIN BRIAR
inlaid with Meerschaum
Illustrated left to right
Nos. D22, D33, D17, D51S, D69.
The Ideal Gift for a Man . . .
$12.50

Dedicated to those who know pipes—by KAYWOODIE

Take Flame Grain briar—the choicest 200-to-400 year old briar, of which only a limited supply exists anywhere in the world (because it comes from the last remaining virgin territory). Then, take the finest quality of selected Turkish Meerschaum. Give these to a craftsman who is an honored practitioner in an eighty-nine year old tradition of hand-craftsmanship in pipe making. In the Kaywoodie pipes shown above, with integral meerschaum inner bowls, you have the arresting result. These are pipes that Kaywoodie takes the deepest professional pride in offering to the acknowledged *gourmets* among pipe-smokers.

NOTE: Only Kaywoodie is privileged to offer Flame Grain briar. Kaywoodie was fortunate in contracting for the entire known supply of this 200-to-400 year old briar.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
Makers of Fine Pipes since 1851
New York *and* London
In New York: Rockefeller Center, Fifth Avenue

COPR. 1940, KAYWOODIE COMPANY

These Flame-Grain-and-Meerschaum Kaywoodies are displayed for your inspection under sheer Crystal Glass — at better dealers everywhere.

Fire on Queer Street

Continued from page 27

subtle and damaging similarity between this job and one that took place three months back and five hundred miles away. He can find out in a pig's whisper if the owner has recently increased his insurance or needed quick cash or was embroiled with some violent-tempered and not too bright neighbor. With plenty of spadework, the unburnable residue of incendiary chemicals, the faint traces of candle grease where they don't belong, the fingerprint on this unburned window sill, the characteristic soot of burning turpentine on that bit of plaster wall, tell him as much as that gold certificate told about Bruno Hauptmann. A contact man for a torch ring recently brought a well-known firebug round to clinch a deal with the owner of a small New England store who was toying with the idea of burning out to collect his insurance. "I don't know you though," said the prospect sulkily, "How good are you?"

"Good!" said the torch, "Why, say—" and reeled off twenty fires he had set and the amount collected. In court a few weeks later his prospective customer turned out to have been a state policeman purposely planted in that little store. A Rhode Island mob had a nice job in a small hotel, got the candles burning merrily and were just locking the front door to make everything look right when the police stepped out of the shrubbery and arrested them with the key in the leader's hands and shoals of evidence ready to be photographed inside. It happened that a new member of the mob, so new that he hadn't yet been thoroughly let in on all the leaders' secrets, was another undercover man.

No wonder arson has been on the down-grade. There are no figures because only a clairvoyant could be sure how many of the year's crop of fires are incendiary. But crack states like Pennsylvania can now count on getting convictions in at least 70 per cent of all arson cases that grand juries indict. One of their investigators recently convicted twenty-three out of twenty-four. The South, where arson used to be as prevalent as moonshining and equally winked at by the community, is cleaning itself up with signal success. It is no longer true in many southern states that a store burned down for the insurance is spoken of with a lenient chuckle as having been "sold to the Yankees." There is a good way to go here and there. Fire losses on cars are still fifteen times as high in South Carolina as in New York and, since the cars are of precisely the same makes as those in New York, the insurance companies cannot get over the suspicion that there is something very peculiar about that. But on the whole the tendency, nationally and in every section, is upward and onward.

To get the full drama out of arson-hunting, you must know something about the law of arson. Before the National Board began to plug the Model Arson Law—now adopted or approximated by most states—it was a crime against the state to burn *somebody else's* property, but not your own. That stemmed back to the old English common law before there were any insurance companies to defraud. So the old farmer with the cuckoo clock, for instance, could have been prosecuted only for attempted fraud on the insurance company. With juries feeling as they often do about arguments between little fellows and big, soulless, dime-shaving corporations, he would have stood a fair chance of getting clear in court. But the Model Arson Law makes willful burning of your own property, if insured, an offense against the state, just like any other felony. That brought things up to date, recognizing criminal hazards to firemen, other buildings and public safety in general, and cleared the legal decks for doing a job on the insurance-burning temptation.

But ninety per cent of the arson-hunter's troubles still remained because, by the very nature of the crime, an arson case must rest largely on circumstantial evidence—the kind against which juries still feel a good deal of prejudice. Firebugs are understandably shy about taking along witnesses who will give direct incriminating evidence in court. Even when they confess, confessions are not evidence unless backed by corroboration. So the arson-hunter has to rely on his super-sensitive nose for suspicious detail to weave round the accused a web of mute, but damaging, circumstantial proof that the judge will admit and the jury feel confidence in. Very pretty work it often is. The lard pail that contained the incendiary gasoline is traced by its serial number to a grocery that sold six such empty pails to a suspect in a town near the fire. Seven men were convicted in that case. The holes bored in the walls to increase the draft match up with microscopic markings on a brace-and-bit found in the suspect's possession. The fellow behind that committed suicide before the trial. In some states, where courts recognize the principle of "exclusive opportunity," reliance on circumstantial evidence is carried so far that the owner of the burned premises goes to jail on proof that the fire was incendiary and he alone had access to the premises.

Although professional "torches" probably start the majority of our incendiary fires, there is no lack of other schools of arson. Amateur house burners, going it alone without hired professional help, are often a good deal smarter than the old fellow with the cuckoo clock. There are plenty of pyromaniacs—people with a shingle off whose yen for fire and clanging bells is likely to come on with the full moon and is usually tied up with

Continued on page 116

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
I UNDERSTAND THIS IS THE LARGEST GROUP OF ANCIENT RUINS IN THE U.S.
THIS IS THE SUN TEMPLE, JUDGE, WHERE PREHISTORIC INDIANS WORSHIPPED THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO
MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK
GOODNESS, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO DAD?
GOSH! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY—HE'S GOT THE ONLY TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT
THAT P.A. AROMA TELLS ME HE'S IN THIS PART OF THE RUINS
OH, THERE YOU ARE, DAD — YOU RASCAL!
WHEN A FELLOW GETS TO COUNT ON A REAL COOL-BURNING SMOKE, HE LIKES TO KEEP IN CLOSE TOUCH WITH P.A.
I DON'T BLAME YOU— I WOULDN'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE PIPEFUL OF THE TOBACCO THAT KEEPS THE CHEER IN PIPE-SMOKING!
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—COOLEST OF ALL!
LOOK AT THIS ANCIENT POTTERY PIPE-HEAD I PICKED UP. IT SURE LOOKS LIKE A HOT BURNER!
YES—BUT I'LL BET EVEN THAT OLD FIRE-BOX WOULD SMOKE COOL WITH A LOAD OF SMOOTH, MELLOW P.A.

Copr., 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

MODERNIZE WITH Milder Smoking
PRINCE ALBERT BRINGS ME UP TO DATE ON THE RICH JOYS OF CHOICE TOBACCO PLUS TONGUE COMFORT —SMOOTH, MELLOW
THE MODERN WAY TO EASY PACKING, EVEN DRAWING, BETTER CAKING, AND A DRIER BOWL— PRINCE ALBERT
P.A. IS THE LAST WORD FOR FAST, STREAM-LINED ROLLED SMOKES, TOO—IT'S CRIMP CUT—THE 'MAKIN'S' SMOKERS' DELIGHT
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Genuine Ocean Pearl

They're a Hickok style scoop . . . genuine ocean pearl . . . right—in smartness . . . right—in newness . . . in iridescent, shimmering sea-foam colors: blue, red, green, brown . . . natural and smoked for evening wear. At far less cost than you'd expect: the links, $1.50 and $2.50; tie-bar or tie-chain, $1. Meet them now . . . at smarter stores that feature Hickok Jewelry.

HICKOK
JEWELRY • BELTS • BRACES

Fire on Queer Street

Continued from pages 27-115

a warped sex life. Revenge- and spite-burners. Thieves and murderers who set fires to destroy evidence of crime. Businessmen who burn out their competitors. Contractors firing buildings to get the rebuilding jobs, laborers who want the job of cleaning up the ruins. So the arson-hunter early gets over being surprised at anything. A girl pyromaniac sets fire to her own home four times running and then sends herself a threatening letter to avert suspicion. A professional fireman, proud of his job, sets fires in small towns so he can appear on the scene and boss round the local volunteer department. A farmhand burns down his former employer's barn because he never got his last $7.50 in wages. A farmer burns out a neighbor because the neighbor hired the arsonist's former housekeeper and he wants her back. A college fraternity treasurer burns down the fraternity house to conceal a shortage in the house funds.

Experts agree with the layman that there must be something wacky about all such people. After all, the crime and the motive are screwily disproportionate. Except for the professional firebug, the characteristic type in these jobs does seem to be pretty dimwitted, numb and fumbly. Investigation of such suspects often turns up some other kind of slackjawed crime—rape, incest, homicide, shoplifting and so forth. Although the pyromaniac alone is medically and legally loony, arson investigators are usually well enough educated in criminology to know that the dimwit amateur arsonist is more to be pitied than punished and make every effort to get him stowed away in an institution for the mentally unfit rather than in a penitentiary.

Depressing as it sounds, humor does occasionally crop up to lighten the picture. There was the insurance burner who tried to establish an unimpeachable alibi by taking a policeman-friend to a hockey game the night his house was touched off. The big city fireman at a small resort who got tight with the local firemen, started arguing about a technical point in the management of firehose—and persuaded them to help him start a fire to try out his theory on. The son of a local volunteer fire chief who recently burned down half the town to give the department a chance to use a new piece of equipment. (Volunteer departments are occasionally astounded to find firebugs among their members, enlisted on account of their passion for the big, red wagon and the billowing smoke.) The thirsty fireman who tasted the contents of a punch bowl he found in a half-burned house and got a mouthful of gasoline. The romantic-minded lad who fired his girl-friend's house so he could become a hero by rescuing her.

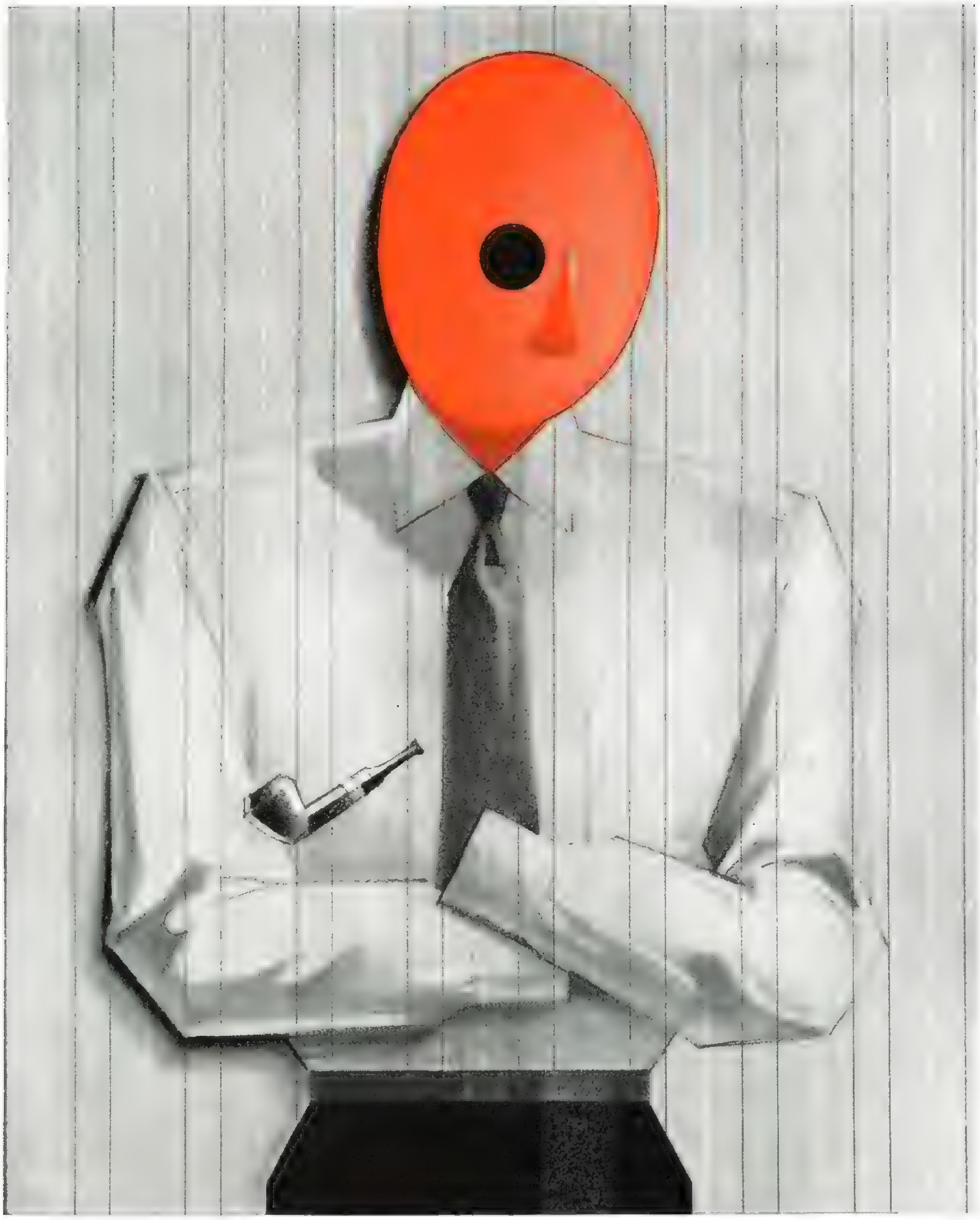
But the principal reason why the arson-hunter is usually keen on his job lies in the fascination of highpowered sleuthing in the face of extraordinary handicaps. "There is more work in a two-dollar fire," says Inspector George Mansfield of the Massachusetts Department of Public Safety, "than in any other felony in the list."

Although the amateur is usually easier to catch than the professional, it sometimes takes very pretty work to put the finger on him and lay out a case that will stand up in court. Up in Maine a while back, a local tough character with a characteristically low I. Q. finally succeeded in treating his wife and children so badly that they took refuge with a neighboring warm-hearted farm family. After brooding awhile, the husband took steps. On a bitter, cold night the neighbor's house was discovered in a roaring blaze and the occupants barely escaped with their lives. They tried to phone for help, but the phone wire was cut. They rushed for the car to go fetch help, but the ignition system of the motor had been wrecked. Then next day an investigator came smelling round the ruins—a total loss. When the case came up for trial, the husband didn't have a prayer. Threats he had been heard to utter weren't evidence. He never confessed. But it *was* evidence that the cut ends of the phone wire matched the jaws of the pliers he owned and that shreds of bark found in the cuffs of his pants matched the bark on the telephone pole.

Women should be pleased to hear that their sex seldom tries arson. When they do try, the job is usually badly bungled. But many a man-arsonist, now behind bars, would have to grin sourly and confess that he also had miscued on something as fatal as the old man's cuckoo clock. An ingenious house owner fixed up a neat fire-setting gadget with an alarm clock, a strip of sandpaper and a bunch of matches, set it to go off late at night and went out of town to establish an alibi. The next morning a fellow who rented a room from him found the gadget still intact, the house unburned, and reported the matter to the police. The gadget had done its best, as per invoice. But the owner had made the small mistake of supplying it with safety-matches that won't strike on sandpaper, will strike only on the phosphorus strip on the side of the box. He is now in jail because the sandpaper and the clock matched sandpaper and clock parts found in his private basement locker, to which he alone had the key.

Amateurs as well as professionals know that such inflammable liquids as kerosene or gasoline go far to make a fire an evidence-consuming success. They must also be acutely aware that a proper mixture of such fluids with air is about as explosive as dynamite. For, if they forget . . . One professional

Continued on page 118



PAJAMAS

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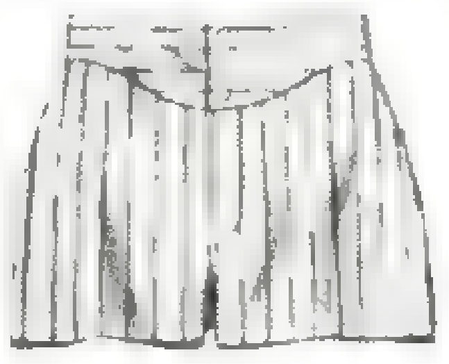


● Properly designed and comfortable Shorts in Muraltones, too. Make the handsome torso more so. 50¢ up.

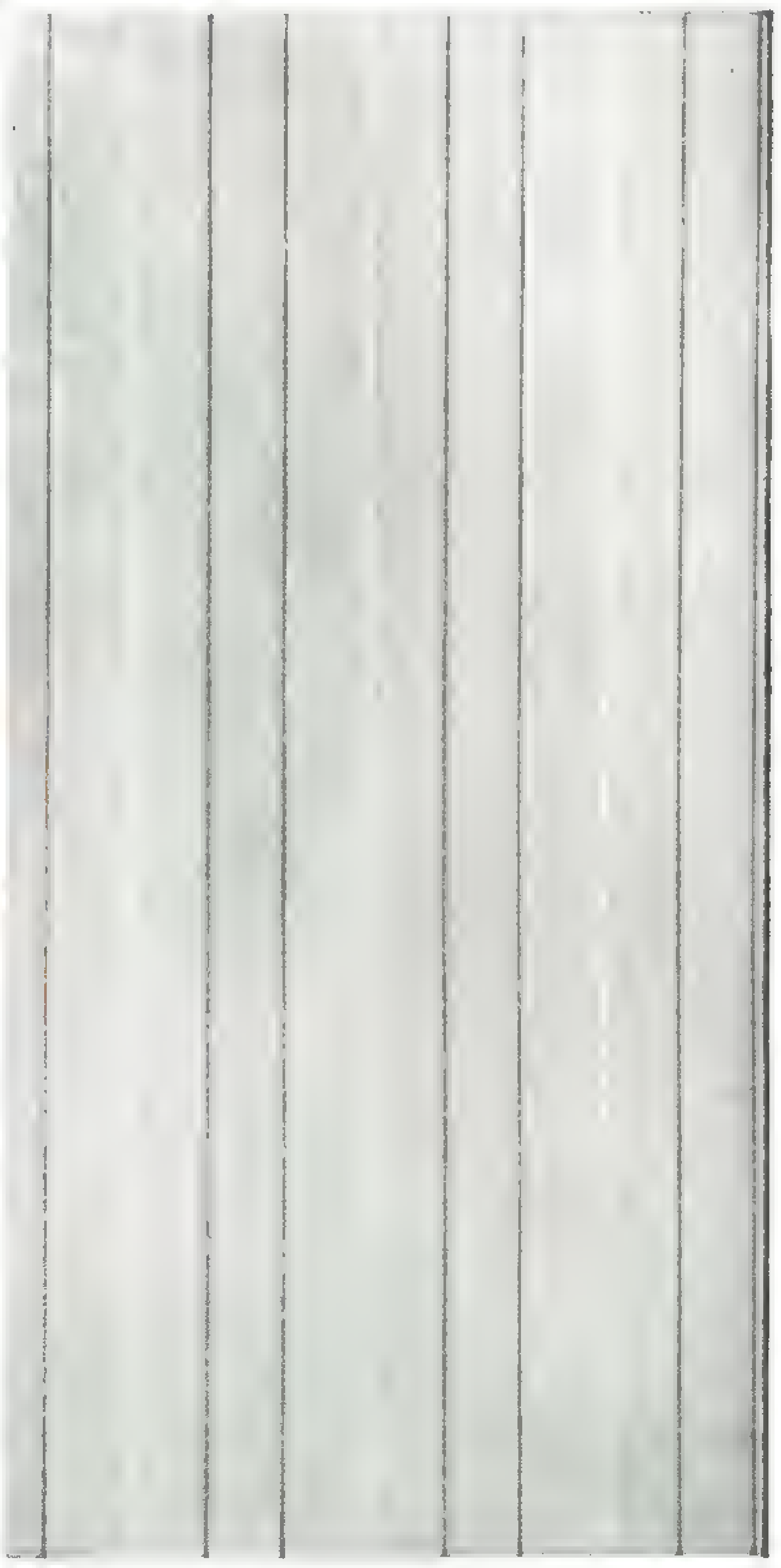
HANDKERCHIEFS

● Breast pocket color-notes to complete the picture. 35¢ and 50¢.

MURALTONES

You'll like these Manhattan shirts. We took our inspiration from the colorful New World murals of Mexico City ... Washington ... the State Capitols ... Manhattan! ● We produced shirtings in wonderful new color effects ... quiet enough, have no fear, but definitely different ... with backgrounds and stripings accented now and again by satiny highlights. ● We're sure you'll like Muraltones by Manhattan. ● $2. and up at fine stores everywhere. ● These shirts are SIZE-FIXT: (Average fabric shrinkage 1% or less) We will replace any Manhattan Shirt that shrinks below its indicated size. ● MAN-FORMED: Designed for utmost fit, fitness and comfort. ● MAN-STYLED: By the industry's leaders in fabric origination, design creation and shirt styling. ● COLLAR-PERFECT: Over twenty styles of collar; mellowed-in-moisture to harmonize thread and fabric for permanent fit.

THE MANHATTAN SHIRT CO., 444 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK



Manhattan

THE SHIRT THAT'S YEARS AHEAD

Highly praised by
GOOD JUDGES
of fine bourbon

You'll look a long time before you discover another whiskey as highly esteemed as Old Taylor. And you'll find it even more difficult to match the distinctive flavor of this magnificent bourbon. That's been true for more than fifty years, ever since the day a master distiller, the late Colonel E. H. Taylor, Jr., selected Old Taylor as his prize whiskey and proudly signed the label with his name.

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NATIONAL DISTILLERS
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

100 PROOF

Fire on Queer Street

Continued from pages 27-115-116

was recently pouring gasoline down into the walls of a house from the garret while his pal, new to arson, waited for him downstairs. About the time the walls were soaking full and the gasoline was vaporizing nicely through cracks into the rooms, the man downstairs got bored with waiting and lighted a cigarette. Both survived being blown through the walls and went to jail after leaving the hospital. They should feel all sympathy for the tax collector who, embarrassingly short on public funds, tried to cash in his fire insurance by filling his house with gasoline and starting a fire from outside with a delayed fuse. With a spray gun and high-test gas, he worked down from the top of the house very methodically. And forgot that the pilot-light on the kitchen stove was still burning . . . Neighbors, rushing to the windows when the explosion boomed out, saw a man dashing out of the yard, tearing his flaming clothes. Efficient arson-hunters always check up on all cases of burning admitted to hospitals. And the loop of necktie taken from the neck of an unrecognizably burned hospital case near-by matched the torn necktie-end found near the wrecked home. It was a month before his face had recovered enough to be identifiable in court.

Nothing much distinguishes the professional firebug from any other sulky-looking professional criminal, except his preference for what used to be a relatively safe line of felony. Usually he has an active past in pandering, safeblowing or extortion, before taking to arson for a livelihood, and may still shift back and forth from his old specialty. Like other criminals, he knows the value of organization and often belongs to a mob that includes not only skillful firesetters, but salesmen to hunt out and sign up prospects and go-betweens to carry messages because phones and letters are a trifle risky. Big cities and the smaller industrial communities round them are the liveliest regions, as a rule. But it by no means follows that a Chicago mob did that job in Chicago. Client and torch-ring both are likely to feel safer if the fire is set by out-of-town experts, often traveling from five or six hundred miles away. The client may not even know who set his fire—he knows only that he paid a sizable deposit on the job to a nameless contact man, handed him a key and specified a particular night. He had better not try to hold out on the mob when the insurance is collected, however. They are usually of pretty violent temperaments. And they always carefully keep the key as a threatening piece of evidence until paid in full.

Some of the abler and more successful organizers of torch-rings have graduated into that profession from the ranks of "public adjusters." That business started in large cities to handle collections on fire—losses for suspicious or bewildered people who were frightened by the long clauses in their insurance policies and were easily persuaded that a specialist could do more for them than an ordinary lawyer. The "adjuster's" fee was usually a contingent percentage of the amount collected. It was easy money and the profession soon became badly over-crowded. Any given fire attracted small mob scenes of scrambling adjusters, pulling the owner apart in the battle over the privilege of representing him. Ambulance-chasing wasn't in it. Eventually it occurred to enterprising public adjusters that, since there weren't enough on-the-level fires to go round, it behooved them to manufacture their own supply. They started managing the whole thing from the original suggestion to the owner of a house or store, through supplying the expert to start the fire, on to estimating the damage and collecting—for a very fat percentage—when the loss was paid up. Not in person, of course, except in the last and legitimate-appearing stages. Some of them finally got so gay that they would hold out most of the money from their clients, first trying to persuade them that the amount collected was disappointingly small and then, if they refused to believe it, threatening beatings-up and exposures.

Some public adjusters, of course, are and always were legitimate. In states that have instituted licensing restrictions and careful check-ups on people entering the business, this particular situation is well on the way to cleaning up. But some of them, smoked out of "adjusting," still carry on, calling themselves something else. And others, completely on the quiet, manage to keep going by word of mouth, with one little storekeeper passing on the good word to his friends and relatives that he knows a fellow who . . .

Percentages and rates vary widely in this fire-manufacturing industry. Ten per cent is often asked by torch mobs directly. An eminent New England firebug recently asked that percentage of a prospect who wanted a small hotel burned out, and was told ten per cent of $15,000 was far too much. Later the torch-leader found that a small-time competitor had arranged to do the job for $300. Irate at being so badly underbid by a mere punk, he tipped off the police with the result that the underbidding mob and the owners too all went to jail for long terms. Way down at the other end of the scale, a local dimwit in a small town in Maine is now serving a long stretch in jail for setting two fires for pay—net proceeds to him being precisely $25 for both jobs. The only basis is what the traffic will bear, with the torch always pressing hard for as big an advance as possible. The cops are particularly tough right now. Or

Continued on page 120

HELP YOURSELF TO A

Merry Christmas

WITH THE NEW YORK

SUN'S

"BLUE BOOK" OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SELLING EARLY IN THE SUN

● Active-living New York families know the early Christmas Shopper gets the widest and best selections. Alert manufacturers and retailers see that they get them. That's why The Sun's "Blue Book" of Christmas Gifts is a *must* with more and more manufacturers every year who realize it's the ideal way to present the newest and smartest in clothes, home furnishings, liquor, novelties and toiletries to the profit portion of New York at a time when Christmas Spending is just beginning and purchasing power is intact.

Published on Monday, December 2nd, in all editions of The Sun, the "Blue Book" of Christmas Gifts is read by hundreds of thousands of above average income New York families dwelling in substantial city and suburban communities within range of your invitation to buy. They are your best prospects for worthwhile products. For enterprising manufacturers seeking a large audience of known quality, The New York Sun provides the "Blue Book" of Christmas Gifts with all its extras at NO EXTRA COST.

The Sun

ADVERTISING DEPT. • 280 BROADWAY • NEW YORK

WRITE TODAY FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION ON THE SUN'S "BLUE BOOK" OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS

HIS SMELLY PIPE WAS OVER-RIPE

—but he's out of the dog house now!

"OUT YOU GO, PETER. You and that old sludge-pump! I won't marry a human smoke-screen! Where'd you get that tobacco anyway—in a fire sale?"

PETER SURE WAS IN A PECK of trouble when he bought that last tin of tobacco. It *looked* good. But it didn't *smell* good. Maybe Judge Holbrook can help him.

"YOU'RE GUILTY, SON. Let's clean that pipe and switch to mild, tasty Sir Walter. Grandest smellin' blend of burleys that ever curled thru a court-house!"

PIPE AT A WEDDING? Sure! Pete made such a hit with his new mild tobacco that even his mother-in-law smiled at him as the newlyweds marched out.

New! Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

UNION MADE

Tune in... UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE

EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT ★ NBC ★ PRIZES FOR YOUR "DOG HOUSE" EXPERIENCE

Fire on Queer Street

Continued from pages 27-115-116-118

the job is so small that a reasonable deposit on account isn't worth it. Or he has to use a specially imported foreign chemical that leaves no trace whatever and is fantastically expensive.

The client, who isn't scientist enough to know that a chemical that leaves no trace whatever is a scientific impossibility, may fall for that one. Throughout he has no protection against his furtive collaborators in this dangerous stroke of business. He never knows when a slip on their part or a confession wrung out of one of them or some queer detail noticed by an expert arson-hunter going through a stack of file cards may start the law looking for him as beneficiary of the crime. He is also an excellent target for blackmail, an additional crime which would mean nothing at all to the skulking gentry he is asking to help him. It must take a good deal of either greed or desperation to move a house or store owner to start fooling with such unsavory company.

Yet the greed often mounts so high that the owner, not content with mere insurance money, secretly moves out and sells his stock before the fire is started, counting on the fire to account for its total disappearance. That greatly increases risk of detection, of course. Just let an investigator get a hint that several truckloads of stuff left the plant late the day before and he will never stop prowling till he finds out what it was, where it went and who paid whom for it. At least one storekeeper who carefully made arrangements for moving out and selling his inventory before the torches arrived, found to his dismay that the man who engineered the deal was another of those ubiquitous undercover men. In a small way, the torch himself may try the same scheme. Several of the more eminent professors of arson customarily take their pick from the fancier stock before striking the final match—after all, firebugs like silk pajamas and four-bit cigars as well as the next fellow. One of the fraternity used to take his girl-friend along to pick herself out fur capes and juicy silk underwear. It was great for her while it lasted. But he's in jail now and will be for a long, long time to come.

Professional torches have to be clever. But so do professional arson chasers and, in the nip-and-tuck battle of wits between them, the huge card-catalogues and the laboratory and the training school are nosing out the relatively unorganized and unscientifically minded firebug. Even when some genius among torches dopes out a new one, it doesn't stay foolproof long. Records of the newest dodges—far beyond those routine combinations of gasoline, paper, lengths of fuse and candles which are just pie for the investigator—are carefully filed away under lock and key as soon as detected, so no possible leak will educate other firebugs. There was that isolated building burned down in a wide expanse of snowy field, where the snow had lain for two weeks—no trace of human footprints anywhere, and yet just enough reason to believe the fire incendiary. The only apparent answer was that the firebug had used a helicopter to make his call with. That wasn't it—the state arson-hunters have the real answer. But they aren't telling till Gabriel blows his horn.

Slick as a gadget may be, it is still a gadget and the torch never knows when it will throw him down, failing to destroy itself or to work as it worked before when he tried it out. Some small flaw in timing, where several simultaneous plants are concerned, may speed one up, start a good blaze that jumps the gun and so exhaust the oxygen in the building that the other starting fires go out for lack of air to burn. The classical case of miscued timing was the New England hotelman who wanted the $165,000 his insurance would bring over and above the mortgage. He wanted it because he had three girl friends besides a wife and was finding the whole thing expensive. The arsonist he retained used alcohol for inflammatory liquid, getting it through the owner who had it shipped in from way out of town in widely spaced small packages marked Paint The plants that were to ignite the alcohol in each of the separate hotel buildings at the same time were as pretty jobs as a firebug ever saw.

On the scheduled evening, one of the owner's girl friends took a room on the top floor of a Boston hotel and sat there with the lights out watching for the glow on the horizon that was going to mean a new fur coat for her and maybe a convertible coupe to boot if she talked fast. But the glow never came. A little too much draft through an unnoticed crack in one building speeded up one plant and fire broke out. The firemen were on the spot in a few minutes and, properly trained to keep their eyes open, spotted queer little flickers through the windows of other buildings. On investigation they found a dozen plants in beautiful shape to be photographed and supply enough evidence to convict forty times over. Rather than stand his trial, the owner cut his throat a couple of months later.

Experts say it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of such a heads-up attitude among the boys who ride the red wagons. The modern fire department is armed with cameras to shoot quick evidence of the trail of gasoline-soaked newspaper in the hallway that was visible only a few minutes before the walls caved in. With special tight-sealed cans and sponges for mopping up and preserving any inflammable liquids found where they shouldn't be. With "atmosphere-preservers"—portable chambers into which the air inside a burning house can be pumped to be investigated at leisure by the laboratory for traces of funny business. And, it goes without saying, with a rousing distaste for firebugs that needs no stimulus to make sure firemen will co-operate with arson-hunters like the zeal of small boys playing cops and robbers. For, after all, every incendiary fire means that some fire-crew have to risk their lives unnecessarily. You don't need to impress the scaliness of arson on a fireman whose pal saw funny little beads of fire popping out of a plaster ceiling, investigated with a plaster-hook and was buried under a flood of blazing kerosene.

The macabre is always waiting round the corner when arson crops up. Lots of sordid dumbness—like the rural youth who, wanting to get out of an engagement to a girl, could think of no better way out than to bash her over the head with a flashlight, soak the house in kerosene and set it on fire, which burned up her mother and sister in the next room. Lots of straight horror—like the New Englander with the third-rate hotel who left town for an alibi without letting his family know what he had in mind and next saw his wife and three children as blackened corpses, mother still holding a child in each arm. But the classic is the one about the property corpse—a Pennsylvania job that the boys are still talking about and, for that matter, a beautiful example of how the arson-investigator leaves absolutely no stone unturned.

The money involved was small, because the insurance on the old shack that the fellow owned and lived in was naturally low. He appeared staggering drunk at a neighbor's house one day and went home. That night the old shack burned to the ground. The insurance was payable to the next of kin in a neighboring town and the claim was put in. All they found in the ashes was an empty bottle and a body burned absolutely beyond recognition. No sign whatever of anything but a drunk's accidentally setting fire to the house and sleeping through his own fiery demise. Except that, when they checked over the body on principle, it wasn't burned too badly to show certain obscure incisions of the sort an undertaker makes when preparing a body for burial. That was enough. A check of local graveyards was carried wider and wider until they turned up a recently opened grave. But the corpse and coffin were there all right. They went farther still and finally found another robbed grave, this time with the corpse missing. And there was the answer. The first body dug up had been rejected as too tall for the assignment. The clever guy who thought of that one is now kicking himself about it in a cell, having been tried and convicted of not only arson, but also fraud and grave-robbing.

Just another example of the embarrassment of riches that often confronts the district attorney trying to figure what to try an arsonist on first. When that Massachusetts investigator found six new shiny pins and a pillbox on the lawn of a palatial summer home that had recently burned to the ground, he found himself on the trail of an imaginative and highly specialized kind of professional crime for which arson was only an extra decoration. A good many summer homes of that class had burned that winter. Theoretically this place had not been lived in for months, but the lack of rust on the pins and the cleanness of the pillbox meant indisputably that they had been dropped there recently. And there were fresh tire marks in the driveway.

First off, the owner of the burned house identified the pillbox as having been in the bottom drawer of a gorgeous antique desk, worth round $1,000, which had been in the house and was now presumably in ashes. In due time the desk was found in a Springfield antique shop, purchased by the shop owner from a couple of tough-looking mugs who didn't bother to explain much about how they had happened to go in for antiques. Pineapples were obviously nearer their line. The bottom drawer of the desk proved to have a hole in it. Then a state policeman hauled in on suspicion a couple of equally tough babies whom he passed driving hell for leather on a back road with more first-class antiques piled in the back of their car. That completed the picture. Their tires matched the marks in the driveway. The antique-shop owner bitterly identified them as the noblemen who had sold him the desk. And before it was over, they were hooked up with the whole series of summer-residence fires. A good racket while it lasted—stealing priceless furniture and then burning the robbed house down to make sure that highboys, Duncan Phyfe tables and ladder-back chairs would never be missed. They had gone even farther. One of their better schemes had been to steal the solid gold cross out of a country church and then burn it down. The only reason that it failed was that they got into the wrong church.

Naturally church-robbing or grave-robbing would mean nothing to an arsonist. For loathesomeness, as firemen and your own instincts will tell you, the sane ones rate right along with dope-peddlers and white slavers. The old country judge made that clear when the attorney defending a professional firebug who had burned a big dairy for cash asked for leniency on the grounds that no human lives had been lost—just forty-eight cows fried to death. "That's all very well, Mr. Attorney," said the judge, "but who's going to speak for them cows? If nobody else does I will," he said, leaning over the bench and fixing the arsonist with a cold blue eye: "Five to seven years in state's prison." ╫

Well-Groomed Hair Marks the Man Who's "Going Places"!

Use **VITALIS**
and the "60-Second Workout"

1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 **10 Seconds to Comb**—Your hair has a natural lustre—but no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Keep your hair healthy, handsome . . . help prevent excessive falling hair this easy, effective way!

PERSONALITY—alertness—brains . . . they belong on any list of essentials for success. But *appearance* pays dividends, too—with special emphasis on neat, handsome hair. That's why so many up-and-coming men use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"!

Start with Vitalis today! Massage it briskly on your scalp. You'll notice a lively tingle as circulation is aroused. Your scalp soon becomes more supple. And the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis overcome dryness by supplementing the natural oils of the scalp.

Vitalis routs unsightly loose dandruff—helps to prevent excessive falling hair. And when you comb your hair, it stays neatly in place—with an attractive lustre. No objectionable "patent-leather" look. You can get Vitalis in the new, handy bottle at any drug store.

NEW, HANDIER BOTTLE
You'll like the new, improved Vitalis bottle! It brings you the same generous quantity of genuine Vitalis as the old bottle. Handier to grip and use. Fits more easily into the average medicine cabinet.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

WHEREVER YOU GO • PARIS MEANS *Style*

WEDGES
WEDGE SHAPED BY HAND FOR PERFECT FIT AND UTMOST COMFORT

★ ★ ★

There are enough men wearing PARIS GARTERS, SUSPENDERS and BELTS to elect the next PRESIDENT easily ★ ★ ★

MADE IN AMERICA
PARIS
BELTS
"TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS

Wedges—an important Paris contribution to your Fall wardrobe. You'll enjoy its built-in comfort—you'll admire its matchless style. Wedged by hand to taper to a "V" line at your waistline. Wear it in Antique Brown, Green or Black in the 1 inch $1.50 style of full grain steerhide, illustrated, or the Deluxe $2 version of hand borded cowhide in Brown or Black. A. Stein & Company, Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, Toronto.

Never Give a Sucker . . .

Continued from page 41

still find from 12 to 15 per cent of tie games every week. Naturally the proportion increases as the season advances. Consequently, should your card list eight games, at least one, and possibly two, will by the law of averages be ties. That means cutting your chances from say, 60-1, to 75 or 100-1.

Another thing which helps the professional and handicaps the sucker is that little item on your card: Gonzaga vs. Utah State Teachers. You never heard of the latter and don't know much about the former. Be sure the gambler does. That's why it is on the card. You mark one team or the other, but that's a guess. The bookie isn't guessing. True, he may make occasional slips, but they won't be guesses.

Why should he guess? To the professional, gambling is a business like the insurance game. He takes his trade seriously. The big syndicates have their feed-box stuff like the racing gentry. Where do they get it? From local gossip sent in, from newspapers and newspapermen all over the country. One syndicate has a large staff on their payroll. It includes some of the best informed sportswriters in the business. These men do nothing illegitimate. They have background and knowledge formed from years of hanging around college gridirons. They sell their knowledge for cash. Sometimes the gambler's dope comes in like the fight dope from waiters and hangers-on around the training tables. To the gambler who is without sentiment, football is the same as prize fighting.

Is some star injured and out of practice on Wednesday? The Broadway boys know this before the papers. They realize just what it means should he be taken to the college infirmary, and what value to attach to the coach's statement that he will play on Saturday. In fact their scouting is as intense, and certainly just as accurate as that of the rival coach. There are local townies in many places whose football lore reaches back forty years. They feed information constantly to the gamblers. Their stuff has to be correct. Otherwise they lose their jobs. This works both ways. It's worthwhile for the gambler, to have well-paid and responsible men on his staff; in the same way, it's worthwhile for the men who shoot him dope to stick to facts in order to hold down lucrative jobs.

Yet notwithstanding this, despite the odds in their favor, many gamblers make their killing out of college spirit. College spirit makes them rich, and is the lever by which many an educated sucker is separated from a hard-earned bankroll. The gambler knows this. Love of Alma Mater has kept many speculators in comfort all winter in Miami.

Here's how he takes the old grad for profit. Suppose Princeton is a three-to-one favorite over Yale. The professional visits Princeton where Yale coin is naturally scarce, and lays out $6,000 at one to three on the Blue. This gives him the cushion necessary to go to work. He then hops the train for New Haven where there is plenty of Yale money, and has no trouble digging up some exuberant Eli willing to take odds of two to three. If Princeton wins, there's a nice little profit of over $3,000. If Yale wins, he is ahead $4,000. If they tie, then his pool cleans up for him and he is fixed.

Now multiply this all over the nation from the middle of September to the middle of November in Dallas and Detroit, in Chicago and Philadelphia and Los Angeles and dozens of other college towns, and you can readily see that by the end of the season the gamblers have a sweet profit. In fact it's practically 20 per cent on a sure thing. Which is money in any land.

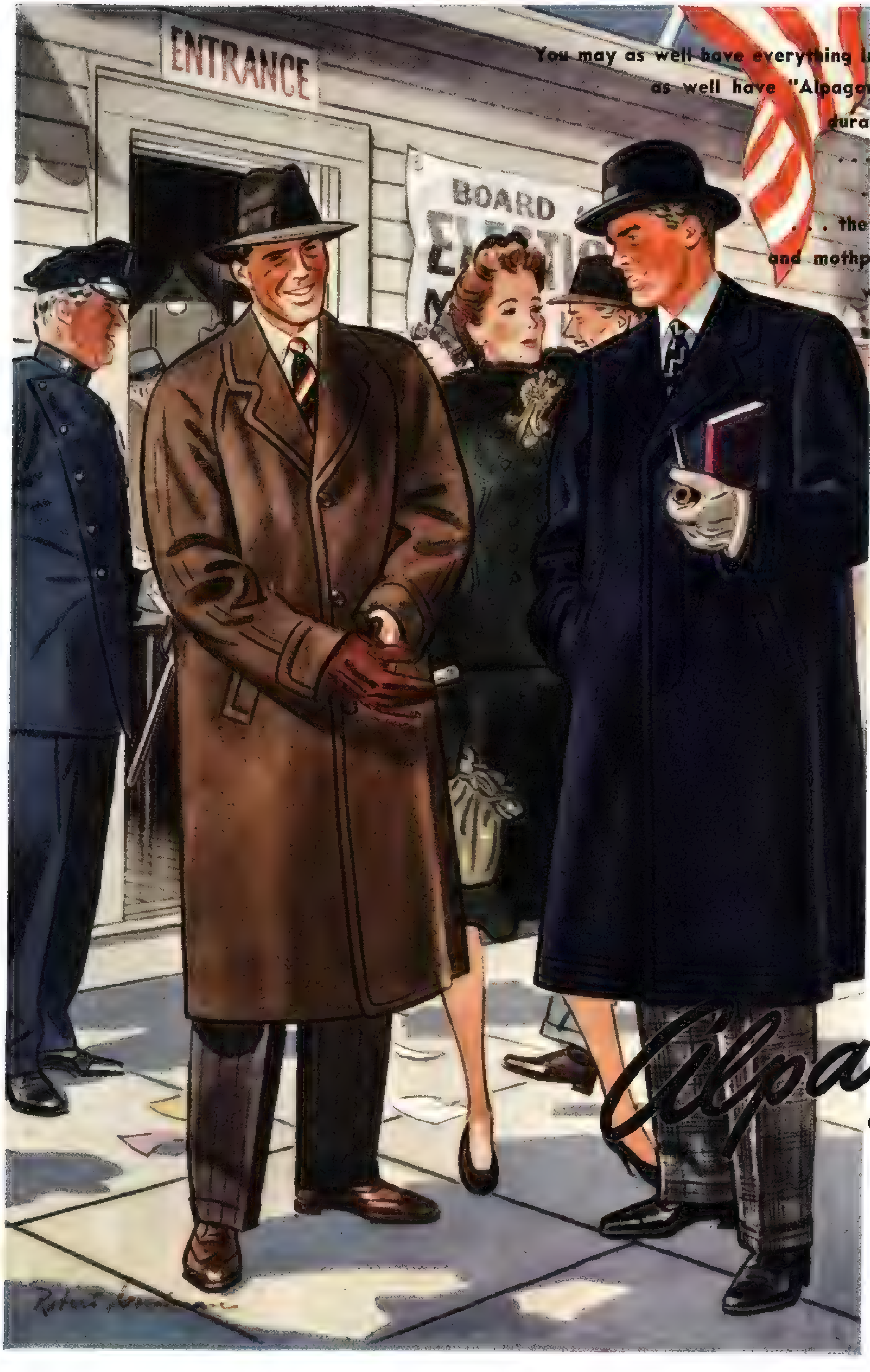
Cards cost from fifty cents to one dollar, buy as many as you like. Usually today they are sent out with labels such as KICK OFF, or GOAL POST. As a rule eight games are listed. The client has various odds; thus if he picks all eight games he gets 20-1. Six out of six pay 10-1, and four out of four, 5-1. The catch is the tie game which ruins the sucker's dream.

How much money is bet on college football in a season? No one on Broadway will attempt to estimate. But it is a fact that today commercial betting on the game has finally reached such lengths that on the big Saturdays in November it involves more dough than is placed on the horses. In a recent Minnesota-Nebraska game, $250,000 was wagered in the city of Minneapolis alone, and the Army—Notre Dame game in New York has over $350,000 riding along. The "line" appears on Wednesday, and the odds are invariably made by someone who knows what it's all about. Today general interest in football betting is such that many New York newspapers publish the "line" on their sports pages. It's news today.

Have the gamblers tried fixing games? One or two wise boys in the South, especially around Texas, will assure you they can arrange a good thing whenever necessary. But there is no proof of this, and it's hard to see why any gamblers should attempt to fix a sure thing. So far football has been straight. But so long as players continue to be underpaid, and thrown from their board and room jobs as soon as they get a busted kneecap, there's no reason to suppose it will continue so. For years now intercollegiate football has been a money-maker for coaches, officials, athletic directors and college treasuries. Some day the players will demand theirs, and get it. Or else.

Don't forget that boxing in the first seventy years of its existence was a sport. So was horse racing. Even wrestling in the early days was a game for amateurs. ⧺

YOU'RE LOOKING AT *America's Smartest Coat*



You may as well have everything in your new overcoat . . . you may as well have "Alpagora's" smart 1941 styling . . . the durability of its soft, luxurious fabric . . . the satisfaction of its long wear . . . the comfort of its light weight . . . the protection of its showerproofing and mothproofing . . . and the pleasure of wearing one of the new, rich Fall colorings. "Alpagora" will give you all that and more . . . an excellent value! Ready now at your favorite store. Write Stratbury Manufacturing Co., Galion, Ohio, for the name of the dealer nearest you.

THE YEAR 'ROUND WEIGHT

$27.50

THE OVERCOAT $32.50

MOTHPROOF
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GENUINE
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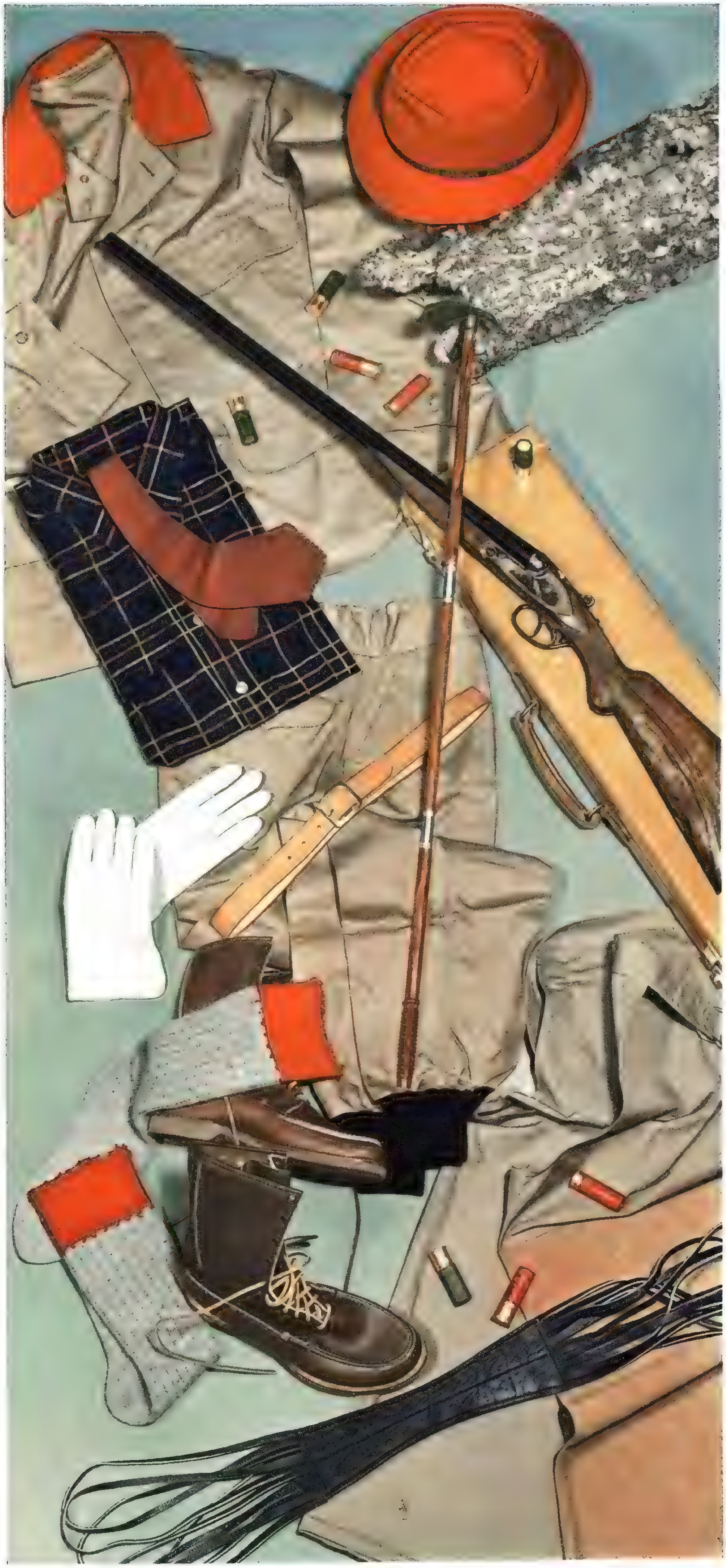
WARM BUT NOT WEIGHTY



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY LEON DE VOS

and keep your powder dry

The idea of shooters shooting one another, instead of the game, is a fantastic one. But it happens only too frequently, even though that is presumably the element which gives the pheasants and grouse their true sporting chance. The red felt hat, of course, is smart not so much in the fashion as in the life-preserving sense. Other shooters are supposed to realize, however reluctantly, that you're not fair game if you're wearing a red hat. The red cloth collar on the jacket is an additional stop sign. In addition to the law of self-preservation, some states have laws that call for an even greater display of red, in which case a scarlet-colored vest-like appendage can be worn conveniently over the shoulders.

The rest of the outfit is pretty much camouflage, designed to blend in with the thicket. We don't know enough about the subject to explain why the man with the gun will look at the hat and collar and the game will gaze only at the jacket and trousers, but that's what is evidently expected of them. The tan cotton coat is a workmanlike job, its double thickness of processed fabric affording ample protection against wind and rain. There is plenty of pocket space, including a huge game pocket which crosses the lower part of the coat in back. The wool flannel shirt is an authentic Tartan, and the solid-colored dark-red coarse homespun wool tie is compatible. The tan trousers are of the same fabric as the jacket and have knitted wool bands at the bottom to hold them closely around the ankles. A brown leather belt with harness buckle holds them up.

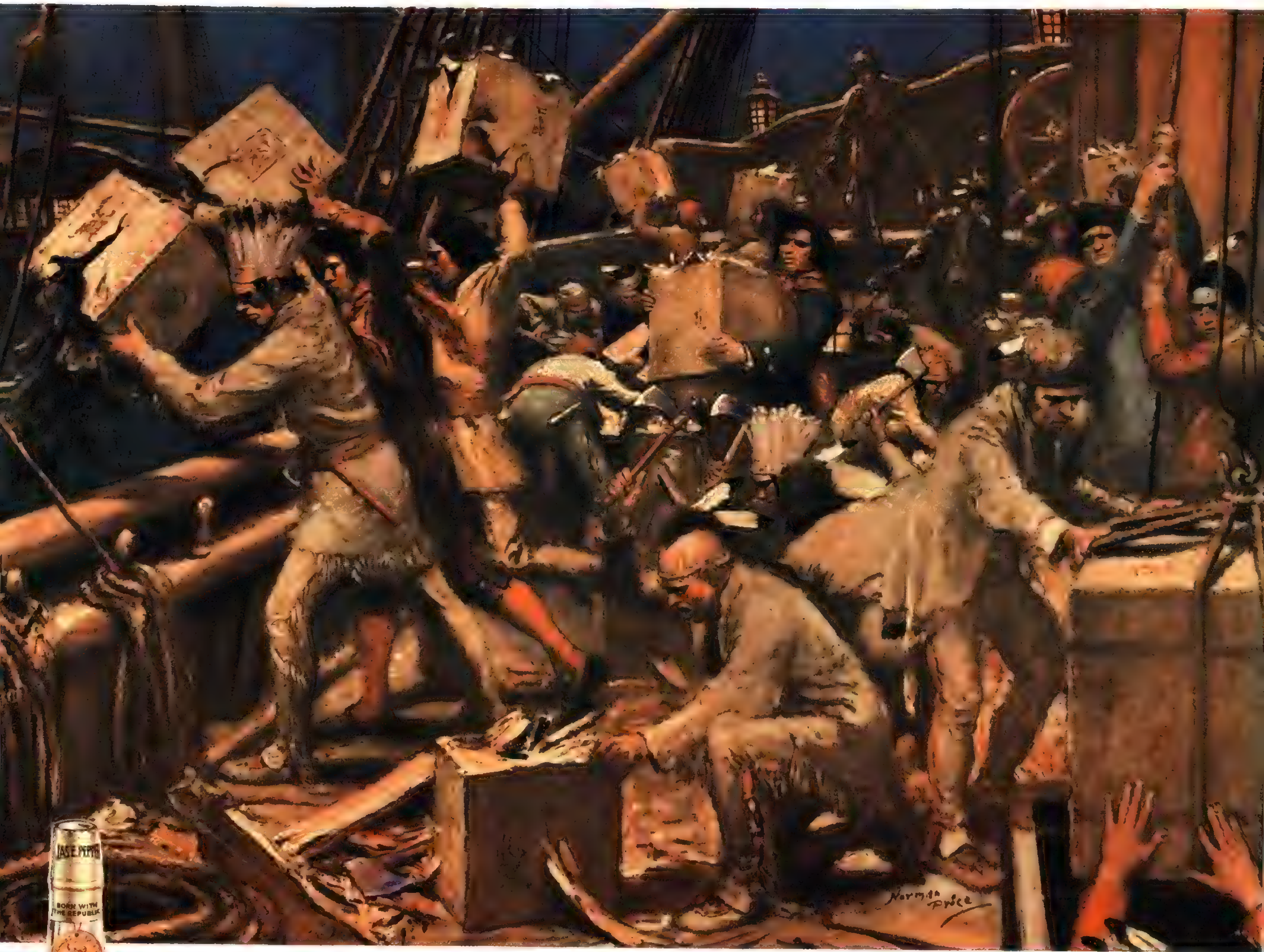
Upland shooters may be divided into two groups—those who think only softies wear gloves and those who are sensible enough to keep the digits warm with a pair of soft deerskin gloves with ridged palms like the ones shown here. Heavy grey wool socks with red tops come under the heading of standard footwarmers, while more and more men are turning to twelve-inch boots of moccasin pattern with rubber soles and leather thong laces. Other items: cowhide-covered chaps to ward off brambles, a bird strap for loop-knotting your hits, double-barreled gun and leather case with compartments.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Taxation without Representation is Tyranny 1773

BOSTON TEA PARTY..

The Nation Fought for a Principle and Won! In that Same Generation, the Family of *James E. Pepper* Founded its Distillery and Paid Taxes to a Representative Government.


Norman Price

JAS.E.PEPPER
BORN WITH THE REPUBLIC
BOTTLED IN BOND
JAMES E. PEPPER
BORN WITH THE REPUBLIC
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY
JEP

The Choice of Generation after Generation

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY set off a spark that finally flamed into Freedom for Americans. Adventuresome, *James E. Pepper's* grandfather pushed west to the Kentucky Bluegrass, where he founded his distillery.

So mild, so delectable was his prized whiskey, that its fame soon spread throughout the new republic. Today, *James E. Pepper* Whiskey, traditional for generation after generation, is still first choice in our finest homes. You, too, can be a gracious host with this famous whiskey.

• • •

A limited supply of beautiful 9″ x 12″ collectors' prints of the above illustration by Artist Norman Price is available in full color without advertising. Also "The Spirit of '76"—"The Declaration is Signed," and "The Midnight Ride." Send requests to Jas. E. Pepper & Co., Inc., Dept. E, Lexington, Ky., enclosing 25¢ for each print.

JAMES E. PEPPER

Bottled in Bond

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—100 PROOF

☆ ☆ ☆ "Born with the Republic"

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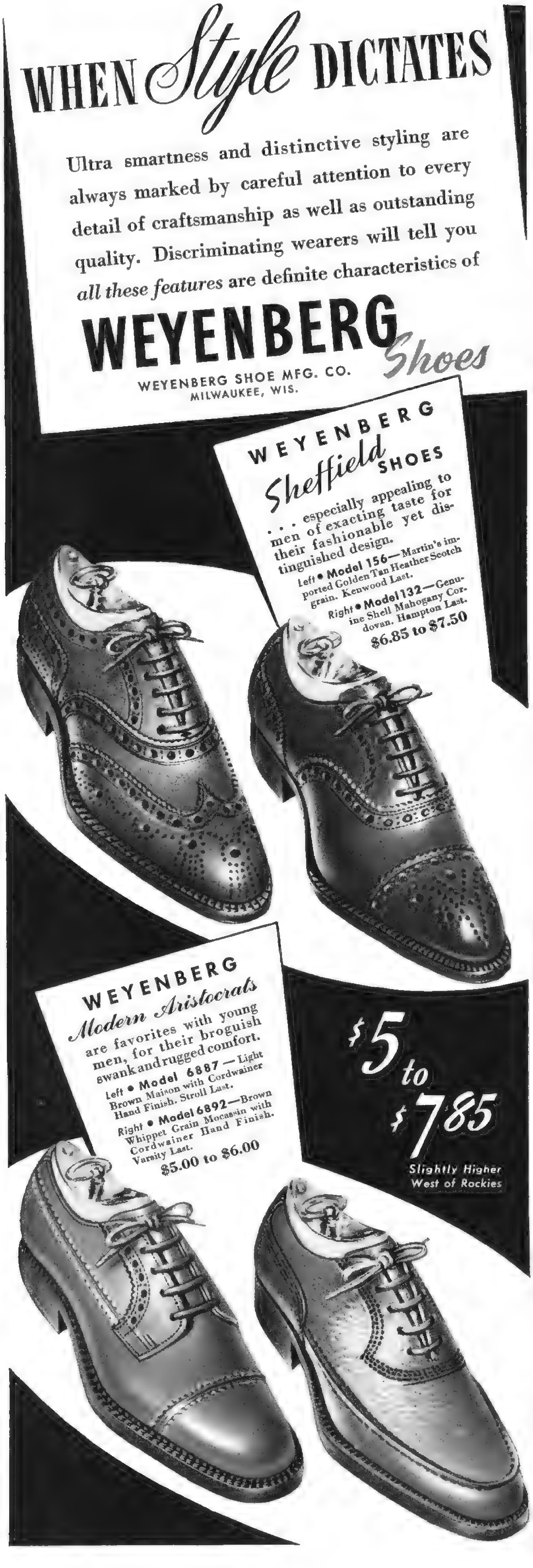


WHEN *Style* DICTATES

Ultra smartness and distinctive styling are always marked by careful attention to every detail of craftsmanship as well as outstanding quality. Discriminating wearers will tell you *all these features* are definite characteristics of

WEYENBERG *Shoes*

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

WEYENBERG *Sheffield* SHOES

. . . especially appealing to men of exacting taste for their fashionable yet distinguished design.

Left • **Model 156**—Martin's imported Golden Tan Heather Scotch grain. Kenwood Last.

Right • **Model 132**—Genuine Shell Mahogany Cordovan. Hampton Last.

$6.85 to $7.50

WEYENBERG *Modern Aristocrats*

are favorites with young men, for their broguish swank and rugged comfort.

Left • **Model 6887**—Light Brown Maison with Cordwainer Hand Finish. Stroll Last.

Right • **Model 6892**—Brown Whippet Grain Mocassin with Cordwainer Hand Finish. Varsity Last.

$5.00 to $6.00

$5 to $7.85

Slightly Higher West of Rockies

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

THE KIDS HAVE A USE FOR IT

One morning, a little more than a year ago, Madeline Gray, a former Brooklyn school teacher, woke up with a "bright idea." She had studied child psychology; she realized the importance of hobbies to children. So Miss Gray on the spot conceived the idea of forming a sort of headquarters for kids who already had hobbies, the idea being that they teach other youngsters how they, too, might while away leisure hours with satisfaction. The result of Miss Gray's efforts was the "Bright Idea Club" of the air, heard every Saturday morning from 10:30 to 11 over the NBC-Red network.

Miss Gray had no idea how big her brain storm was until she saw the membership list of her club grow. There are now 25,000 members in all parts of the country. Each week thousands of youngsters, from the ages of 5 to 19, write her letters telling of their hobbies and also giving her "the dope" on how they earn extra spending money. Miss Gray selects 7 children each week, from various states or from New York, where her program originates, to appear on the show to inform other youths how they can start a similar hobby.

Although all of the mothers of these youngsters have given a vote of thanks to Madeline Gray for keeping their offspring busy each day with new hobbies, they have found havoc wrought in some of their homes. Pots and pans are missing from kitchens; victrola records suddenly disappear; no matchsticks in the house. Actually, this eventually turns out to be evidence of ingenious children at work. Several children have made excellent use of the old kitchenware. One boy, Gerhart Abiko, has combed his neighborhood picking up old radiator caps, aluminum pots, wire from milk bottle caps and from these scraps has made eight inch, perfect scale models of ancient knights in armor, miniature cross-bows and ancient guns that work perfectly. His equipment has set him back about fifty cents, yet he has refused as much as $75 a piece for his models. Gilbert Fortunoff, a fifteen-year-old Long Islander has collected burnt matchsticks from ash trays, and from the street to help build his model cathedral. He glues them together, using various sized matches and placing them so that the burnt edges give a shaded effect in the correct places.

Many youngsters have turned their meagre allowances into capital that provides real income for them. One day an eleven-year old lad decided to revive an 18th century hobby he once had read about. Rubbing an ordinary apple with olive oil and then covering it completely with cloves he made a pomander ball. It had a practical value because it could be used as a sachet. With the investment of a few cents for ribbon to tie over it to dress it up, the boy offered them for sale. His business has increased so steadily that he is now selling to department stores. It is a known fact that besides its pleasant scent the apple can be preserved for almost 100 years by the treatment the child employes. Ideas that were casually dismissed when children voiced them to their parents now receive whole-hearted attention. Parents are amazed at the inventive faculties with which their offspring have happily been endowed.

Miss Gray herself spends considerable time with the members of her farflung club. Every week she is visited by out-of-town children who are visiting in New York. It is not unusual to find a dozen or more of the younger generation gathered in her living room discussing their hobbies and exchanging ideas. There is a lively camaraderie between the group and Miss Gray herself—which she modestly attributes to the fact that she likes 'em and can't help letting the kids see it. But Miss Gray is well equipped to head a program for children. A one-time schoolteacher, she's vivacious, little (a neat four feet nine in stocking feet) and pretty. She's also a former newspaper woman and an ex-editor of the Book of Knowledge. Her "Bright Idea Club" has won the commendation of the New York City Board of Education, which recommends that schoolteachers encourage their pupils to follow the program. The moguls of the Board obviously prefer it to Gang-Busters. Parents, of course, likewise.

Restaurant Riccardo

Continued from page 81

during the course of the evening, carefully and expertly spaced. Each one is a success; when impressionable young ladies tell of having dined at an obscure restaurant in the black depths below the boulevard which was full of handsome cavaliers in the romantic tradition, you can be sure they all were Riccardo, making entrances.

The dog deserves mention. He is doubtless the largest dog in the world. His tail, which wags constantly in a ponderous manner, just nicely sweeps the tops of the tables, spreading the soup around, demolishing the antipasto, spilling the wine, saluting the diners at close quarters. There was a fleeting moment when Riccardo thought of disposing of the dog and making his entrances without orchestration. During a single entrance the brute—all in good fun—had dipped his tail in the wine of one diner and slapped it across the broad shirtfront of another, had stolen a serving of chicken *cacciatora* from beneath the distinguished whiskers of a talented radio artist, and had upset a tableful of food into the lap of a guest when he tried to take a short-cut beneath the table.

But Riccardo decided, after looking over the dog and looking over the clientele, to keep the dog.

Riccardo has made two unsuccessful attempts to add to the facilities of the restaurant. Once, in a sudden and unaccountable burst of business acumen, he decided to remodel the second floor and add it to the effective establishment: people were being turned away every evening, why not use the second floor? He fixed it up at great expense. It failed because he did not have the backing, the moral support, of his waiters. How about the poker game? they asked.

At this point I shall digress a bit, and try to explain the poker game. I have mentioned that in its essential function Riccardo's is unofficially a private club enjoyed by its personnel. There are sixteen waiters, counting all shifts, three bartenders, four cooks, two cashiers, Riccardo and Badoglio, besides three or four people who are on the payroll for reasons not quite clear to themselves or to Riccardo. (Now and then you catch Riccardo looking at them with a puzzled frown, plainly at sea.)

This personnel, while Latin in basic origin, is to a man an enthusiastic supporter of the American game, poker.

Before the upstairs was remodeled, one of the rather bare and barn-like rooms was devoted to the convenience of the waiters, *et al.* There they changed their clothes and kept their possessions; and there, on a rough board table they played a serial game of poker between shifts. With the remodeling, this room was much reduced in size, crowding out the poker.

Riccardo held a meeting in the kitchen and explained the proposition. Either the restaurant must continue to turn away customers, or the poker game must be postponed each night until the last upstairs diner had left, at which time they could play at one of the tables. The waiters, appealed to with Riccardo's best eloquence, reluctantly agreed to give the plan a trial.

But it soon developed that those customers who preferred the upstairs invariably were the ones who liked to stay out late, frequently meeting the dawn in the comparatively secluded quarters. This did not set well with the waiters. The customers would not take a hint. The waiters would clear one of the tables and loudly make their plans for commencing the game; still the customers would not go.

Consequently the waiters took steps to remedy this intolerable situation. They posted one of their number at the head of the stairs, and it was his duty to explain to all who tried to come up that the upstairs was crowded; there was no table to be had. The others, in the deserted quarters, would give his assertion the proper background by talking and laughing loudly, rattling silverware and dishes, calling out orders, and in a general way giving evidence that the upstairs was full of customers to the bursting point.

Riccardo held another meeting of his colleagues in the kitchen, and made another speech. But the waiters and bartenders and cooks met him shout for shout and shrug for shrug, and a deadlock threatened when one of the bartenders, a genius, invited Riccardo up to learn the game.

As a consequence, the upstairs now is unavailable to the public and the waiters enjoy an elaborate clubroom for their extra-curricular work. The poker game flourishes at all hours; everybody has lost track of the shifts: when a waiter is cleaned, he goes on duty. There always are a few on the floor downstairs, but there always are more upstairs, smoking cigars and resting their feet on gilded chairs, loudly and futilely trying to fill an inside straight: a temptation, by the way, irresistible to the Mediterranean mind.

Riccardo, between Entrances downstairs during the evening, and until way past dawn after the establishment has been cleared of the accursed customers, is the spark plug of the game.

I shall tell more about the poker game later.

Checkmated by both his waiters and himself in turning the upstairs into a source of revenue, Riccardo turned to the basement. Since it was a basement in the older tradition, its use as dining quarters was out of the question: manifestly it never could be sufficiently modernized. Then Riccardo had an inspiration. Boccie courts!

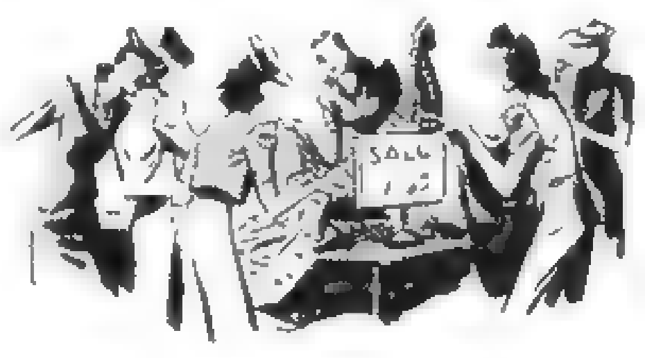
Boccie is an Italian game played

Continued on page 128

Living alone taught me thrift...

and a new Love Secret

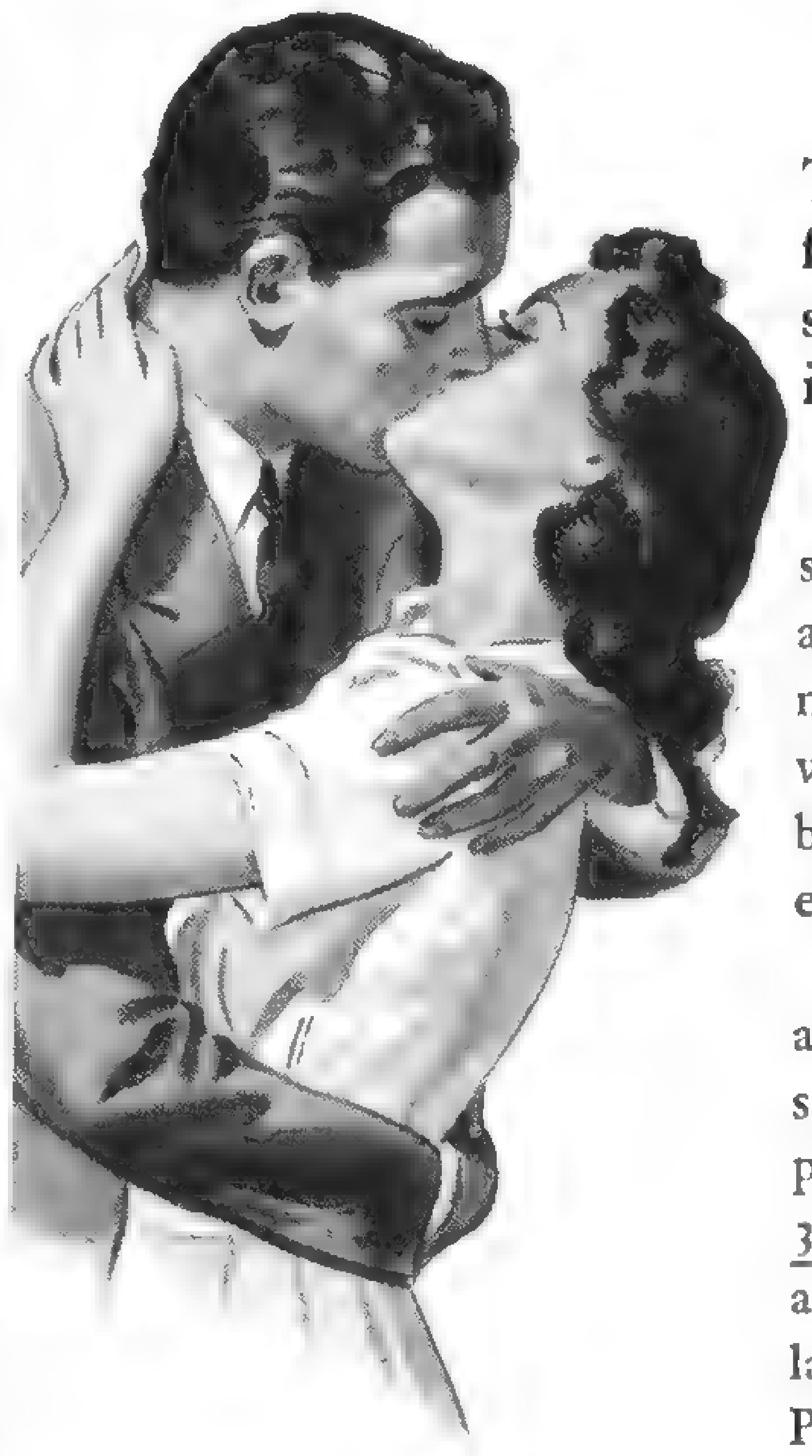
I've found it's not only thrifty but wise to use Pepsodent Antiseptic. It gives 3 times the breath protection to safeguard personal charm because it lasts 3 times as long as ordinary mouth washes!



I'm a Bargain Hunter!
Now that I'm on my own, pennies count. So I've got to be careful to get my money's worth . . . and more! And I usually do!

Got a Man in Mind!
I'm keeping house for a purpose. My man's going to find I know how to be easy on his eyes, easy on his digestion, easy on his pocketbook.

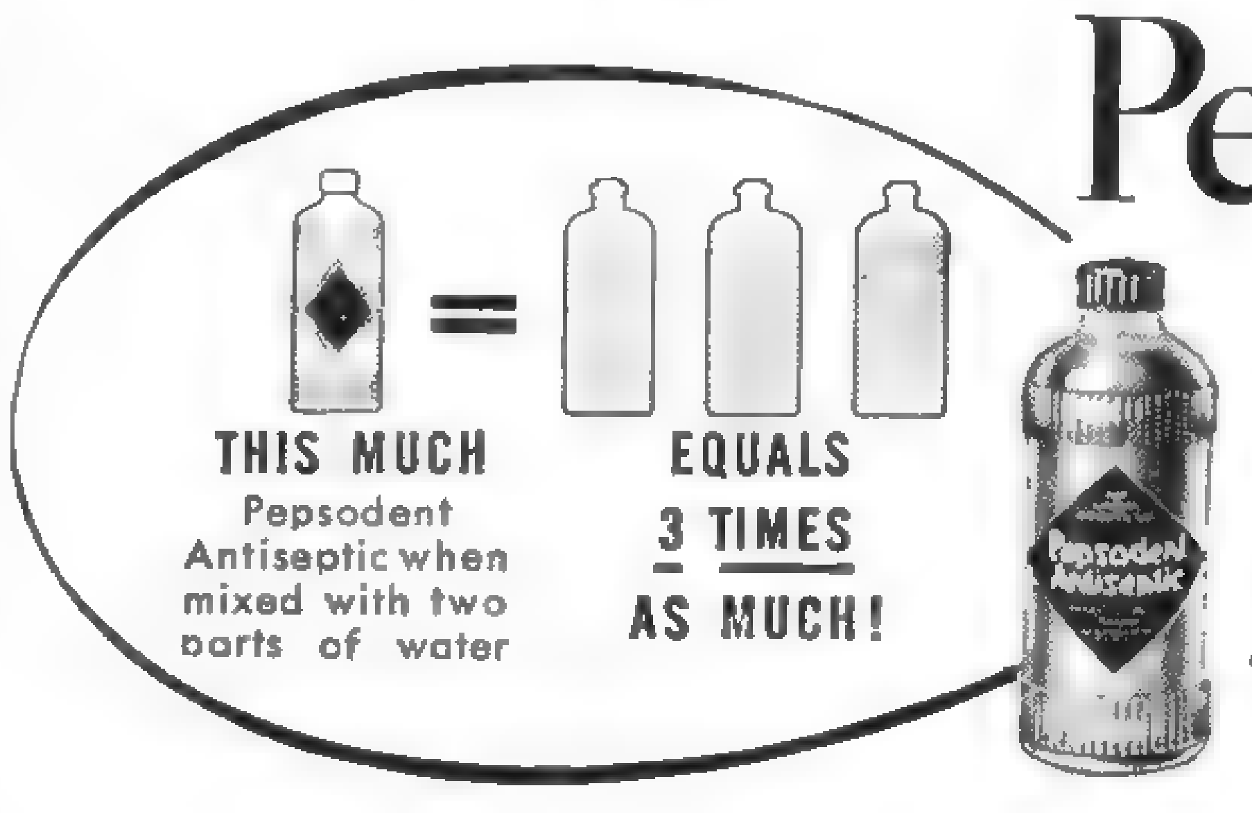
and I've learned a new secret road to his Heart!



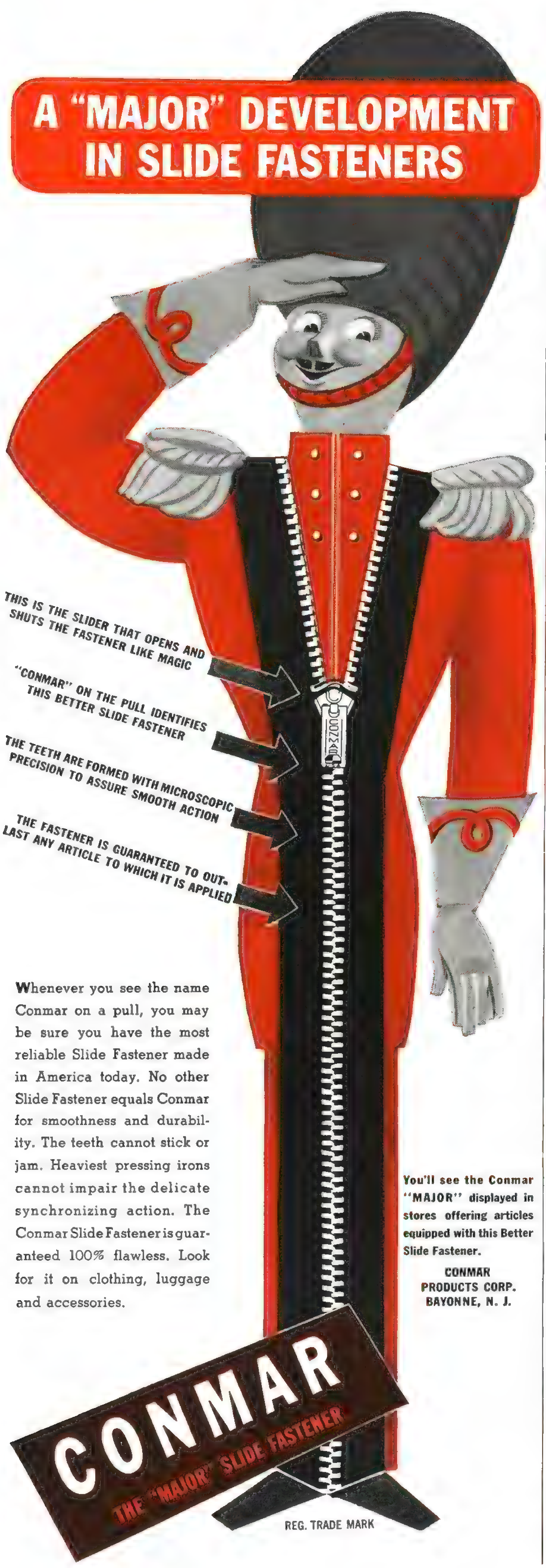
The enticement of a spring-fresh breath stirs romance. It assures the confidence so necessary in a critical close-up.

Keep your breath always fresh and sweet. It means so much to you . . . and to others. Spend just a few moments gargling morning and evening with Pepsodent Antiseptic and you'll be more sure about your charm . . . in even those critical close-ups.

Pepsodent Antiseptic curbs unpleasant breath effectively and is still antiseptic even when diluted with two parts of water. Thus it gives you 3 times as much safe breath protection as ordinary mouth washes, because it lasts 3 times as long! Get a bottle of Pepsodent Antiseptic today!


=
THIS MUCH
Pepsodent Antiseptic when mixed with two parts of water
EQUALS
3 TIMES
AS MUCH!
Pepsodent Antiseptic

Pepsodent
Antiseptic
Your "Breath Insurance"



A "MAJOR" DEVELOPMENT IN SLIDE FASTENERS
THIS IS THE SLIDER THAT OPENS AND SHUTS THE FASTENER LIKE MAGIC
"CONMAR" ON THE PULL IDENTIFIES THIS BETTER SLIDE FASTENER
THE TEETH ARE FORMED WITH MICROSCOPIC PRECISION TO ASSURE SMOOTH ACTION
THE FASTENER IS GUARANTEED TO OUTLAST ANY ARTICLE TO WHICH IT IS APPLIED
CONMAR
THE "MAJOR" SLIDE FASTENER
REG. TRADE MARK

Whenever you see the name Conmar on a pull, you may be sure you have the most reliable Slide Fastener made in America today. No other Slide Fastener equals Conmar for smoothness and durability. The teeth cannot stick or jam. Heaviest pressing irons cannot impair the delicate synchronizing action. The Conmar Slide Fastener is guaranteed 100% flawless. Look for it on clothing, luggage and accessories.

You'll see the Conmar "MAJOR" displayed in stores offering articles equipped with this Better Slide Fastener.

CONMAR
PRODUCTS CORP.
BAYONNE, N. J.

Restaurant Riccardo

Continued from pages 81-127

on dirt alleys about the size of bowling alleys in which small, heavy balls are used. The object—similar to that of curling—is to place the balls as close as possible to a smaller object-ball previously tossed down the alley.

So two alleys, or courts, were installed in the whitewashed and renovated basement. On a platform along one wall some tables were placed, for the convenience of spectators or of contestants awaiting a turn. A small supplementary bar also was put in downstairs. Signs were posted upstairs, calling attention to the innovation.

The customers took to the courts with enthusiasm. The basement became a gay and profitable adjunct to the establishment: you had to await your turn if you wanted to play, the tables along the wall were at a premium.

I am obliged to report that the waiters soon had the whole thing.

At first they played only to demonstrate the game to the customers. But it soon became apparent that they were not temperamentally able to turn the game over to the customers, once the customers had got the idea. Soon there was a full-fledged and bitter tournament going on among the personnel, and the customers were lucky if they were allowed to watch. The signs upstairs were taken down.

The basement at present is a sort of miniature heaven for the waiters, bursting with Latin expletives and endless argument. The boccie courts handle the overflow from the poker game; Riccardo—lately promoted to banker in the poker game—stands third in the boccie tournament at the moment of writing, preceded only by Eddie, a bartender, and Angelo, a waiter.

Angelo is in the lead, but he labors under a cloud. At one time he almost ruined the privacy of the basement, and even now he suffers occasional falls from grace. He invented a trick shot, unknown in Italy, where the game is played outdoors. He would toss the heavy ball at the ceiling with great force, and it would deflect beautifully and strategically, often making a remarkable shot, impossible to execute in the usual way. But the ceiling above the boccie courts is the floor of the restaurant, and each time Angelo uncorked one of his screwballs it sounded and felt upstairs as though the place had been bombed.

Riccardo then would have to make one of his entrances, moving imperturbably among the startled guests, explaining there was nothing to be alarmed about, no danger, it was just Angelo and his trick shot. But this served to advertise the boccie game to the customers, to publicize the existence of the courts, and in order to keep the game to themselves the waiters had to call in a neutral boccie expert who convinced Angelo, over Angelo's loud and prolonged objections, that the shot was illegal.

On the whole, Angelo has kept himself pretty well in hand: it is only in moments of great emotional strain that he forgets himself, takes recourse to his invention, and bombs the customers.

Riccardo walks through it all with amazing calm.

"It is a comfortable feeling," he says, "to know that everything is going along in normal fashion. Nothing can upset the place, because it is upset already. Nothing can happen that has not already happened. Nothing can go wrong, because everything has gone wrong. I have sixteen waiters. Each one has his own idea as to how the place should be run. That makes sixteen plans of operation, and they all are in effect at the same time. I have sixteen headwaiters, each one giving orders to all the others. It is the same way with the cooks. The kitchen is one long brawl from one day's end to the other. It couldn't be worse."

The waiters are loyal to Riccardo, and he is loyal to them. In case of a discussion with a customer, Riccardo takes the waiter's side without bothering to hear any evidence. It is a case of fellow club member versus an outsider. Since the place opened, Riccardo has had to fire only one waiter. That was Alfredo. Alfredo is gone, but he is remembered with affection.

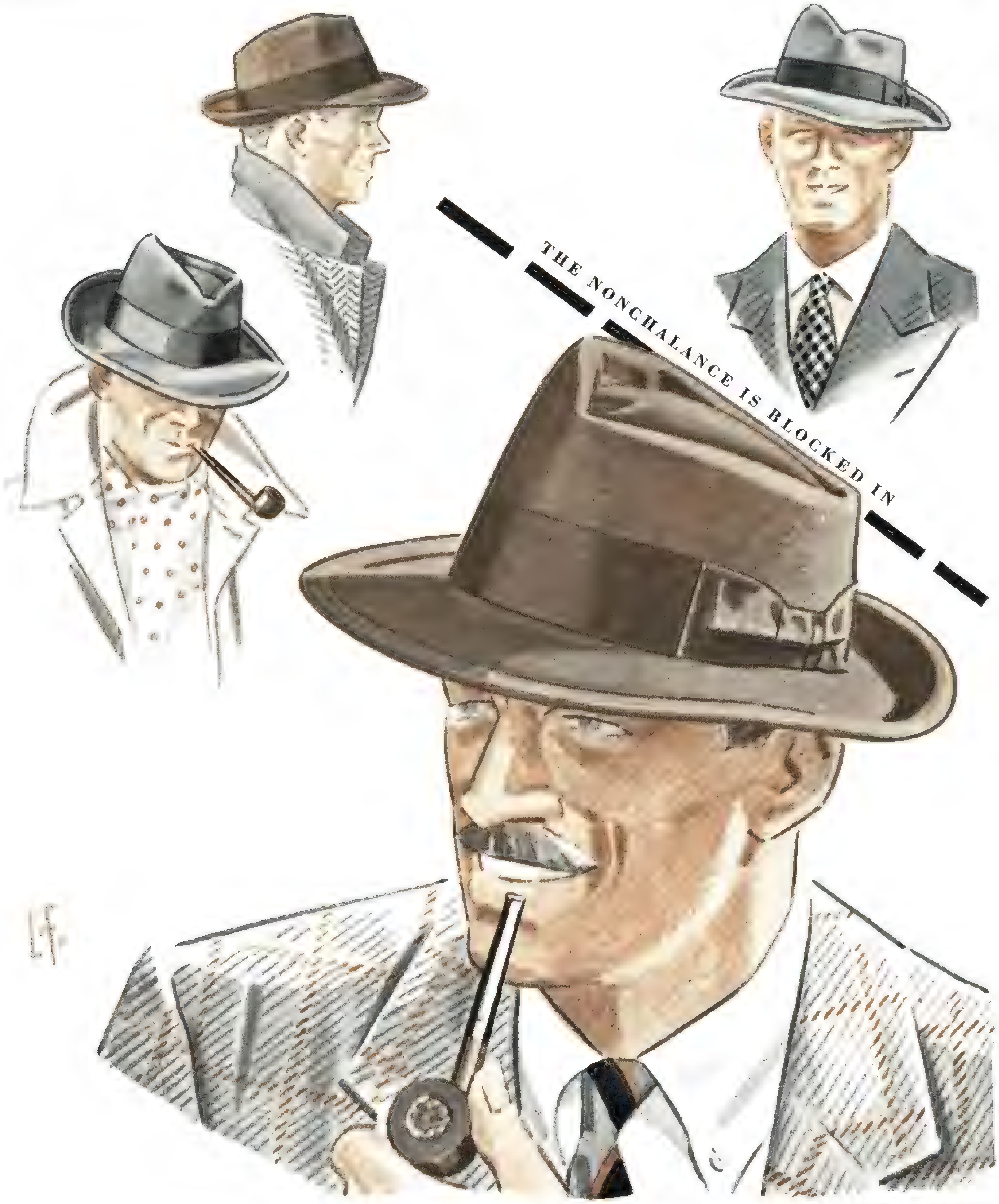
He was an efficiency expert, on an Italian scale, and refused to write down his orders at the table. He would say, "When you don't write down what the customer orders, it makes the customer think he is the most important one in the place. What he orders can be remembered. It is very flattering." It was not only flattering, as it worked out, but downright astonishing, in the end. It is impossible to imagine a memory worse than that of Alfredo. He would forget every item that had been ordered by the time he reached the kitchen. There he would pick up a menu, look it over, and select such items as he felt his customer would appreciate.

Strangely enough, this had nothing to do with Alfredo's departure from the Restaurant Riccardo. Riccardo was delighted with Alfredo's system. It gave an air of expectancy to the place that he thought was charming. During his entrances he would move among the tables in Alfredo's station.

"When you order from Alfredo," he would tell Alfredo's clients, "it is a wonderful surprise every time."

It was Alfredo's second innovation that brought about his downfall. He invented the idea of just barely missing the tables with his hips as he moved swiftly among the tables. "It shows you are hurrying," he explained to Riccardo. "It shows the people you have their interest at heart." Alfredo was slender and sinewy, and it was a pretty thing, Riccardo says, to see him swing and sway across the floor, moving his hips

Continued on page 130


THE NONCHALANCE IS BLOCKED IN

DRAWN BY LAWRENCE FELLOWS

Stetson has a new "Slant" on hats

In line with the trend toward carefully studied casualness, Stetson has created a wholly new hat shape...the crown blocked higher on one side than the other so that a bias dent comes natural. It's called the "Slant." Priced at $5 and made by John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia. Stetsons also made in Canada from $6.

COPYRIGHT 1940, JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY

Yours... very Newly
Your own initials... newer, smarter than ever...in Duogram by Swank... a custom-made, crest-like motif, on black enamelled plaque...in cravat chains, tie klips, key chains and cuff links, $2.50 each, at leading jewelers', department stores and men's shops.
SWANK

Restaurant Riccardo

Continued from pages 81-127-128

snake-like, as a football player does, just missing the corners of the tables and the elbows of the frightened diners.

But what started as a gesture on the side of an illusory efficiency, became a consuming passion with Alfredo. His entire life was wrapped up in it. He began to miss by fractions of an inch too tiny to measure. It was prophesied that he soon would begin to hit.

Sure enough, he began to hit.

At first just bare touches, then, by degrees, good solid bumps that could not be overlooked. At this he tried to abandon the whole plan, but he could not; it was a psychological situation with which he could not cope; it was too much for him. His fine touch was gone, and he would move swiftly across the floor with his beautiful stride, never missing a table. Everybody was sorry, for Alfredo had a fine voice and a guitar, and when business permitted he would sing plaintive songs in Italian.

They had a party for him upstairs, and he left with the best wishes of all, and Riccardo shed a few tears at his parting. "There will never be another like you," he told Alfredo. "No more wonderful surprises for the guests."

Alfredo, however, was very gay to the last, in accordance with his delightful nature. He readily admitted the justice of it all, and there were no hard feelings.

I am a steady customer at Riccardo's, which is another way of saying that I enjoy the privilege of being served last, or not at all, and never with the food I order. The waiters have a grave and usually accurate suspicion that I am going to sign the check, and with admirable business acumen they trim their sails—and mine—accordingly.

Recently I took a guest there, and before settling down in Domenic's station I took Domenic aside and explained it would be to his interest if he would consider me in the same light as any other customer, just for this one occasion, so as not to embarrass me. Domenic promised. I would be treated, he said, exactly like royalty. Exactly the same as cash.

Sure enough, he was attention itself. He stood above us, pencil delicately poised, his attitude all that could be desired.

The order is given and graciously accepted.

Domenic dashes away after the soup. But alas, Riccardo and two waiters have just commenced a song, an Italian song which sounds like an endless repetition of *Old McDonald Had a Farm*, and the temptation is too much for Domenic. He picks up a tray and keeps time, then comes his fine voice, rising above the others, even above that of Riccardo. I try to catch his eye. It is no use. There comes a breathing space in the song, and I perceive a shudder pass through the frame of Domenic. He is remembering the soup. He glances in my direction and hurries to the kitchen, reappearing immediately with the soup, which he places before us with a gesture.

"Made special," he murmurs.

He flecks a crumb off the tablecloth and rejoins the singers. My friend and I settle back to enjoy our soup. It is perfect. I hope Domenic will remember to come back, but my anxiety is wasted, Domenic is not going to forget himself twice, he has promised to treat me like royalty. There is a pause in the song and Domenic hurries to our table, grabs both plates of soup, which we scarcely have tasted, and runs with them to the kitchen, returning to the singers just as the song resumes.

When the song is over I catch his eye. He hurries over. "Domenic," I explain, "we were not finished with the soup."

Domenic makes a large gesture. "Never mind the soup," he says. "Next comes the antipasto." He leans forward and speaks in a confidential tone. "I will serve the antipasto personally. I'm going after it now."

He winks at us and goes to the kitchen, and with surprising dispatch returns with the antipasto and serves it with a distinguished gesture.

"Special order," he explains. "Hurry and eat it up; the green noodles are next. What kind of wine?"

"Burgundy."

Domenic looks distressed. "You mean Chianti?"

"Burgundy. With large glasses."

"Chianti is better."

"Burgundy! Large glasses!"

Domenic shrugs and goes away. In ten minutes he returns with a large bottle of wine and glasses. The glasses are small, the wine is Chianti.

"I brought little glasses," he says. "With Chianti, you do not want to drink it up so fast." He winks at me elaborately. "It is expensive."

Only then do I appreciate the largeness of Domenic's gesture. He is allowing me to have Chianti, which is more expensive than my brand of Burgundy, although he realizes the entire dinner is on the cuff. He is treating me like royalty.

Where is Domenic?

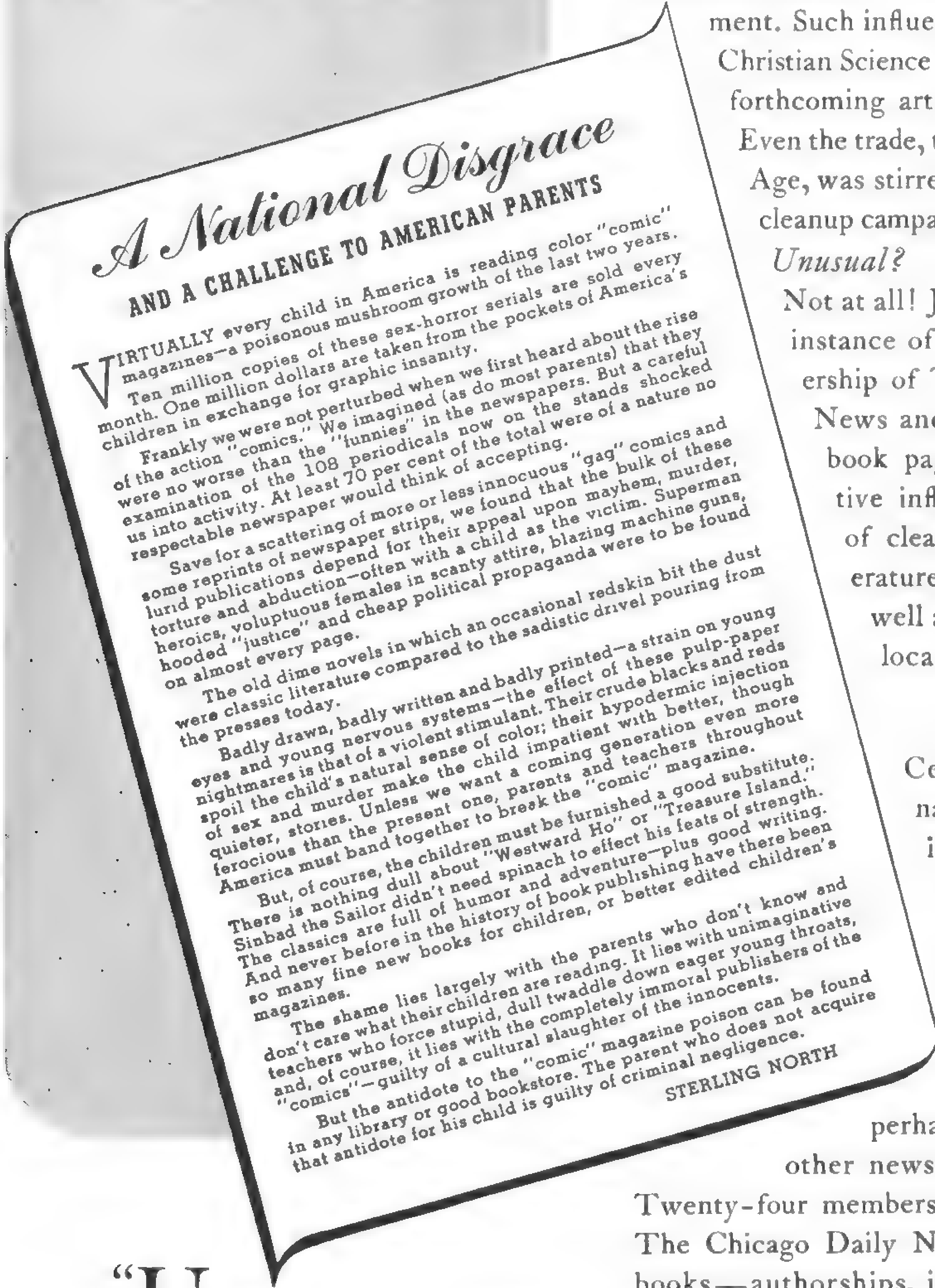
Domenic has disappeared. The antipasto is gone, the green noodles have been served and consumed, it is long past time for the *scallopine*. I am trying to explain matters to my guest.

Suddenly I hear excited voices, muffled excited voices, coming through the floor, and we are startled by what seems to be the explosion of a bomb beneath our very feet. My guest looks at me wide-eyed, she is frightened, but I am not frightened, I am merely discouraged. Domenic is down in the boccie court to take his turn in the tournament, and Angelo has gone against the rules again and has tried his trick shot.

Domenic appears at nine o'clock:

Continued on page 132

Like a pebble dropped in still waters



A National Disgrace

AND A CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN PARENTS

VIRTUALLY every child in America is reading color "comic" magazines—a poisonous mushroom growth of the last two years. Ten million copies of these sex-horror serials are sold every month. One million dollars are taken from the pockets of America's children in exchange for graphic insanity.

Frankly we were not perturbed when we first heard about the rise of the action "comics." We imagined (as do most parents) that they were no worse than the "funnies" in the newspapers. But a careful examination of the 108 periodicals now on the stands shocked us into activity. At least 70 per cent of the total were of a nature no respectable newspaper would think of accepting.

Save for a scattering of more or less innocuous "gag" comics and some reprints of newspaper strips, we found that the bulk of these lurid publications depend for their appeal upon mayhem, murder, torture and abduction—often with a child as the victim. Superman heroics, voluptuous females in scanty attire, blazing machine guns, hooded "justice" and cheap political propaganda were to be found on almost every page.

The old dime novels in which an occasional redskin bit the dust were classic literature compared to the sadistic drivel pouring from the presses today.

Badly drawn, badly written and badly printed—a strain on young eyes and young nervous systems—the effect of these pulp-paper nightmares is that of a violent stimulant. Their crude blacks and reds spoil the child's natural sense of color; their hypodermic injection of sex and murder make the child impatient with better, though quieter, stories. Unless we want a coming generation even more ferocious than the present one, parents and teachers throughout America must band together to break the "comic" magazine.

But, of course, the children must be furnished a good substitute. There is nothing dull about "Westward Ho" or "Treasure Island." Sinbad the Sailor didn't need spinach to effect his feats of strength. The classics are full of humor and adventure—plus good writing. And never before in the history of book publishing have there been so many fine new books for children, or better edited children's magazines.

The shame lies largely with the parents who don't know and don't care what their children are reading. It lies with unimaginative teachers who force stupid, dull twaddle down eager young throats, and, of course, it lies with the completely immoral publishers of the "comics"—guilty of a cultural slaughter of the innocents.

But the antidote to the "comic" magazine poison can be found in any library or good bookstore. The parent who does not acquire that antidote for his child is guilty of criminal negligence.

STERLING NORTH

"UNLESS we want a coming generation even more ferocious than the present one, parents and teachers throughout America must band together to break the 'comic' magazine."

Thus, on The Daily News Book Pages, Wednesday, May 8, literary editor Sterling North dropped a pebble into a pool of national apathy. The splash was scarcely heard. After all it was only a pebble, pitting its editorial weight against a $10,000,000-a-year maelstrom of child-corruption, a lone grain of sand dropping apparently on unwatched waters.

But the effect was electrifying.

Almost immediately there was set into motion wave after wave of awakening response. A backwash of applauding letters deluged the desk of the book editor. The editorial rippled into reprint virtually all the way from the Canadian border to the Gulf. Libraries in many states sought permission to distribute it. It surged into the publishing sanctums of big cities — book editors in New York responded to the force of it. It trickled through the walled dikes of non-academic minds — a newsboy in a Western town requested reprints for distribution to customers at his newsstand. Schools, clubs, parent-teacher associations clamored for copies by the thousands. Countrywide associations of educators and librarians devoted attention to the subject. Child Life and other national magazines expanded the movement. Such influential journals as the Christian Science Monitor announced forthcoming articles on the theme. Even the trade, through Advertising Age, was stirred and replied that a cleanup campaign was on the way.

Unusual?

Not at all! Just another graphic instance of the far-flung readership of The Chicago Daily News and the capacity of its book pages to wield an active influence in the cause of clean, constructive literature — for children as well as adults — not only locally but nationally.

* * *

Certainly, it is only natural that families interested in good literature should turn for guidance on books to the newspaper whose staff has written more books, perhaps, than that of any other newspaper in America. Twenty-four members of today's staff of The Chicago Daily News are authors of books — authorships, in individual cases, running as high as 14 published volumes. The list — studded with Pulitzer Prize winners — includes:

HARRY BEARDSLEY, *Editorial Writer*
C. J. BULLIET, *Art Critic*
ROBERT J. CASEY, *Foreign Correspondent*
CHARLES H. DENNIS, *Editor Emeritus*
JOHN DRURY, *Reporter*
LEWIS HUNT, *City Editor*
HELEN KIRKPATRICK, *Foreign Correspondent*
JOHN P. LALLY, *Fiction Editor*
PAUL LEACH, *Washington Correspondent*
HARPER LEECH, *Editorial Writer*
LLOYD LEWIS, *Sports Editor and Drama Critic*
DONALD MAY, *Promotional Layout Man*
W. F. MCDERMOTT, *Religious Editor*
EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER, *Dean of the Foreign Service*
PAUL SCOTT MOWRER, *Editor in Chief*
ROYAL F. MUNGER, *Financial Editor*
STERLING NORTH, *Literary Editor*
HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN, *Columnist*
DON RUSSELL, *Editorial Writer*
HERMAN G. SEELY, *Financial Writer*
VAUGHN SHOEMAKER, *Chief Cartoonist*
WILLIAM H. STONEMAN, *London Correspondent*
LELAND STOWE, *Foreign Correspondent*
JOHN T. WHITAKER, *Rome Correspondent*

Only a partial listing of the staff, this gives a glimpse of the writing talent behind the lines of The Daily News today. And a brief review of yesterday reveals an alumni enriched with such names as Eugene Field, George Ade, Peter Finley Dunne, Ray Stannard Baker, Will Payne, George Harvey, Slason Thompson, Keith Preston, Harry Hansen, Carl Sandburg, Vincent Starret, John V. A. Weaver, Ben Hecht, Henry Justin Smith, Junius B. Wood, Edward Price Bell, Leroy T. Vernon and S. J. Duncan-Clark.

* * *

Book advertisers — quick to recognize the Book Pages most widely and thoughtfully followed by Chicago's readers of books — consistently place nearly ONE HUNDRED PER CENT MORE ADVERTISING in THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS than in any other daily or Sunday newspaper in Chicago. This speaks for itself.

Just to keep the record clear, here are the figures for the first seven months of 1940

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS . .	54,458 lines
Daily Tribune	27,601 lines
Sunday Herald-American	17,940 lines
Sunday Times	6,284 lines
Daily Times	1,070 lines
Sunday Tribune	574 lines
Daily Herald-American	. . .

(Source: Media Records, Inc.)

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Chicago's HOME Newspaper

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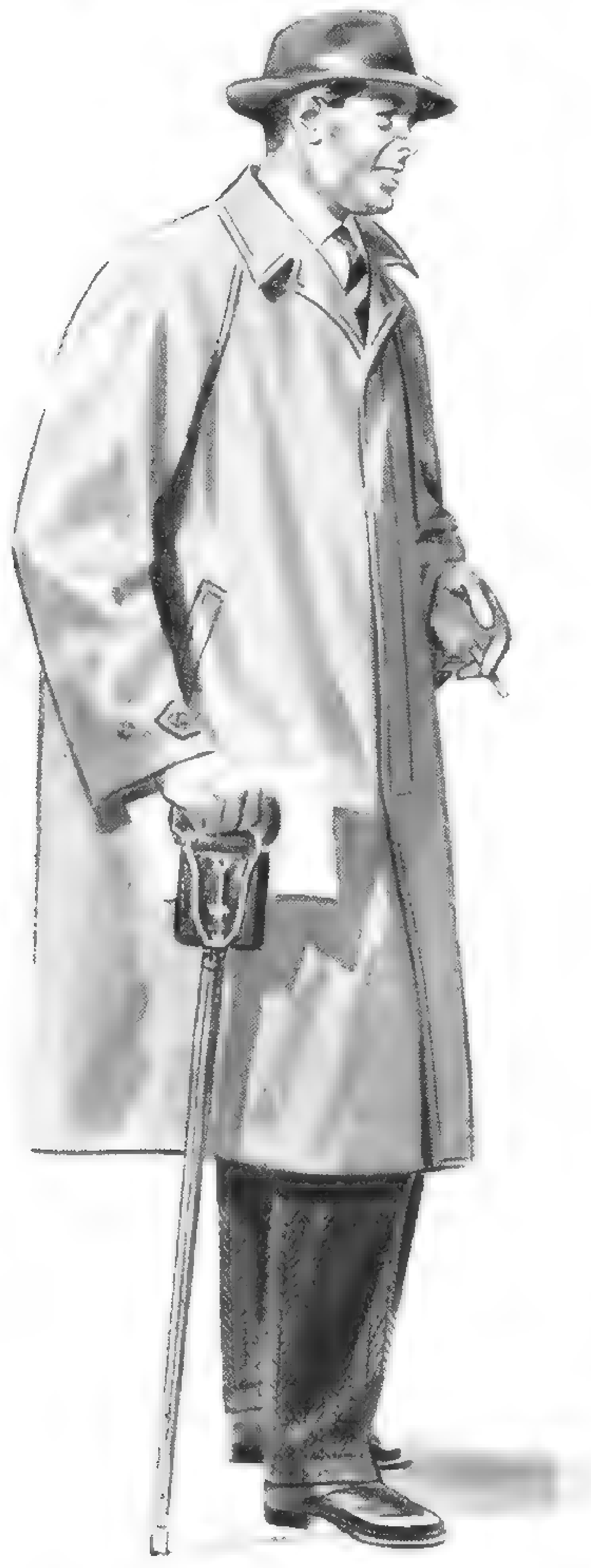
NEW YORK OFFICE: *9 Rockefeller Plaza* · DETROIT OFFICE: *4-119 General Motors Building*
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Building*

Alligator Raincoats Have The Smart Style You . . .

Wear With Pride



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Restaurant Riccardo

Continued from pages 81-127-128-130

his hair is mussed and his shoes are dusty and his face is red. He seems very tired. He comes over to our table and sits down heavily. "That fool Angelo," he growls. "We would have won. He has to try his shot, and they throw it out. We were ahead—"

"How about the *scallopine?*" I ask him.

He blinks. "All out," he says. "I'll see if there is some chicken *cacciatora* left over." He gets up, groaning, and moves slowly and painfully toward the kitchen, stopping to tell each waiter about the perfidy of Angelo. He returns with the chicken *cacciatora,* drops it to the table, and sits down. "That fool Angelo," he says.

"Have some wine," I offer.

Domenic looks around for a glass. "Allow me," I suggest, "to get you a glass."

He waves me down. "Keep your seat," he says grandly. "Don't bother. I'll go get my own glass." He gets up and goes to the bar and comes back with a glass. It is a large glass, the kind you do not use for Chianti. He pours the rest of the Chianti into it. He sits back and sips it. I remind him I have ordered coffee and Camembert cheese, and he looks at me resentfully, gets up and goes to the kitchen and returns with three cups of coffee and some Gorganzola cheese. "We are out of Camembert," he says, cutting himself some Gorganzola. "This is the best kind anyway."

"My friend does not like it," I explain pointedly.

Domenic looks at her in unbelief. "She must be crazy," he says. He sips his coffee and makes a face. "I usually take brandy in my coffee."

"I'll go get some," I offer.

This time Domenic does not tell me to keep my seat. Instead, he lights a cigarette and says, "Three Star Hennessy."

I go out into the bar and the bar is crowded. Riccardo has just made one of his Entrances. He spies me and indicates I am to wait a minute, he wishes to speak to me. I order the three brandies and the bartender puts them on a tray for me. Riccardo comes over. He says, "Listen, take that girl home and hurry back. You are invited to the poker game tonight. Take her home and be back by two o'clock. Never mind the brandy."

But it is still fairly early, I explain to Riccardo. I cannot take her home so early. Riccardo is disgusted. "The hell with her," he says. He has an idea. "You go out in the kitchen and hide. I'll tell her you got sick. One of my men will take her home. You can give him the cab fare."

I shake my head. I promise to take her home myself, in due time, and to be back in plenty of time for the poker game. I hurry back to the table with the brandy; Domenic may be getting impatient. When I get there I find he is teaching my guest how to speak Italian. He has moved over beside her and is making words on the tablecloth. He looks up resentfully when I sit down. Since he is busy, I pour his brandy into his coffee for him, and stir it. He lifts the cup toward my guest. "Salute," he says.

There is a resounding thump on the floor. Angelo has tried the trick shot again. There is a sudden uproar in the kitchen. "It is nothing," Domenic says. "Always at this time of night. The waiters fight to see who will get the customers' wine. Americans do not like Italian wine, it does not come natural to them, and they drink only part of the bottle. Then there is a fight in the kitchen."

At last it is time to go home. I get up and go for my hat. It is not there. I complain to Domenic I cannot find my hat. Domenic is disgusted. "You didn't have a hat. You probably pawned it," he says bitterly, "just like last time."

It is almost two o'clock; I have returned for the poker game. Riccardo, I find, is in one of his bad moods. The customers are staying too late; the customers are delaying the poker game. One of the waiters begins to place the chairs on the table; he makes no effort to be quiet about it. "Closing up," he says, as though to himself. Another waiter places the bar stools on the bar. There are still several people at the bar, but this does not disturb the waiter. The waiter, I notice, is Angelo. He places each stool firmly on the bar. He brings it down with a thump close to the elbows and the drinks of the patrons. Here would be a good place for Alfredo. Alfredo would enjoy seeing how close he could come.

Riccardo goes into the dining room and bids his guests good night in a loud and persistent tone. It has an air of finality about it; there is no mistaking the fact that Riccardo is bidding them good night. He loudly directs Domenic to lock the front door, it is time to close up. Domenic looks worried. He whispers to Riccardo that one of his tables has just ordered another bottle of wine.

"We are out of wine!" Riccardo shouts.

At last everybody has gone. The place is closed, the lights are switched off, and we hurry upstairs. We, are Eddie the bartender, Angelo, Vitorio, Domenic, two waiters whose names I do not know, a stranger called The Moose, Riccardo, and myself. Riccardo is the banker. He has an old cigar box for the purpose.

Chips are bought; Riccardo deals first. All eyes are on the cards. It is dealer's choice, and Riccardo has announced stud poker, nothing wild. The betting commences, with gestures, with mumbled prayers, with bitter looks at the other players. The thought persists that the Italian temperament is not suited to poker. When a card is paired with the one in the hole, the happy recipient squirms in his chair, eager to bet; his eyes are bright, he glances hungrily at the pot, counting it.

Domenic deals next. "Drawing poker," he announces stiffly. "It is the genuine game."

He deals "drawing" poker and wins the pot; he gets up and dances around the table.

"Stud poker," Angelo says, now that it is his turn to deal. The pot is won by The Moose. Instantly Angelo is on his feet. He begins to shout at Domenic, in Italian.

"In English!" Riccardo shouts. "We have a guest! In English, please!"

"Why don't you drop out?" Angelo screams at Domenic. "If you drop out, I have aces back to back and I win the pot! Why should you stay in and catch my ace? You had nothing! Nothing!"

Domenic shows his hole card and looks around at the other players. "A queen!" he cries. "I had a queen in the hole!" He glares at Angelo. "I should drop out, a queen in the hole!"

Angelo spreads his arms, picks up the queen and shows it to the others. "He has a queen!" he shouts witheringly. "He has a queen, so he has to stay in! Riccardo has sixes showing and Eddie has ace-queen, so he stays in with a queen for a hole card! And he draws an ace, and if he drops out I have got a pair of aces! He does not understand the game of poker!" He slaps the queen to the table in front of Domenic. "You do not understand the game! Get out of the game! Go on home!"

Domenic jumps to his feet. Angelo assumes a position of defense. All the players stand up. The room is full of Italian, in every inflection. This is no time to be polite, guest or no guest. The true meaning must be expressed.

Riccardo looks at me helplessly. "Always the same," he says, without hope. He takes a deep breath, shuffles the cards, and drones, "Gentlemen! Gentlemen! If you please!"

It is morning. Domenic is solemnly handing Riccardo a slip of green paper. It is his pay check for the week. Domenic is sad, there is a great wistfulness in his eyes as Riccardo slips the check into the cigar box.

"Twice," Domenic says, lifting a hand and looking at the ceiling, "Twice in three weeks I have lost the pay check. Once, once in three weeks I am permitted to take it home. Twice Riccardo has got it back."

"Got it back!" Riccardo snorts. He looks at his friend Domenic appealingly. "You do not understand, Domenic. I am the banker. I must redeem all the chips. What you lose in your pay check, Eddie or Angelo or somebody else wins. It is not my money. I am just the banker."

Domenic looks resentfully at the cigar box. "Not your money!"

"Gentlemen," Eddie says, pushing his chips toward Riccardo. "It is time for me to quit. Cash me in, please." He has many chips.

The Moose stays Eddie's hand. "Oh no," he says. "You don't quit yet. You are the winner. You can't quit like this, a winner. It is only eight o'clock."

Eddie is indignant. "Must everybody quit a loser?" he demands. "It cannot be done. Ask Riccardo. If we are all going to quit a loser, we will be playing here for a thousand years. Somebody has got to win."

"Never mind; never mind," the Moose says, pushing Eddie's chips back and quickly dealing the cards. "It is not time to quit."

Domenic, however, who is at the end of his paycheck, and Riccardo, who must go down and make an Entrance for the breakfast trade, are allowed to leave. Vitorio, who is exactly even, also makes a legitimate exit.

The rest of us go on.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!"

It is Riccardo speaking. He has come upstairs and is standing in the doorway. "Gentlemen, it is noon. It is ten past twelve. The place is crowded, it is jammed. We have practically no waiters on duty. Please get down."

Eddie glances at my chips. "Not quite yet," he says. He deals the cards. "In just a minute we will come down."

Riccardo shrugs and returns to the restaurant. He is back in five minutes. "Everything is going to pieces down there," he says. "Four waiters on duty, and the place full. Gentlemen! Please!"

"One more round."

We play one more round. My money is gone at last. We settle up and all go downstairs. Riccardo was right; the place is full. The waiters jump into the fray. There is an uproar in the kitchen. Riccardo has just made an Entrance, with the dog, and he walks among the guests. "It is nothing," he says soothingly. "Just the waiters and the cooks fighting as usual. Please pay no attention to it."

He sits down at a table with three young ladies who wish to ask him questions about Art.

Out come Domenic and Angelo from the kitchen, their arms full of plates. They are glaring at each other savagely. As they separate, each going to a different table, they shout at each other above the heads of the diners. It is in Italian. I cannot understand the words, but the sense is very clear to me.

"You catch my ace," Angelo is screaming. "You stay in with nothing but a queen in the hole, and you catch my ace! You should learn the game!"

"The game I deal is the real poker game," Domenic shouts back. "When I deal, I deal drawing poker, the correct game, the Wyoming cowboys' game of poker!"

"What," one of the girls ask Riccardo, "do you think of Dali, the surrealist?"

Riccardo looks at the girl, without expression. He is a bit sleepy. He belches, recovers, and pats his mouth with his fingertips.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he murmurs dreamily.

You can pick off a gal with the greatest of ease
From the man who is dressed to pick up a sneeze

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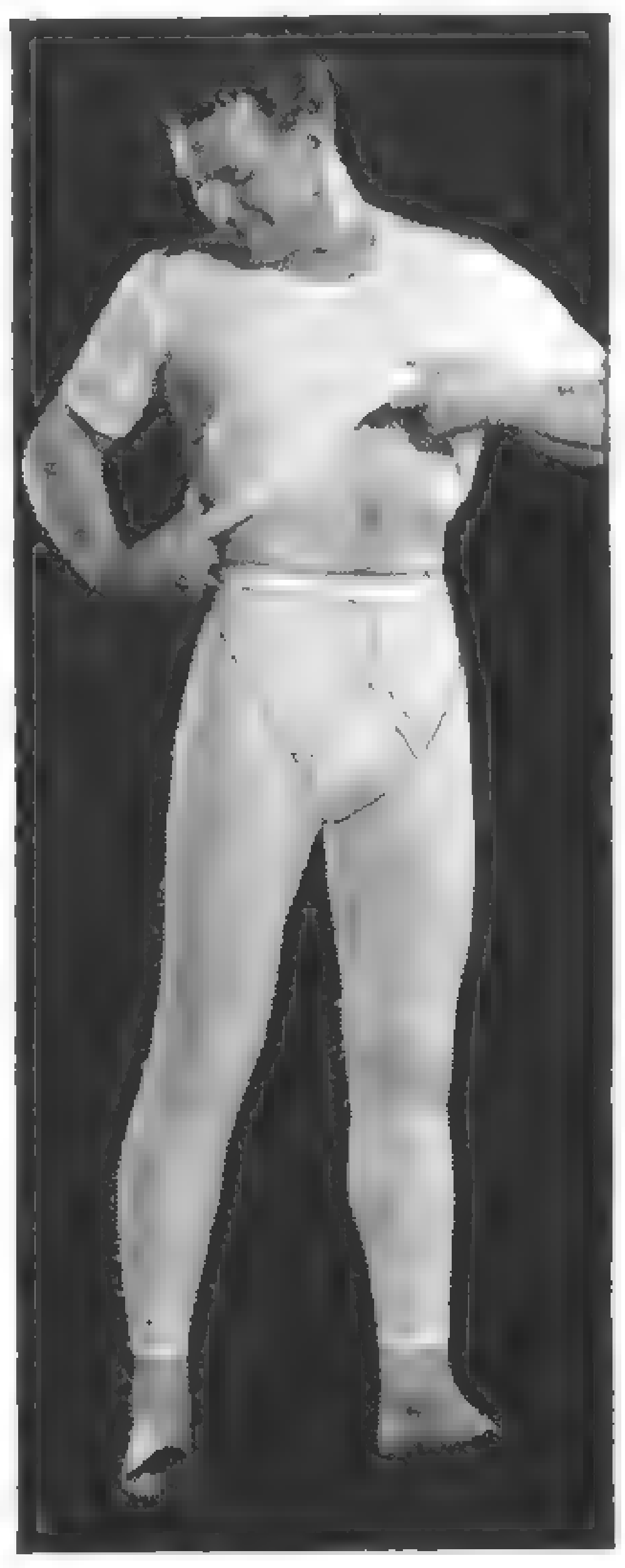

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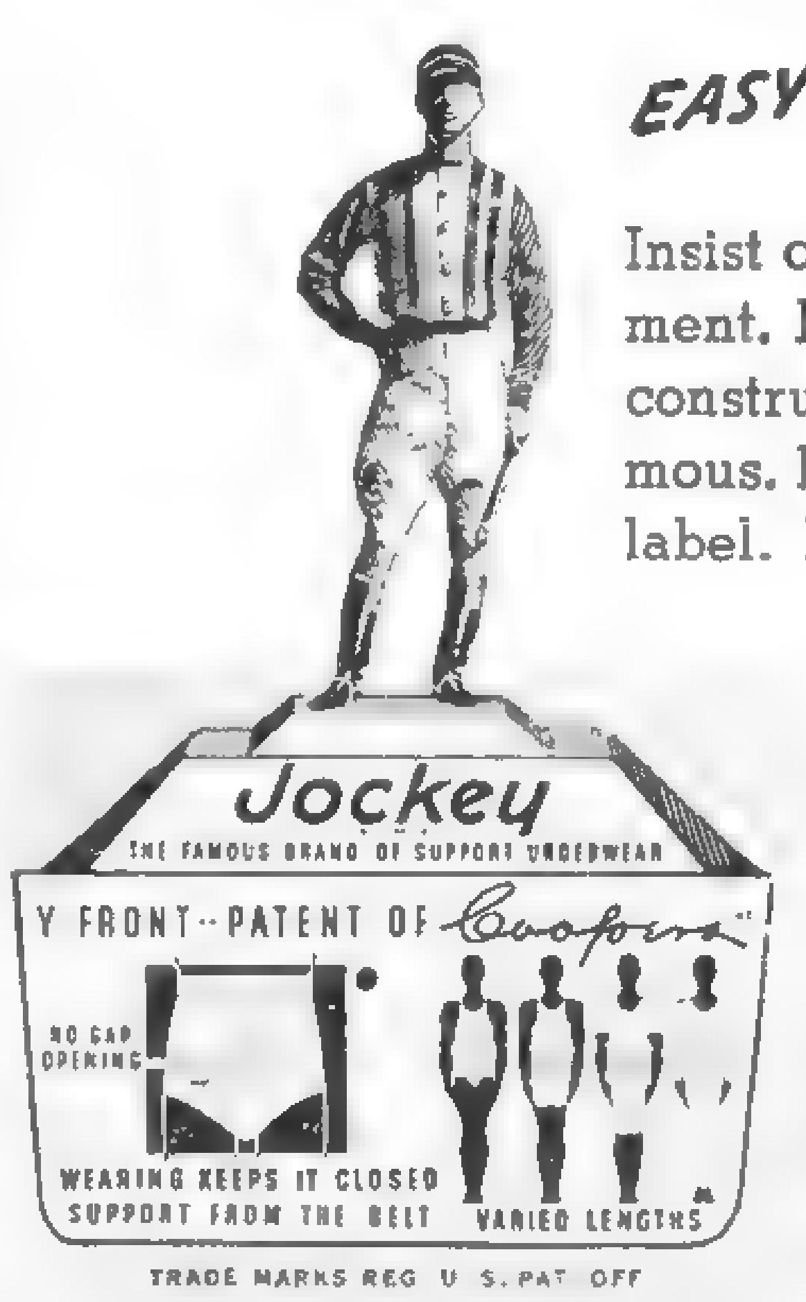
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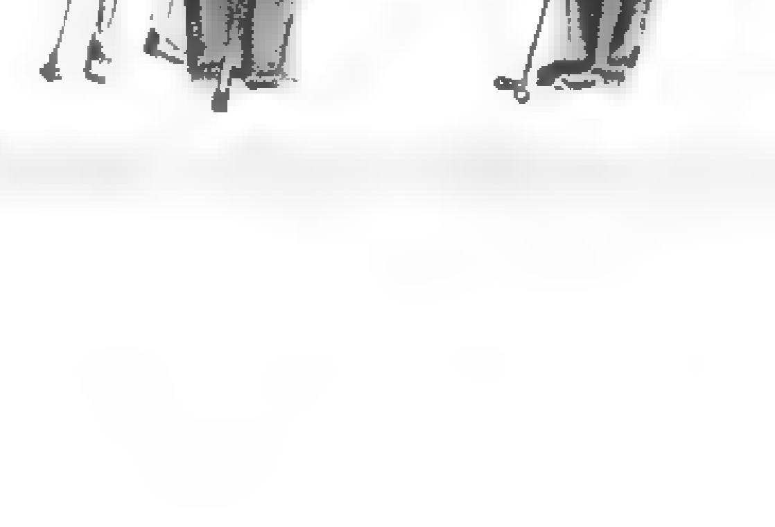

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"Meet you on the Ramp"

AT ESQUIRE'S CHRISTMAS FAIR

Come November 1st, when your friends, as they will, say "Meet you on the ramp at Esquire's Christmas Fair," there's a treat in store for you. That is, if you prefer electric light to a kerosene lamp, or an easy chair to a wooden bench, as we know you do.

For, Esquire's Christmas Fair will do for your shopping what air-conditioning accomplishes for your temper on a torrid Summer day.

From a standing start, this amazing "exposition store" will ease you into high on your Christmas gift program. So delightfully and so painlessly that you'll thank your lucky stars that you read this ad.

For, here's what happens when you enter the great doors at 10 Rockefeller Plaza in Rockefeller Center, New York. Up the carpeted ramp you go, into a mammoth fairyland.

Guided by one of Esquire's personable Gift Counselors, selected for their intelligence as well as good looks . . . you'll view one great floor . . . on which is displayed the nation's foremost assortments of gifts for everyone . . . fine-tooth-combed, segregated, concentrated and classified for easy selection.

There's nothing to buy and admission to Esquire's Fair is free as the air you're breathing. The main idea is that this magazine, as a service to its readers and their friends, helps you to plan your entire gift program in advance by suggesting gifts for all the names on your shopping list . . . and then gives you the names of retail stores, in New York City and elsewhere, where you may buy what you have seen.

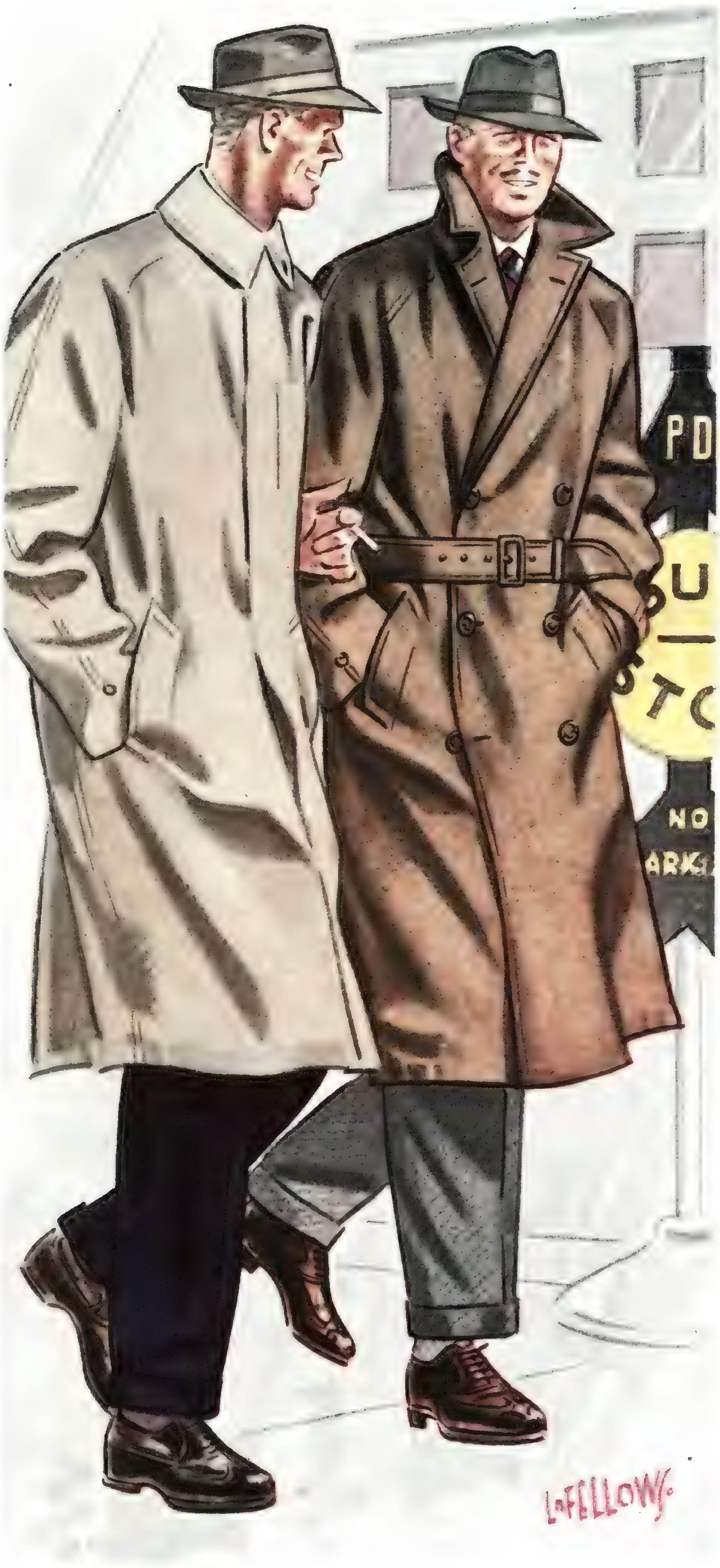
Never, before last year, was so unique a service available. And, never was fun so completely functional.

Take Esquire's tip and don't miss it. There are jolly times ahead at this must-be-seen event at 10 Rockefeller Plaza.

ESQUIRE'S 2ND ANNUAL CHRISTMAS FAIR

DESIGNED BY ROBERT HELLER
COSTUMES AND DISPLAYS BY TOM LEE
ILLUMINATION BY CENTURY LIGHTING, INC.

This year at
10 Rockefeller Plaza
Rockefeller Center
New York



out of the rain in the rain

There is, we know, a certain lily-of-the-fieldish quality about fashion writing. It is our duty to inform you, for example, that a jacket has notched lapels. Suppose it had peaked lapels? Or even no lapels at all? You'd get used to it in time. But no one gets used to being wet—that is, as opposed to being dry. That's why it pleases us to go practical on you in this discussion of rainwear.

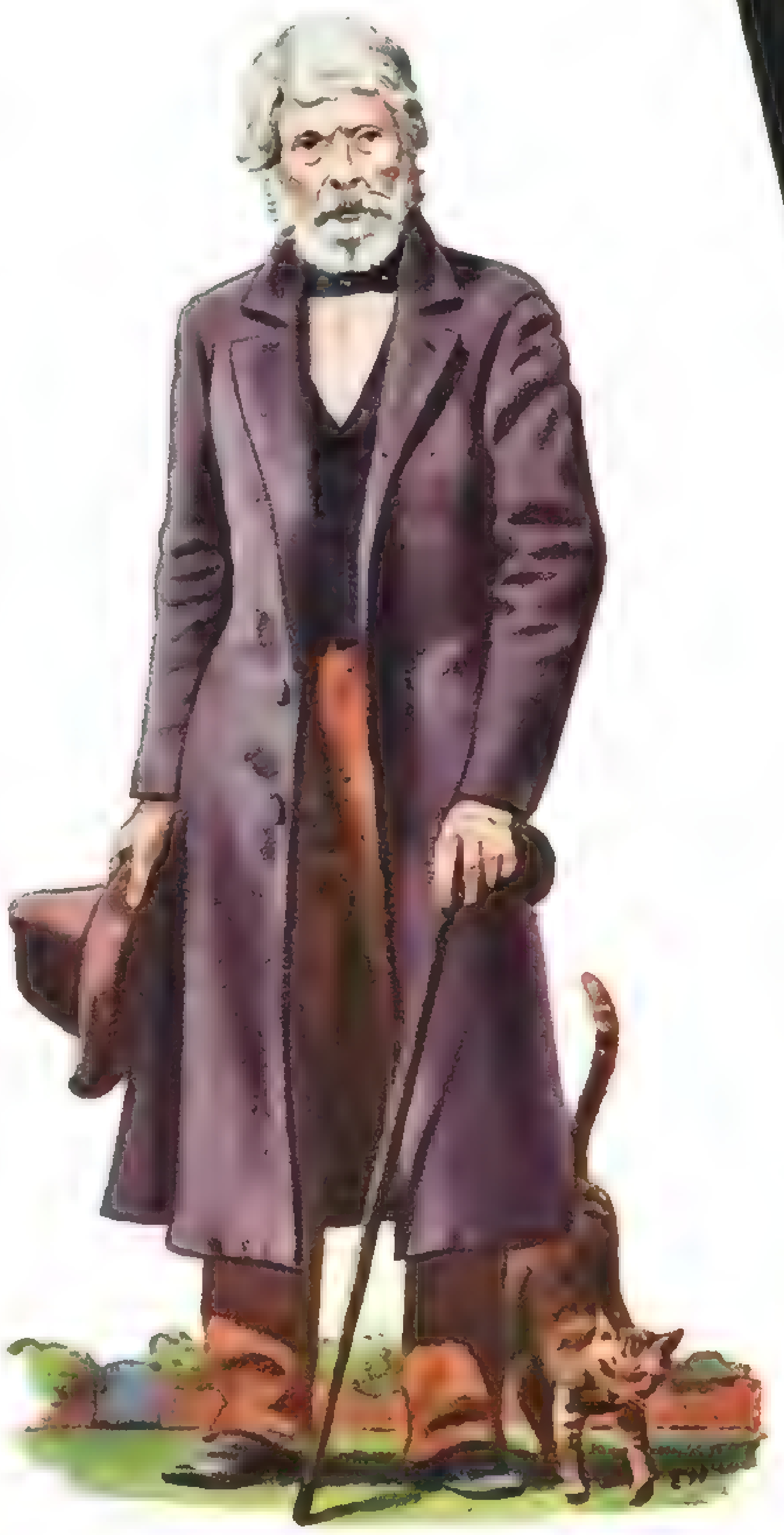
The raincoat at the left, of oyster-colored cotton twill, is especially processed to repel moisture. Experts have been tinkering with waterproof fabrics for years, and the most recent methods are virtually impervious to the elements, even retaining their qualities after a roundtrip to the dry cleaners. A combined touch of fashion and practicality is the fly front of this coat which, due to the smooth exterior presented, sheds raindrops like anything. Also leading a double life are the military collar, slash pockets, tabs and buttons at the cuffs and the generous sweep at the bottom of the coat. Incidental accoutrements are the lightweight brown felt hat with silk ribbon and striped blue worsted suit.

The other raincoat is of processed worsted gabardine. It has raglan shoulders, slash pockets and buttons and tabs on the sleeves; the all-around belt adds to the military effect of the double breasted front, as do the lapels rolling to the top button. The soft greenish mixture hat and the Lovat colored cheviot suit serve to make an excellent combination.

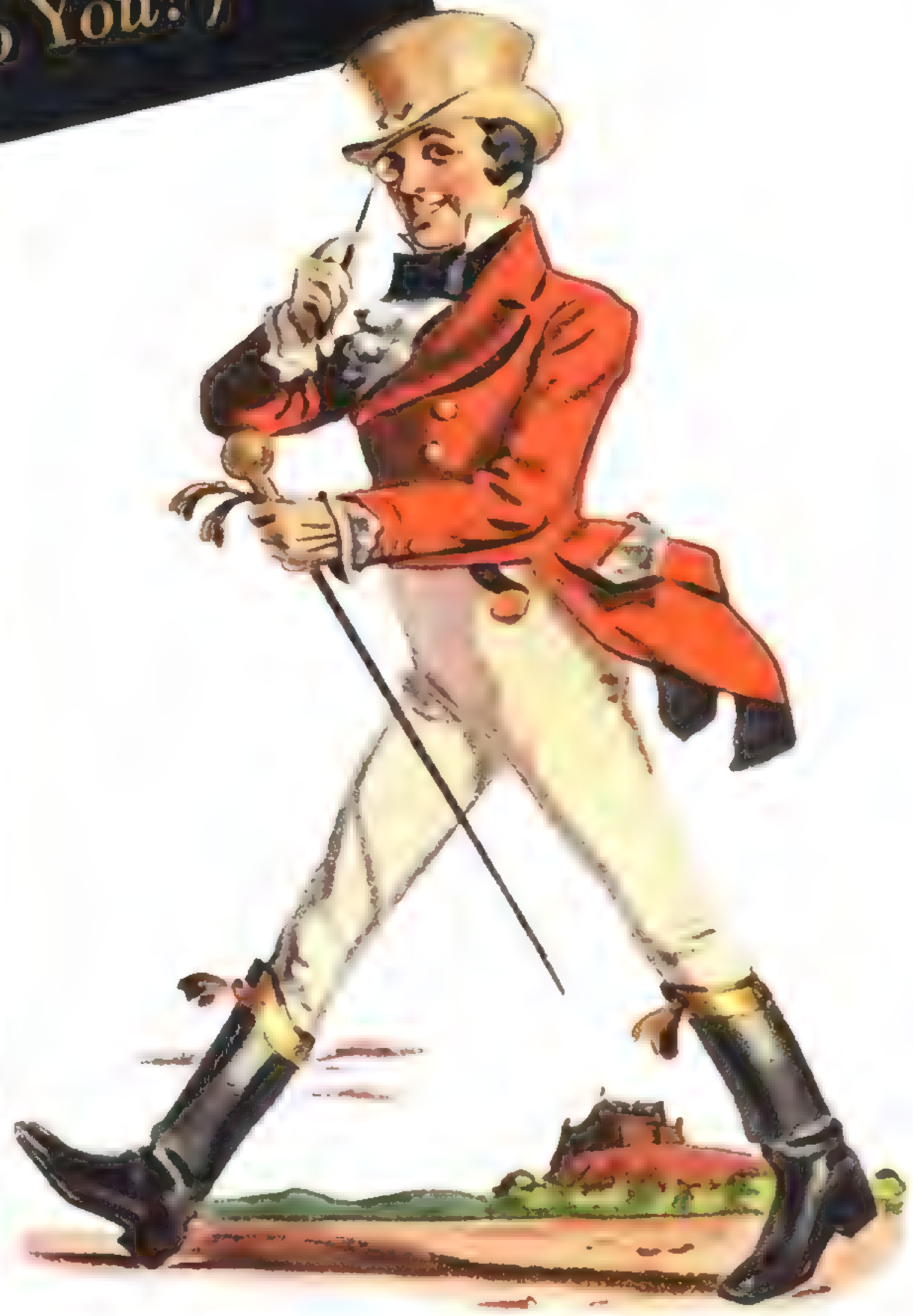
We've saved the shoes for last, because they deserve a paragraph in themselves. At first glance—we trust—the two pairs look as if they might be twins. Actually, however, the man at the left is wearing rubbers which have been carefully designed in the image of wing-tip shoes. The idea, of course, is not entirely new; but it is as good as new, and even if the illusion isn't entirely complete the protection against dampness certainly is. The other man has gone to even greater extremes in order to give people the impression that he isn't wearing rubbers. He has left them off. But to avoid tempting fate he wears a pair of brown wing-tip shoes which have been treated with a water-resistant compound.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

SCOTCH FIGURES
THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS
(Do You?)



1. A man of letters who wrote "*Sartor Resartus,*" "*Past and Present.*" Spiced his opinions with penetrating humor. He refused Disraeli's offer of a pension and the Grand Cross of the Bath. Remained a strong influence in British literature until he died in 1881, 61 years after Johnnie Walker was born. *(Answer below.)*



2. A familiar figure born in 1820 . . . still going strong. He has covered more miles than any other Scot, always travelling in the best company. When wearing the famous Black Label he never undertakes a trip without first sleeping 12 years. To this he attributes his mellow character. *(Answer below.)*

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The Coldstream Guards

Continued from page 67

Coldstream Guards."

Impertinent, perhaps, but the way a Coldstreamer thinks; for these people would never admit of any novelty or peculiarity in active service. They maintain the fiction that there is no difference between muddy trenches and comfortable barracks in London.

When a battalion is of the four regularly quartered in the West End of London it takes its turn finding the daily duties—King's Guard (mounted at Buckingham Palace when the King is in residence or at St. James's if His Majesty is away), the Bank of England Picquet, guard for the Magazine in Hyde Park and any special Guards of Honor, Opera Guards or such, as requisitioned by the officers of the Household.

For the officers, two of these duties include some rather elaborate and historic dining.

Charles the Second's little orange girl, Nell Gwynne, left a fund—for what reason your guess is probably good—to dine and wine the Officers of His Majesty's Guard at St. James's Palace and each evening a noteworthy meal is served them. Four senior officers connected with the Court also have the right to dine on this bequest but failing their notification of intention, the officers on guard may invite male guests. "Dining On Guard" at St. James's is an occasion.

From sundown to sunrise every day, an officer, twenty-seven other ranks and a drummer from the battalion finding public duties, mount picquet at the Bank of England. A "nuisance" duty, the Brigade has insisted on its right to mount this guard since 1780.

The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street dines the Bank Picquet Officer particularly well, further allowing him a bottle of port for himself and a male guest. Not so the non-coms and men, however. About them the Governor of the Bank in 1820 wrote in regulations it was "important for the safety of the Bank that the wine should on no account be given to the Non-Commissioned Officers or Privates."

So much for what is to be done in time of peace, but as a Coldstream battalion swings into "Buckhouse" forecourt to its own *Milanello*—a song picked up in Peninsular days and first sung to unprintable words—or slow marches toward the old guard to Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro;* the King's Regimental Color, which our young ensign carries, bears testimony to thinner times. On them are embroidered the battle honors that are most of the Empire's modern history.

"Somme," for instance, marked annually by Coldstream Day and the Regimental pilgrimage to the Guards Division Memorial on the Horse Guards Parade, recalls that day in 1916 when the Division made its first attack on the Somme with the three battalions of Coldstreamers abreast in the first wave.

They gained their objectives against terrific fire and there paused, scattered and separated, almost without officers. They were stretched over some thousands of yards of front—with the Colonel, Adjutant and four company commanders of one battalion killed by a single shell. They hung for some crucial moments. But Colonel John Campbell of the 3rd Battalion, who was master of the Tanat-Side Hounds, had brought his hunting horn with him. He pierced the din with its tally-ho call and supervised the consolidation of the line from end to end under a terrific fire.

Then there was Landrecies, two days after Mons, where the 3rd Battalion in rear guard fought off an immensely superior force for five hours while Haig's 1st Corps slipped off to safety. And having done the job thoroughly, packed up their toys and followed the main body at leisure. At the first Ypres one battalion held the muddy line under daily attacks unrelieved for over a month.

It was before Nieppe Forest during the last desperate German attacks that the 3rd Battalion saw its last action of the War. Detached from the Division with some Grenadiers and Irish, all well under strength, they were thrown in unexpectedly to hold the moving line until the Australians could come up behind. Rather than merely stand they decided to attack—ten companies against an army—and held for three days until the "Aussies" were securely entrenched behind. At the end of that time 4 officers and 41 men out of an original 16 and 490 proceeded to dig themselves in on the Australians' flank.

But all this may be regarded as mere incident in the war history of the Coldstream who were seldom inactive during the four years. That their Colors carry but ten First World War battle honors is solely due to a War Office regulation limiting all regiments to a choice of ten. Having earned them they returned to peace-time routine and ceremonial as naturally as they had gone abroad four years before, and it was not long before the Brigade was mounting its duties in full dress once more. Guards of Honor, Picquets and Trooping the Colors while the tourists came again to Buckingham and to St. James's to see them. But twenty years went by and the little boys grew up and World War II arrived. Scarlet tunics went into store, reservists and Canadians in khaki mounted West End duties, recruits in greater numbers poured into the regimental depot at Caterham (Little Sparta) and the three battalions again watched the blue mists for the newest lines of the new chapter history is working on now, but whatever chapter it is, it will only be a passing incident in the life of the Coldstream Guards—you may rest assured of that, what? ⧺

A Word to the Wise

Continued from page 50

the whole bird market, and, rushing home, he gave it to his cat raw, with the warmth of life still in it. He hoped by this means to insure that none of its virtue should be lost.

The cat swallowed it with avidity, blinked a little, wiped its chops with its paw, and raised its eyes to Heaven, as if in astonishment and gratitude. Then turning them full on Richard Whitiker, it said in a clear and vigorous tone, "Look out!"

The good man clasped his hands in an ecstasy. "He can speak!" he cried. "He can speak! And in what a delightful accent! Soon he will utter the name of a winning horse, or of some stock destined to rise like a rocket. He will tell me to go to such and such a town, to such an hotel, and there I shall meet that ravishing creature, twenty-two years of age, and with a bust measurement of thirty-five. What a moment that will be, when I first . . . ."

At this point, however, his neglected ceiling fell with a crash, and our poor friend was stretched lifeless among the debris.

"Now what the hell," said the cat, stepping daintily over his prostrate form. "What the hell is the good of feeding a cat parrots, at such ruinous expense, in order to make it talk, if you take no notice of what it says to you?"

This cat subsequently took up its abode in the home of a Mrs. Straker, where it observed a good deal but thought the less said, the better for all concerned. ##

The Male Climacteric

Continued from page 29

Gilroy: "There is no reason why a man should not be given the same sort of relief and reinforcement. When he complains of *a diminution of the snap that has made him a success in his business, when he has the feeling that he is slipping,* proper advice and careful treatment will insure a gradual 'let down' . . . Used with skill and forethought, hormone preparations can add life to a man's years, so that a long period of useless senility may be replaced by a reasonably active career . . . fruitful . . . enjoyable."

With this advice in mind, Dr. Baldwin realized at once that Ted's loss of business judgment was a sign of the climacteric. He decided to try the new hormone treatment. Because this therapy was new, however, and he could not vouch for the outcome, he urged Ted to give it plenty of time.

"Put your money in a trust fund," he advised. "Make arrangements with the bank so that you can't touch a cent. Pretend you are leaving town on a six months' vacation. Then you won't be tempted to go near the office."

Dr. Baldwin explained the treatment—injections of the male sex hormone every other day, possibly for a few weeks, maybe for months. "I'm not promising results, Ted," he warned. "The treatment is still too new. Some specialists are enthusiastic. Others seem dubious. If you were a poor man, I wouldn't suggest it for a moment. The treatment will cost you plenty."

"How much?"

"Nineteen or twenty dollars a week!"

Ted looked thoughtful. If the stuff helped, it was miraculous, one of the greatest discoveries of the age. Every man should be given a chance at it. Well, he would let Dr. Baldwin experiment. Anything was better than going along as he had.

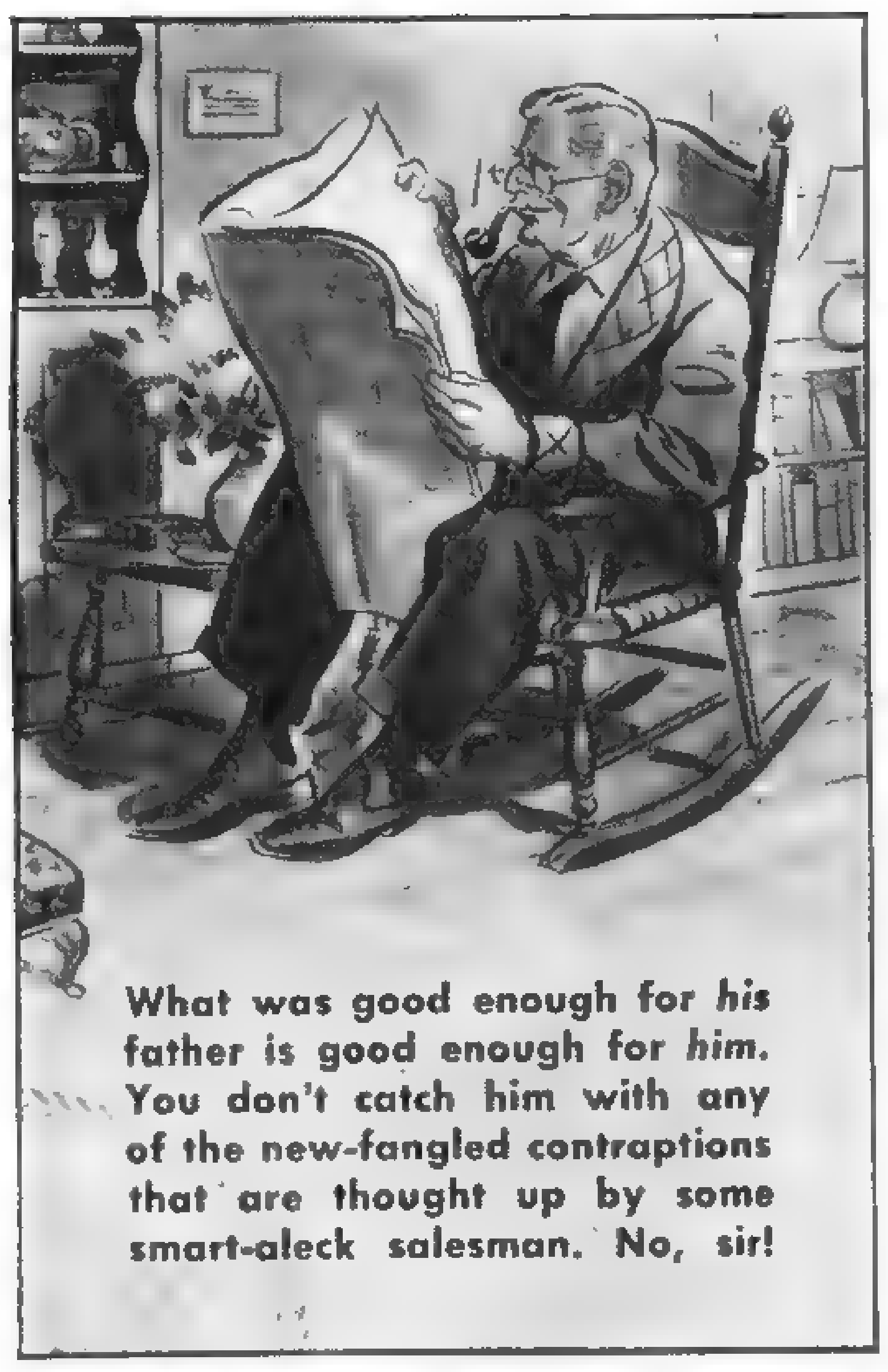
Even if the treatment took a whole year, it could not cost what he had dropped in the market during the past few months. Fortunately for Ted and the other men who have regained stability and health through their service as guinea pigs in the new glandular science, the treatment worked. Results were almost miraculous! Within a few weeks, Ted's nervous trouble disappeared. At the end of six months, his business judgment was completely restored. He applied at the bank for return of funds on the day his trust agreement fell due. So far nothing has gone wrong. Dr. Baldwin's bill has been paid, and he hopes Ted is fixed up for good. He warned him, however, that the symptoms may return. In that case, treatment will be resumed for a while, with the hope that the nervous upsets become less and less frequent, and gradually stop altogether.

Every day new cases like Ted Gilroy's come to light. Some appear in recognized medical journals phrased in careful, stilted language. Many are freely discussed by physicians at big conventions which thousands of doctors attend. Small groups gather at local medical societies and exchange experiences far into the night. Out of these hours of feverish discussion, out of conflicting reports and heated disagreements, a new science is being born, a gland "magic" which may assure men the same stability during the climacteric as at any other time, and bring to all the relief which has already restored an adventurous and experimental few.

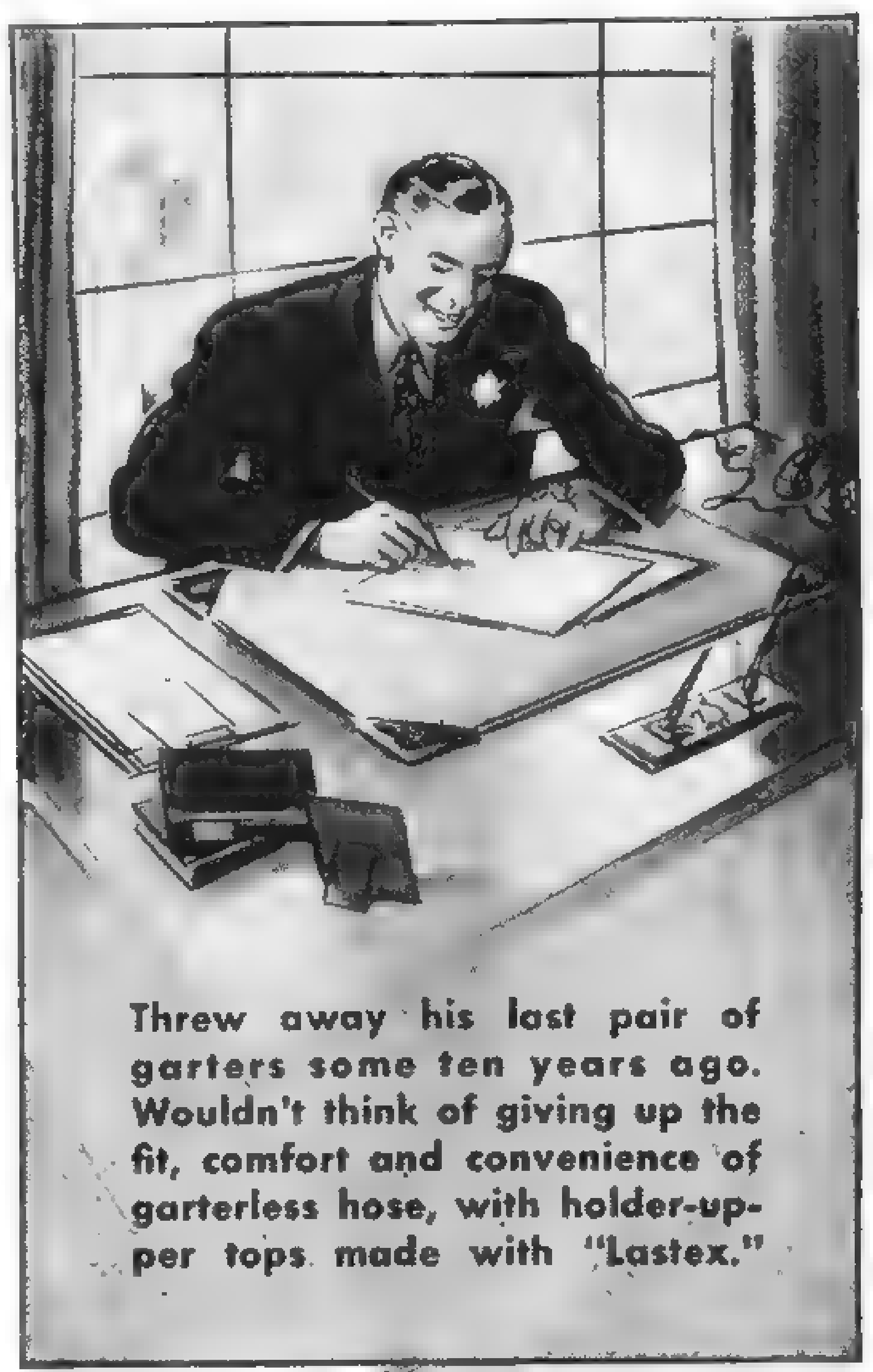
Here is a typical case reported in the Journal of the American Medical Association in a recent issue. The symptoms are strikingly like those of J. B. Smith. Just study them! "Patient X, aged 50, married, always had good health and been successful. His social contacts had been normal. For seven or eight years he had been aware of being excitable or irritable. Lately he had been mentally depressed and cried many times for no good reason. He noticed hot flushes for about eight years; these

Continued on page 140

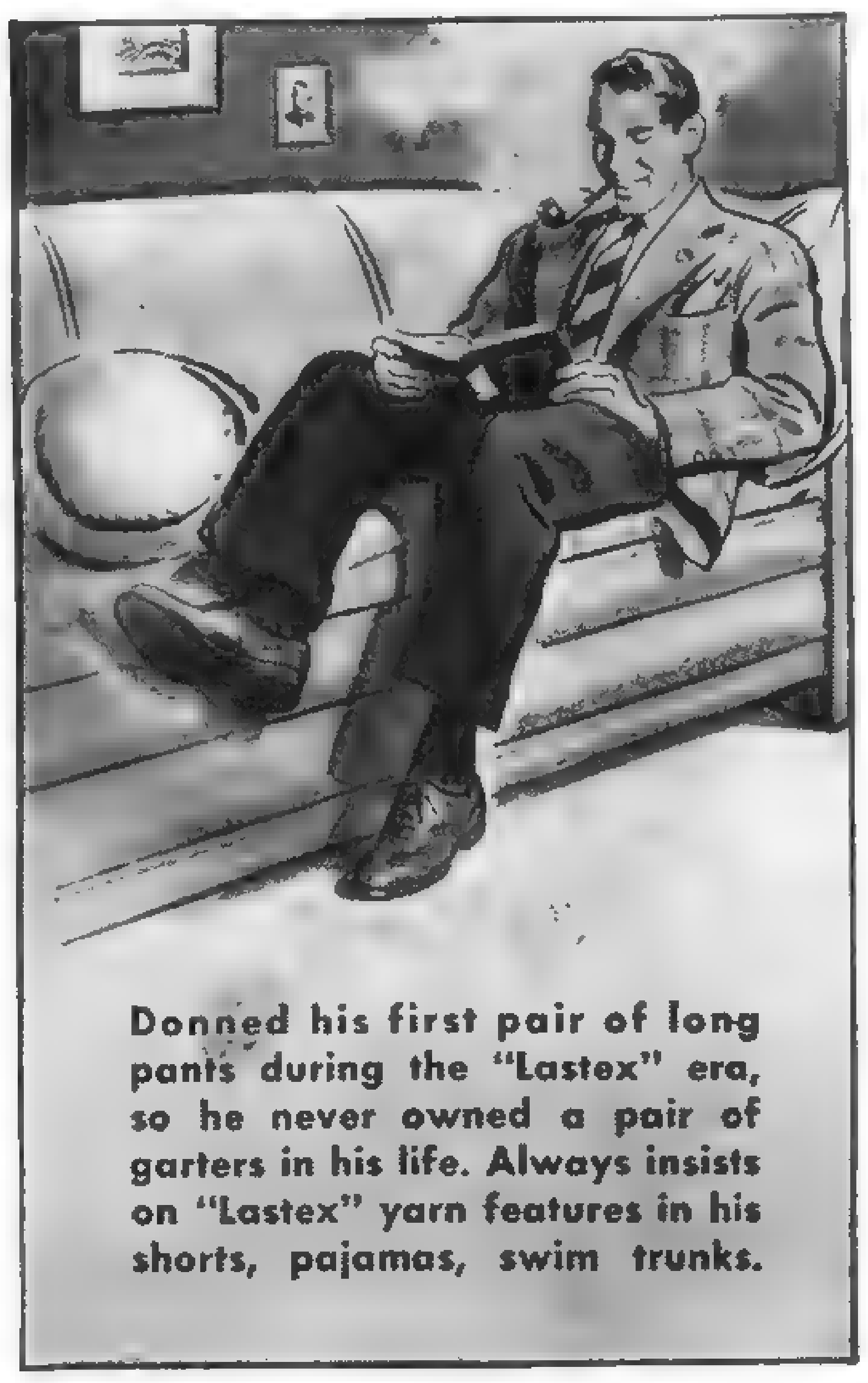
What's your HQ?*



What was good enough for *his* father is good enough for *him*. You don't catch him with any of the new-fangled contraptions that are thought up by some smart-aleck salesman. No, sir!



Threw away his last pair of garters some ten years ago. Wouldn't think of giving up the fit, comfort and convenience of garterless hose, with holder-upper tops made with "Lastex."



Donned his first pair of long pants during the "Lastex" era, so he never owned a pair of garters in his life. Always insists on "Lastex" yarn features in his shorts, pajamas, swim trunks.

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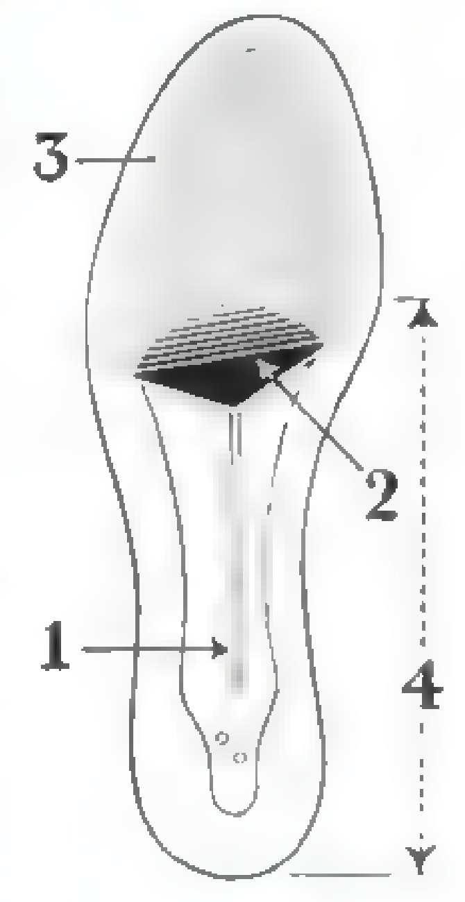
You'll find trained fitters in all stores carrying these shoes—space permits but a partial listing. If your city is not shown, write E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. E-11. Rockland, Mass.



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Waterbury	Hayes & Jones
Wilkes Barre	Walters
Youngstown	J. W. Smith

The Male Climacteric

Continued from pages 29-139

occurred two or three times a month and might last one hour. During the past three years he had a numbness and tingling of the hands and feet . . . palpitation . . . easy fatigability . . . occasional dizziness . . . headaches six or seven times a month. During the past two years he had *decreased memory and ability for mental concentration . . . his mind seemed hazy and fogged.* He was fatigued most of the time and had lost interest in things. He slept poorly and lay awake from one to three hours each night."

The diagnosis was male climacteric. "After four weeks of treatment his subjective symptoms had markedly improved. He said the depressed feeling was gone and he felt cheerful. He was treated for three months and his symptoms disappeared. After he had discontinued treatment for three months, the symptons began to return."

This case is reported by Dr. August A. Werner,[4] assistant professor of internal medicine at St. Louis University School of Medicine, one of the most active investigators in this field. What is the treatment Dr. Werner used? He injected testosterone propionate three times a week. This preparation is the new discovery which has made possible experiments on the male climacteric. It is the active, chemically pure, crystalline propionate salt of the male sex hormone. To state it more simply, testosterone is a chemical, made in the laboratory, which is identical in its composition with the same substance, the male sex hormone, derived from natural sources.

In 1930 a scientist working in the laboratory of Professor Ernst Laqueur in Amsterdam produced full comb growth on sexless capons by giving them a crystalline material prepared from the testis. In 1935 another scientist in the same laboratory isolated from this material the active hormone, testosterone, and suggested its chemical formula. This was later synthesized by scientists Ruzicka and Butenandt who found that you could activate the testosterone, make it more effective, by combining it with a fatty acid. Propionic acid proved an ideal medium. Hence the name, testosterone propionate.

Making testosterone itself in the laboratory is no longer a difficult feat, but activating it through the use of propionic acid is a carefully guarded process which only three manufacturing chemists in this country are permitted to use. These pharmaceutical houses have formed a patent pool which controls the process. At present their manufacturing costs are high. That's why Ted Gilroy's doctor warned him about the expense of the treatment. Ted paid nineteen dollars a week. For a six months' course of treatment he spent between four and five hundred dollars, as much as it takes to feed a great many families for a whole year!

Today testosterone is millionaires' medicine, something only the very rich can afford, but as usually happens when scientists are convinced they have hold of something which will benefit humanity, they indubitably find a way to bring it within the reach of everyone.

Already comes a promise of cheaper sources of the male sex hormone. Just recently, at Pennsylvania State College, research workers have found that sarsaparilla root yields three hormones, one of which is the male sex hormone.[5] If some way can be found to turn the material from this inexpensive source into as active and effective a product as testosterone propionate, prices will be slashed on the drug, and the treatment become available to all men who need it instead of only the wealthy few.

When this time comes, a great deal more will be learned about the nature of the climacteric in men. Up to now, the condition has been surrounded by mystery for reasons which are easily understood.

An astute English physician, accustomed to dealing with sex problems, remarked: "Medicine is occupied with the business of saving life and has little time for troubles which carry with them no threat of death. Sex disorders are among the minor ailments."[6] Men, themselves, encourage silence. In order to divert attention from the hampering changes, they will boast loudly of their powers. Younger men, brought up on these locker room tales, are thoroughly unprepared for changes which commonly occur in later life. With some men, silence comes from panic.

They dare not admit to symptoms, such as loss of business judgment and memory, or failing powers of concentration, for fear of losing their jobs. This is particularly true today when the age of forty has become a deadline for employment in a number of industries.

Furthermore, and this is probably the most logical reason of all, with men there is no obvious outward sign that the climacteric has arrived, such as the cessation of menses in women. No technics have been worked out for diagnosing the glandular change in men.

From one point of view this is a good thing. Men do not brood unnecessarily. There is no psychological feat engendered by superstition and old wives' tales, such as many women face. Men whose climacteric symptoms never become acute go briskly about their work—the best cure for minor ailments.

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[4] *The Male Climacteric*, Dr. August A. Werner, *Journal of the American Medical Association*, April 15, 1939.

[5] *Journal of American Chemical Society*, Prof. Russell E. Marker, Dr. Ewald Rohrmann, Pennsylvania State College.

[6] *Change of Life in Men and Women*, Dr. Marie Carmichael Stopes, Putnam, London, 1936.

To those who suffer greatly, however, ignorance may inflict a needless penalty. These men may endure months, perhaps years, of anguish because they are unaware relief exists.

A recent charting of the "Age of Major Opportunity"[7] for men in the sciences and professions indicates that the most frequent time for attaining or being promoted to greatest opportunities in a man's professional life is around the age of fifty.

During the first third of his career a man generally trains for his life work; another third is spent convincing his superiors that he can be trusted with responsible work.

It is only in the last third of his career that he contributes most to society. The poet, Longfellow, hailed the opportunities of age when he wrote:

"Chaucer at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales;
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were past.
"For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

Cato was said to have learned Greek when he was over forty. Sophocles wrote his great drama, *Oedipus* past that age. Case after case can be cited to prove that a man may do his most valuable work in the middle years, if he is not handicapped by poor health or a troubled mind.

For the good of society, these men approaching fifty, or just past that age, must be spared. The first means of stabilizing and carrying them through the climacteric consists in recognizing the cause.

Once a man knows what is wrong, he should lose no time consulting a physician. Perhaps the condition requires only commonsense measures like diet, rest, exercise. His doctor may advise the Western trip he's been promising to take for years. In abrupt climacteric disturbances, however, where equilibrium and business judgment have already been affected, treatment with testosterone may keep a man from going to pieces, by easing him over the glandular change gradually, instead of having it take place suddenly.

If J. B. Smith had known what was wrong, he would have arranged for a leave of absence from the office. Like Ted Gilroy, he might have returned to his desk after six months of treatment, thoroughly restored.

Right now is the place for a warning. The male sex hormone is a powerful chemical substance. It is capable of harm and should only be used by a competent physician after a careful diagnosis. Self-medication may do permanent damage. Men with heart trouble, for example, have to be specially watched. Furthermore, the new male sex hormone should not be used for the purpose of rejuvenation. There is no evidence that it will make a man look or feel younger.

Another question inevitably arises. Will testosterone help men with prostatic trouble? The prostate gland is so tied up with the sex mechanism, and prostate trouble affects so many men who have reached the climacteric age that it seems reasonable there should be a connection between the glandular slowing-up of the climacteric and prostate enlargement. Professor Laqueur, in whose laboratory the drug, testosterone, was discovered, believes that injections of the male sex hormone will prove helpful to men with prostate trouble.[8] He admits to basing his belief, however, on animal experiment. More will have to be done with men before the value of this treatment can be established. The most recent report of clinical work comes from Drs. W. O. Thompson and N. J. Heckel of Rush Medical College, Chicago.[9] They tried testosterone in some prostate cases and were unable to relieve or improve the condition. It may be that other glandular preparations, used with testosterone, will someday be effective. Just now, it's too soon to promise anything for the new drug in prostate trouble except to point out that it offers more interesting possibilities for treatment than any discovery of recent years.

The important thing always to remember about the climacteric is this:

It's a perfectly normal state which many men experience—a natural accompaniment of advancing years. One crying spell, one womanish attack of nerves, one or two slips in business judgment do not mean that a man is "through" or that his active years at the office are over. The day he recognizes the condition, he's on the way to finding a means of recovery. It is important for him to consult a competent physician. His doctor will help him, either with sensible advice or through the use of the new hormone preparation, testosterone propionate. Above all, there's no need to worry. At best, the climacteric lasts a few months and at worst, a few years. Any man, properly cared for, can come through it as alert mentally, as active physically, as before. The fears which paralyze him are born of ignorance. They are troubled dreams of the night. He'll feel better in the morning when the sun comes out. ###

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[7] *American Men of Science*, fifth edition.

[8] *Journal of the American Medical Association*, December 9, 1939, page 2124.

[9] *Journal of the American Medical Association*, December 9, 1939, page 2124.

The statements about the nature of testosterone propionate and its discovery were obtained from the three manufacturers who control the patents—the Schering Corporation; Roche-Organon, Inc., and Ciba Pharmaceutical Products, Inc.

The writer interviewed a number of physicians who use testosterone in private practice and discussed the material for the article with Dr. Hans Wiesbader, director of endocrine clinic at Sloane Hospital for Women, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University.

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They Asked for Food

Continued from page 33

only once every quarter, and unfortunately the current meeting had just taken place. Already the agenda for the next meeting was full up, but it was hoped to include Mr. Ressick's application in the agenda for the next meeting but one.

"Six months to wait before they even listen to what I have to say," groaned John Ressick, "and meanwhile people are dying in thousands from starvation. I *must* do something."

He went to see the Minister of Food. The Right Hon. Sir Richard Walberton was a man of forceful personality and boundless ambition whose intention of becoming Prime Minister himself some day was undisguised by anything so puerile as false modesty. Here, thought Ressick, is the very opportunity he wants. He can exploit the gratitude of the public and will ride to power on the crest of the wave. He was glad to find his suspicions confirmed by getting an appointment to see the Minister within a few days of writing to him.

Sir Richard was the personification of urbane affability. He waved Ressick to an armchair, gave him a cigar, and plunged into his subject without preamble.

"If such a claim as you are making had come from an unknown man, Mr. Ressick," he began, "it would, I am afraid, have been ignored. One assumes that this kind of thing can be done as a laboratory experiment, and that it may have some ultimate value in medicine. But that it should become a serious commercial proposition that could have any tangible effect on our food supplies is a suggestion so fantastic that only your eminence in scientific circles makes it worthy of consideration. You would, I presume, make no objection to your process being examined by an independent committee of scientific experts?"

"I've already written to the Scientific Advisory Board," answered Ressick. "They told me that my application for an inquiry can't even be considered for six months. I am a scientist, Sir Richard, not a charlatan. Any discoveries I have made have been published for the benefit of humanity. In this case, however, the posibilities are so tremendous that I wish to have some definite assurance that they will not be unfairly exploited."

"You need have no fear of that where the British Government is concerned," replied Sir Richard smoothly.

"For all that, I think it only right to safeguard my discovery to some extent. The point is this, Sir Richard. It was relatively easy to discover how to make flesh grow in the laboratory. But it would only grow at the normal rate of animal growth, and I saw at once it would be nearly as expensive to produce meat by this method as by the normal way of breeding stock.

"I wanted to speed up growth in some way. You know, I expect, that in a cancerous condition of the body the cells multiply at a terrible speed. But they also degenerate, so that they are unfit for human food. My problem was to attain speed while preserving all the characteristics of healthy tissue. It took me years of experiment to find out how to do it and, in the end, it was simply a question of slight modifications in the proportion and strength of the chemicals used in my nourishing solution. The sole record of these final details exists entirely in my brain.

"So far as I know, no other scientist has yet produced an increase in size due to normal growth of tissue in the laboratory. That, in itself, is a tremendous advance. I am prepared, therefore, to let any independent committee investigate every detail of my process of normal growth, and I will demonstrate to them under any test conditions they choose to impose my process of ultra-rapid growth. When they are satisfied of the truth of my claims the Government can suggest how the process can best be used for the common good. If I agree to their plan, I will immediately divulge every detail of my process."

"You realize that this restriction may hamper the work of the investigating committee?" queried Sir Richard.

"I don't think so. I'm prepared to let them carry out the whole process themselves, so long as I mix certain chemicals in a proportion I shall keep secret."

"Very well, Mr. Ressick. I will request Professor Berring to assemble a small committee immediately and to undertake this inquiry."

For all Sir Richard's brisk efficiency, several weeks went by before Professor Berring and his colleagues arrived at Ressick's laboratory. Day after day Ressick answered searching questions, made endless demonstrations, produced concise formulae that represented the concentrated harvest of years of experiment. At length the inquisitors, their scientific and judicial calm never for a moment shaken by the marvels they had witnessed, departed to make their independent tests and to produce their report. And once again John Ressick sat back and waited.

Weeks lengthened into months. and Ressick grew sick at heart. He was almost in despair when he had a note from the Right Hon. Sir Richard Walberton, asking him if he would be good enough to call at the Ministry of Food.

"I have asked you to come here," said Sir Richard, when Ressick was once more seated in the Ministerial sanctum, "because I thought it would be simpler than writing to you."

"Well, naturally," said Ressick,

smiling. "We shall have many details to discuss."

"I think not. You see, Mr. Ressick, the report of Professor Berring's committee is unfavorable."

"Unfavorable!" exclaimed Ressick. "But I don't understand. How could it be unfavorable?"

Sir Richard shrugged his shoulders.

"I am not a scientist. All I can tell you is that Professor Berring was not satisfied with the accuracy of the results you claimed. He agreed that in the process of normal growth, which is the only one you permitted him to investigate thoroughly, there were occasional slight changes in the tissue under treatment, though he does not consider them to be of any great significance, and suggests several alternative theories quite unconnected with your process that would be sufficient to account for these changes.

"As for the ultra-rapid growth, he admits that you produced a piece of flesh that was a great deal larger than the original piece, but he is doubtful whether the increased size could be attributed to any change in the original tissue."

"In other words, he is accusing me of being a swindler!" burst out Ressick. "He suggests that by some cheap conjuring trick I substituted a larger piece of meat. Do you think that I, a scientist whose reputation is, I say with all modesty, international, would descend to such trickery?"

"I see no reason to doubt the honesty of Professor Berring's report," said Sir Richard stiffly.

"But Sir Richard, I too am an honest man, and I *know* I can do what I claim. People all over England are starving. In the six months that have been wasted since I finished my researches, 28,000 people have died from diseases directly attributable to malnutrition. Those are Ministry of Health figures, Sir Richard. I care nothing for money, for honors. Let me feed the people. I can do it."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Ressick," said Sir Richard, rising from his chair. "You must see that no Cabinet Minister could possibly ignore the report of an independent scientific committee. My colleagues would laugh me out of court if I tried to champion you."

"What can I do, then? Shall I appeal to the Scientific Advisory Board?"

"I'm afraid that would be useless. Now that Professor Berring's report is on record, it is most unlikely that the Scientific Advisory Board would consider a further inquiry. Already their hands are more than full with urgent matters. Take my advice, and drop the whole business."

"I shall appeal to the people," declared Ressick. "I have a little money left, and I have friends who will help me. I will sell good meat at twopence a pound to all who wish to buy it. I will ask the newspapers to come and see me do it. I will talk freely to the reporters. I will tell them how the Government denies food to a starving nation."

Sir Richard's genial smile did not alter.

"You cannot do that, Mr. Ressick," he said quietly. "The censorship is still in force, and no paper would be allowed to print the pernicious nonsense you suggest. And if you tried to sell, or even to give away, your meat to the general public, you would be arrested for supplying food for human consumption that had not been certified by a Ministry of Food inspector. So you see, it would be advisable to abandon your process."

"But—but this is persecution," gasped Ressick. "It's worse—it's sheer madness. Only a madman would deny good food to starving people. Very well, then, if my own country is crazy enough to reject the benefits of my work, I will give it to the poor wretches we have been fighting so long. After all, there are infinitely more starving people in Germany than in England."

Sir Richard sat down again, and motioned Ressick back into his chair.

"I will be honest with you, Mr. Ressick, though I wish you had taken my advice and decided to forget your experiments. I will admit that Professor Berring's report was made out on my instructions and does not represent his true opinion of your process. I admit it does everything you claim for it. No, hear me out. I want to put my side of the case. It seems a very simple matter to you to make vast supplies of good meat and sell it to the public at a few pence a pound, but consider the practical consequences of such an enterprise.

"To begin with, what should we do with our stock-breeders? All over the world, tens of millions of pounds are invested in stock, and hundreds of thousands of people are employed raising and slaughtering the beasts. Scores of industries depend for their raw materials on the hides, hooves, bones and other waste products of sheep and cattle. Hundreds of steamships transport frozen carcasses to all parts of the world.

"The Government foresaw this armistice months before it was signed, and plans were made to get the wheels of all these industries turning once more. As the armies are disbanded, they will create an appalling unemployment problem. It will tax our ingenuity to keep it within reasonable bounds. It would be an act of lunacy to choose such a moment to wipe out the farmers of the world. Even if we in England wished to, the Governments of Canada and Australia would veto it. It is a great pity you did not make your discovery five years ago. Then, of course, it would have been a godsend and could have been introduced immediately as a war measure.

"Let the Ministry of Food have the complete details of your process. They will be filed here and

Continued on top of page 144

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They Asked for Food

Continued from pages 33-143

then, perhaps ten or fifteen years hence, we can take advantage of some favorable opportunity to introduce this new food to the world. Man does not live by food alone, Mr. Ressick, but by the productive work of a community. A Government must never forget that fact. It is fatally easy to wreck a nation by conferring spurious benefits upon it."

"There is only one fact worth considering, Sir Richard," retorted Ressick. "That is that people are starving, and I can give them food more quickly and cheaply than they can obtain it in any other way. Somehow, I am going to give it to them. Good afternoon."

"I'm afraid you are a sentimental idealist, Mr. Ressick," said Sir Richard sadly. "Sentiment is a luxury we can't afford these days, and idealists are apt to be a dangerous nuisance. Good-bye, Mr. Ressick."

As the door closed behind John Ressick, Sir Richard spoke a few words into a telephone, and a hard-faced man in a blue serge suit left the offices of the Ministry and climbed into a waiting car.

Ressick stumbled out into the street, his brain in a whirl. He reached the curb and glanced down the road. A dark saloon car was dawdling along, but there was ample time to cross. As he did so, the car shot forward. There was a scream and a squealing of brakes.

At the inquest the Coroner was most sympathetic.

"The name of the unfortunate victim of this accident will be familiar to many of you," he said. "Mr. John Ressick was one of the most distinguished living scientists. He has made many invaluable contributions to the world's knowledge. During the war years, however, a dwindling income compelled him to live more and more alone. He was immersed in some experiments which, he hoped, would rehabilitate both his vanishing fortune and his scientific reputation. Unfortunately, he attributed a value to them out of all proportion to their real merit.

"As Sir Richard Walberton has told you, Mr. Ressick's claims have been made the subject of a full and impartial investigation, which proved them to be without foundation. We can only assume that Mr. Ressick's brain, dazed by the strain of his long researches and by the shattering of his hopes, was not functioning with its usual clarity. The driver of the car, who gave his evidence with commendable frankness, told you how the deceased gentleman stepped from the curb right under his wheels, giving him no possible chance of avoiding the impact."

Without leaving the box the jury returned a verdict of accidental death. A hard-faced man in a blue serge suit nodded casually, stepped from the dock, and walked out of the court. ⧺

Layden, Saturday's Master

Continued from page 47

Layden about calling off the field goal attempt. "The ball was wet and hard to handle for a place kick. Also it was hard to control even if we got the kick away. If we missed the kick, Navy got the ball on the 20-yard line and our chance was gone. If they blocked the kick they might have run it for a touchdown and we'd have lost. But on the running play we had a bigger margin: We might have made a touchdown. If not, we still had Navy pinned near the goal line. Then the danger of the wet ball was in our favor, not against us. We might block their punt, or our quarterback, who had just returned one 50 yards, might run the kick back for a touchdown or close enough for a scoring play. Or, they might fumble, as they did, and we'd score."

Just as simple as that, percentage, not genius. Layden makes no claim to genius. He concedes that in 1939 he might have been mistaken in his substitutions the day Iowa toppled Notre Dame, 7 to 6. He might have used Benny Sheridan, fast little halfback, more.

"I took my quarterback out at Southern California once," he told a pair of visiting authors who were inquiring into his knack for getting the Irish to do the right things on Saturday afternoons. "I had a play in mind and I sent a substitute in to call it. When the first quarterback came out, I asked him what he'd been planning to call. Just to get a line on how he was thinking. He told me, and I knew I'd kicked one. His play would have worked, I'm sure. Mine didn't. And I had never thought of the one he wanted."

But that, apparently, is an isolated case. For when Layden goes to calling plays, on occasion, he doesn't seem to miss many. He shook off three or four field goal ideas through 1937 and 1938 and always won some other way. Late in '38 Notre Dame won from Northwestern on a field goal, and in 1939 defeated both Purdue and Georgia Tech by the same device. Combined with the '35 kick against Pittsburgh, those four field goals represent more than Notre Dame had made, or even tried, in the preceding twelve years. The four were made by four different players who neither before nor since scored from the field by kicking.

Notre Dame brought Elmer Layden in to head its athletic department in February of 1934. He had been signed the previous December when the Jesse Harper—Hunk Anderson regime as Athletic Director and Head Football Coach came to an inglorious end.

Layden had left Notre Dame in June of 1925 with his degree after playing fullback for the backfield combination known as the Four Horsemen. In that team's final victory, achieved by a 27-10 score over Stanford in the Rose Bowl January 1, 1925, Layden had personally scored three touchdowns and his kicking had been the decisive factor in the game. He was something of a novelty in those days, being a blend of halfback-fullback as opposed to the battering ram, bulky type generally to be found in the fullback spot. He weighed about 164, which is more than he weighs now when the football season is on.

In the Fall of 1925 he succeeded Eddie Anderson, now Iowa's head coach, at little Columbia College in Dubuque, Iowa. In addition to turning out two winning football teams there, he passed the Iowa Bar examination, entered a Dubuque law firm and was married.

He made his choice away from the law business in '27 when Duquesne University of Pittsburgh offered him the head coach's position. The Duquesne team in 1926 had lost all of its games, had won only eight out of 31 in the previous four years. In the seven years Layden coached there, Duquesne lost 16 games out of 70.

When he came to Notre Dame as the head man of the new athletic set-up, he faced two major problems: pulling together the scattered effects of the previous regime and, much larger than the first, coaching in the shadow of Knute Rockne's memory. He made no attempt to duck either issue.

He chose a small staff of coaching assistants who had been Rockne players—Boland, a tackle of the 1924-26 era; Chet Grant, quarterback of the war years; Tom Conley, captain of Rockne's last team, and a hold-over from the Anderson staff. Conley since has left to be head coach at John Carroll in Cleveland, and Johnny O'Brien, another Rockne end, who succeeded him, died in an auto crash. Now Joe Benda is the end coach and Bill Cerney, who was Layden's replacement on the Four Horsemen, has been added to the staff.

Layden draws to himself little of the emotional attachment by which players hero-worshipped Rockne. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that a Notre Dame coach is so often measured on a standard set in terms of Rockne. "He is, or is not, almost another Rock," is the way you often hear a Notre Dame coaching product summed up.

Layden, in his six and one-half years, has concentrated almost entirely on being a Layden, and not "another anybody." His gestures and his humor and his speechmaking are neither dramatic nor flamboyant nor dull. They are much like himself: on the quiet side, conservative, concise.

"He is the smartest head coach and athletic director Notre Dame ever turned out," Bob Zuppke of Illinois said about him once. "At a meeting or in a conference his mind runs right to the point. He doesn't mix things up."

For the benefit of those who like their comparisons made to Rockne—a group which must number a few million, judging from the constant references to the former great coach each time Notre Dame wins a close or a big game—there are some facts worthy of consideration.

Notre Dame's eligibility rules have changed a great deal the past seven or eight years. In 1929-30, when the Irish went through two undefeated seasons with a string of 19 triumphs, something like one-third of the regular players on those two teams were "fifth-year" men. It was possible under the eligibility code generally in force at that time, for a boy to take a five- or six-year course, skipping his Bachelor's Degree until the end of that time. He could play a year on the freshman team, another year on what was known as the "B" team—supposedly an outlet for the competitive ambitions of chaps not talented enough for the varsity—and still have three years of intercollegiate competition ahead of him.

Now, in the altered circumstances at Notre Dame, and true too in other schools, no student can compete in athletics after the class with which he entered college ends its undergraduate existence. Such a rule effectively prevents a boy from staying out of football as a sophomore to gain maturity and then playing through a "fifth" year. He can't even accomplish that by dropping out of school for a spell.

The result of that rule has been to make the average age of recent Notre Dame teams younger, by more than a year, than the teams of the late 1920's.

Another regulation has come into being on the campus outside South Bend. While a grade of 70 is passing, sufficient for credit, in any course, a student must compile a qualitative average of 77 in all courses in order to receive a degree. In the case of boys earning part or all of their way through school, it is necessary to maintain an average of 77 or better on an accumulative basis, at all times, or the opportunity for employment ceases. The regulation is based on the reasonable assumption that a boy who is being given help should be able enough at his studies to make the investment worthwhile. But it requires no Einstein to figure out what that rule does to football material. For one reason or another, the bulk of football talent in American colleges seems to be bound up in poor boys who have to work to get to college. Notre Dame is no exception in that regard, and the necessity of holding a 77 average to keep a campus job eases more than a few able fullbacks and tackles out of school each semester.

In his first six years as head coach, Layden steered the Notre Dame teams to 40 victories and three ties in 54 games. He re-established, in a large way, one of the traditional hallmarks of Irish football: his teams have seldom beaten themselves by mistakes

Continued on page 146

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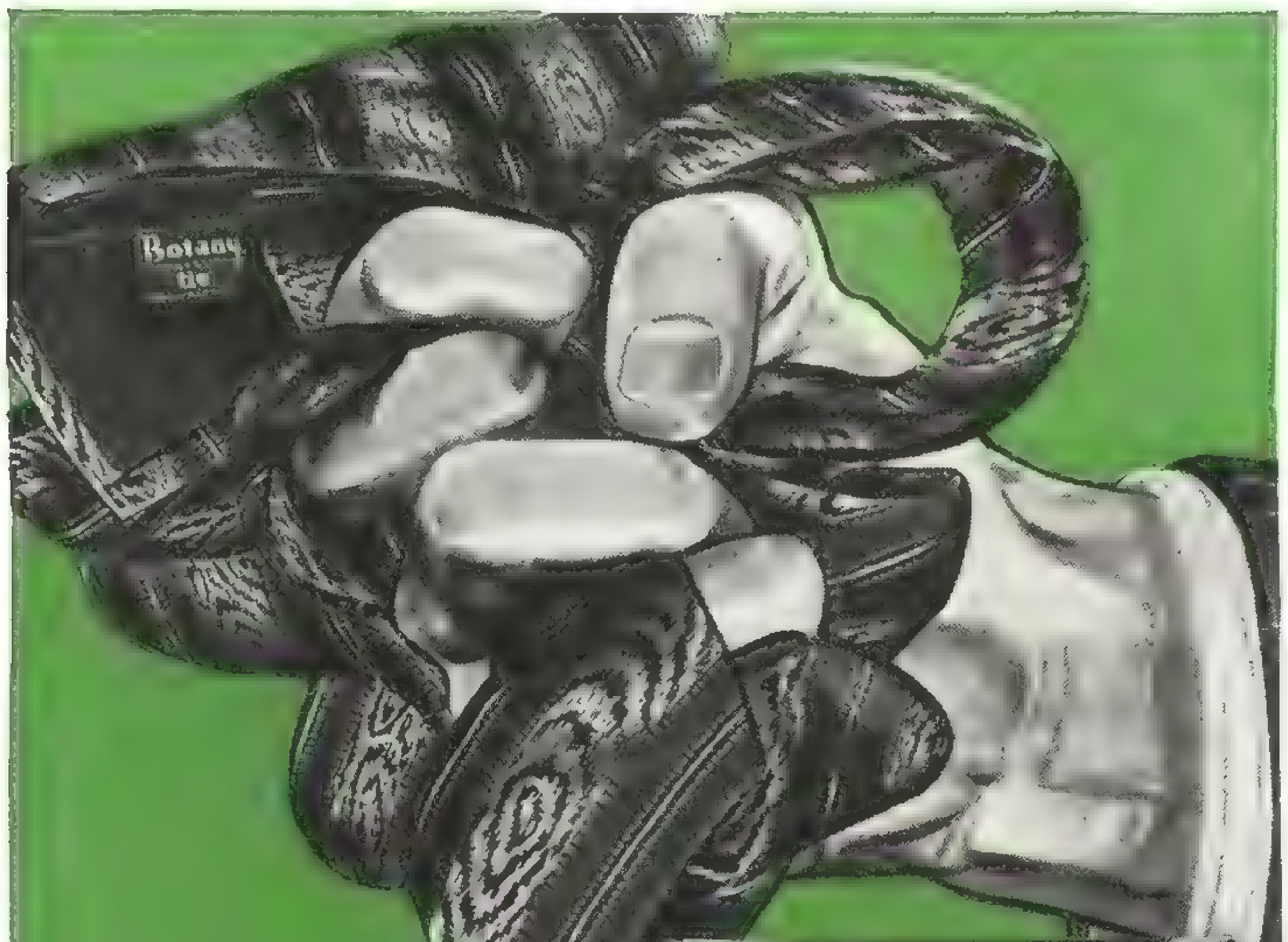

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Layden, Saturday's Master

Continued from pages 47-145

either on the field or on the bench.

Against Southern California in 1938, his quarterback, Steve Sitko, called a running play on fourth down with approximately 20 yards to gain and with the ball well within Notre Dame territory when there were only some 35 seconds remaining in the first half. The play failed to make a first down, and since Bob Saggau, the ball carrier, had run out of bounds, the watch was stopped and Southern Cal had time to throw a couple of passes for a touchdown that swung the game. With one voice the experts roared "bone head!" at Sitko.

After the game was over and lost, Layden had only one comment to offer: "Our quarterback is always right." Other coaches—Zuppke and Lynn Waldorf of Northwestern quickly pointed to the soundness of the play—had Saggau stayed in bounds time would have been up before Southern California could have run a play. The maneuver failed in execution rather than conception. Layden never made that point. Having stood behind Sitko, he let it drop without putting the finger on Saggau, then a sophomore.

His players seem to hold him in a sort of mature respect. He regards them more paternally, perhaps, than any of them realize. Leaving Chicago for Los Angeles and the Southern California game in 1938, in which his team was to risk an unbeaten record, the only concern he showed was over the necessity of leaving two boys in South Bend after they had shown marked improvement in practice. University regulations limit the size of his squad, and there has been room for wondering, once or twice, if he hasn't taken some hard-working senior on a trip as a reward for steady practice while a more talented sophomore, who would have another opportunity to travel to the Coast, stayed home. Now that he has arranged a series with Stanford to alternate with the Southern California games, thus providing one Pacific Coast game a year, he will be able to give more of his boys the ride.

Layden's schedule-making and other activity as Director of Athletics are perhaps more noteworthy than any phase of his football work, apart from his phenomenal performances as a Saturday Coach. He has, in six years, either played against or scheduled for the near future, every member of the Western Conference, including Illinois, which hadn't played Notre Dame in three decades; Michigan, whose Notre Dame series broke up in a row in 1910; and Iowa, off the Notre Dame schedule since 1921.

The Notre Dame—Army series, which has become more one-sided in favor of the Irish than Notre Dame would like, continues to flourish. In 1939, as a typical bit of cultivation, Layden brought the entire squads from West Point and Notre Dame together for a luncheon the day before the game.

Nor did he miss a bet on the Michigan situation. When Notre Dame opened its 1939 season with Purdue, Michigan's old Athletic Director, Fielding Yost, who hadn't set foot on the Notre Dame campus in nearly 30 years, came down from Ann Arbor to see the game. A week later he was still commenting on the Layden hospitality—a morning tour of the campus, luncheon, a couple of hours at Layden's home after the game. His remarks tended toward the conclusion that such relaxed hospitality on the part of a football coach on a Saturday in autumn is something of a rarity.

Layden's home in South Bend centers largely around four small Laydens: Elmer Jr., Joan, Michael and Patrick. The naming of Patrick was something of a problem since the immediate possibilities of Pat and Mike, sons of the Fighting Irish football coach, were pretty ominous. But Layden decided to dare it.

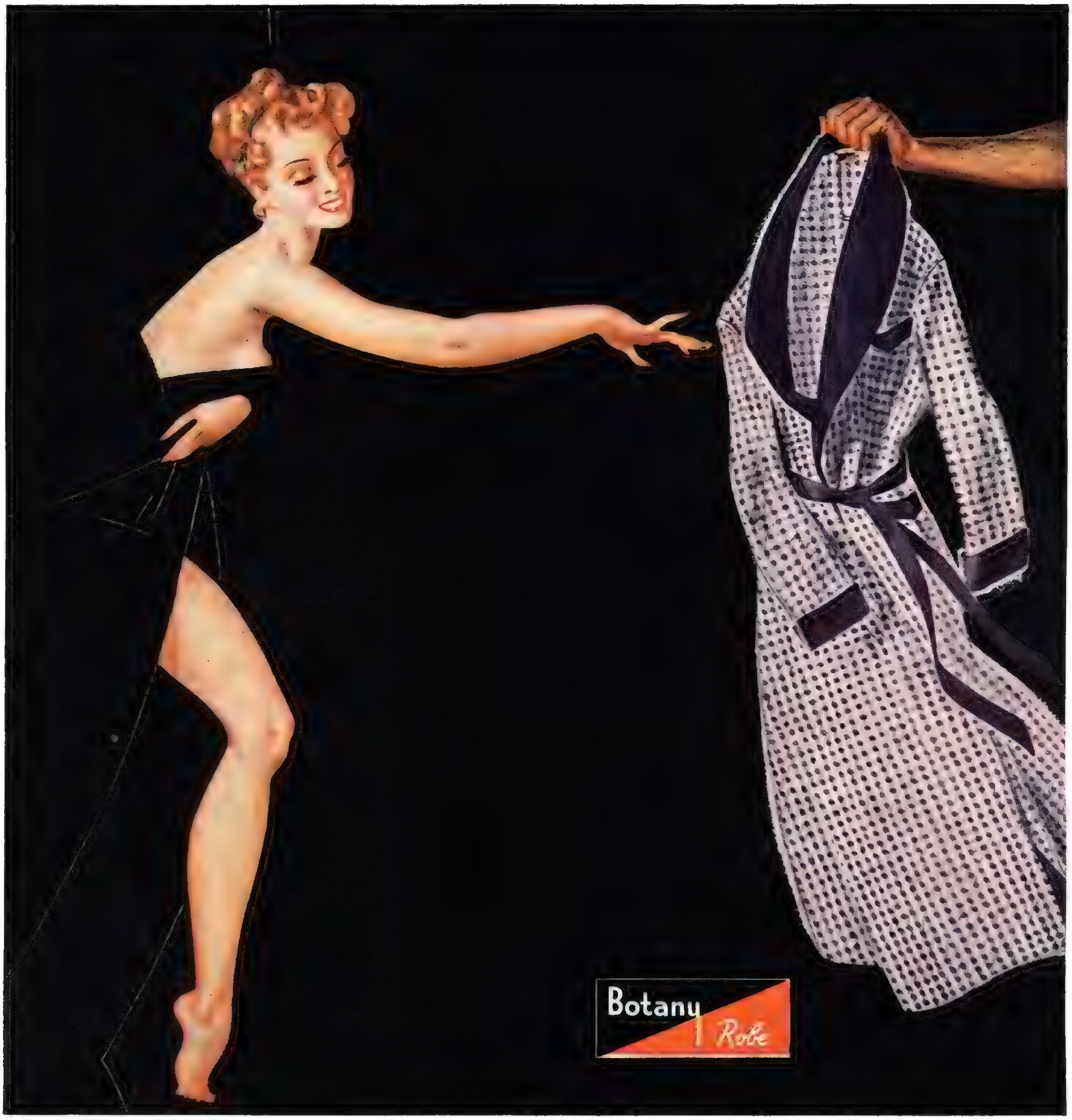
Beside football and family, fishing is Layden's passion. Last June he went to St. Paul for the N.C.A.A. track championships and was not in the city three hours until he was gone again, heading north to fish. With him, and furnishing transportation in a squad car, were two policemen who had served as Notre Dame attachés the last time the Irish had played Minnesota. It happened that in loading Layden's equipment from the St. Paul hotel for the fishing trip they inadvertently picked up two bags belonging to some other guest.

Frantically the hotel beseeched the police department to recall the fishing expedition. Failing to make contact by radio, the police dispatched a second car to overtake the first. Four hours later the manager of the hotel received a telephone message from headquarters: "Your baggage is on the way back, but we're missing two more cops . . . they've gone on fishing with Layden, too."

It's a surprising twist that fishing should be his favorite sport, unless there is more competitive thrill to fishing than a non-angler realizes. Competition has been the life of Layden's sporting trade. Even in a friendly game of handball for the exercise, or golf for nickels and dimes, he has the flair for making a shot that means a point, or a game, or a match.

He's had it for a long time, for in Davenport (Iowa) High School he was a star guard on two basketball teams that won state championships. As an all-around track athlete he won six firsts and three seconds in the state championship meet when he was 16 and a high school junior. He kept doing things like that right through to the Rose Bowl game of his senior year at Notre Dame. Indeed, he has never stopped, altogether.

Big sports events are usually played on Saturday afternoons, and Layden's, obviously, is a Saturday flair. #



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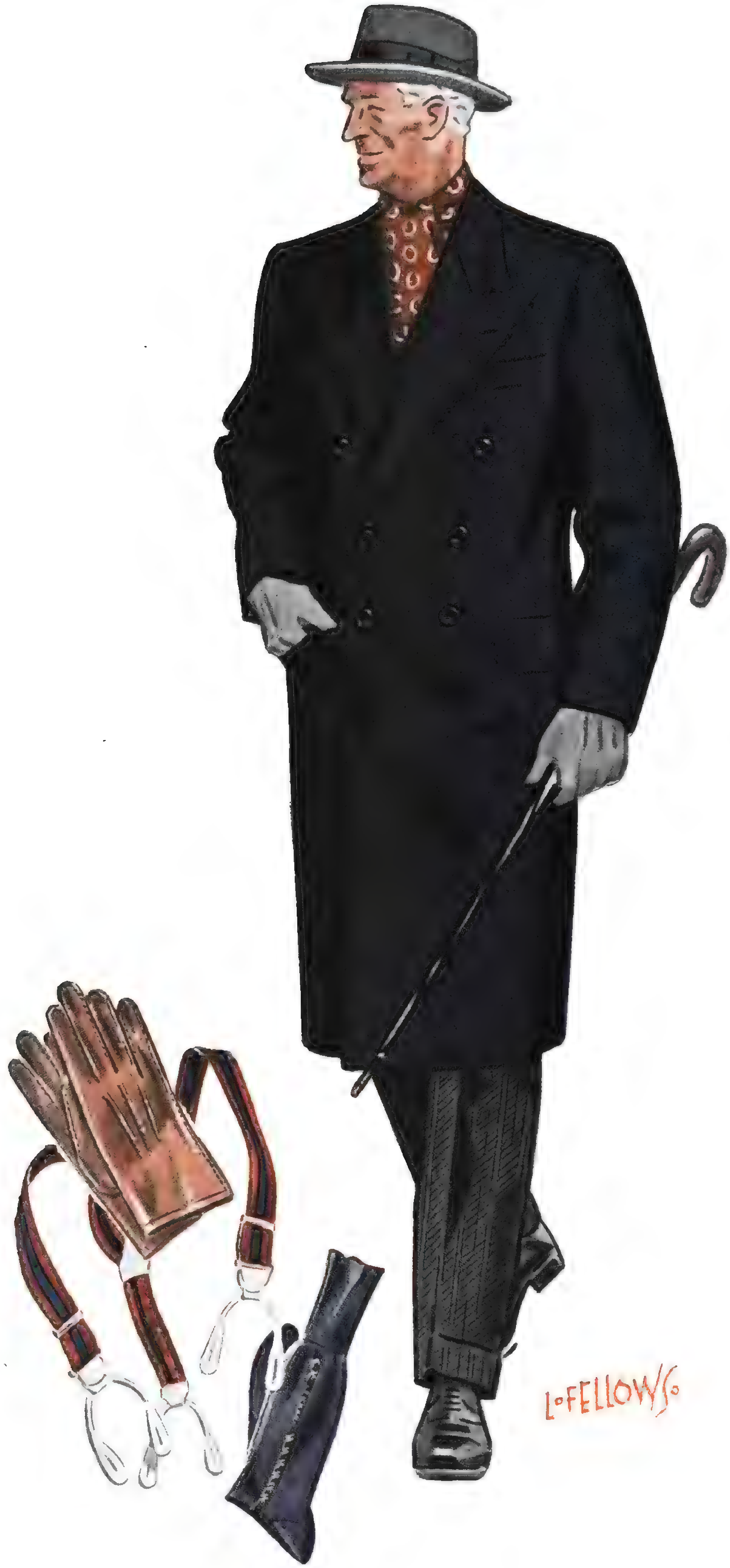


the well-dressed body politic

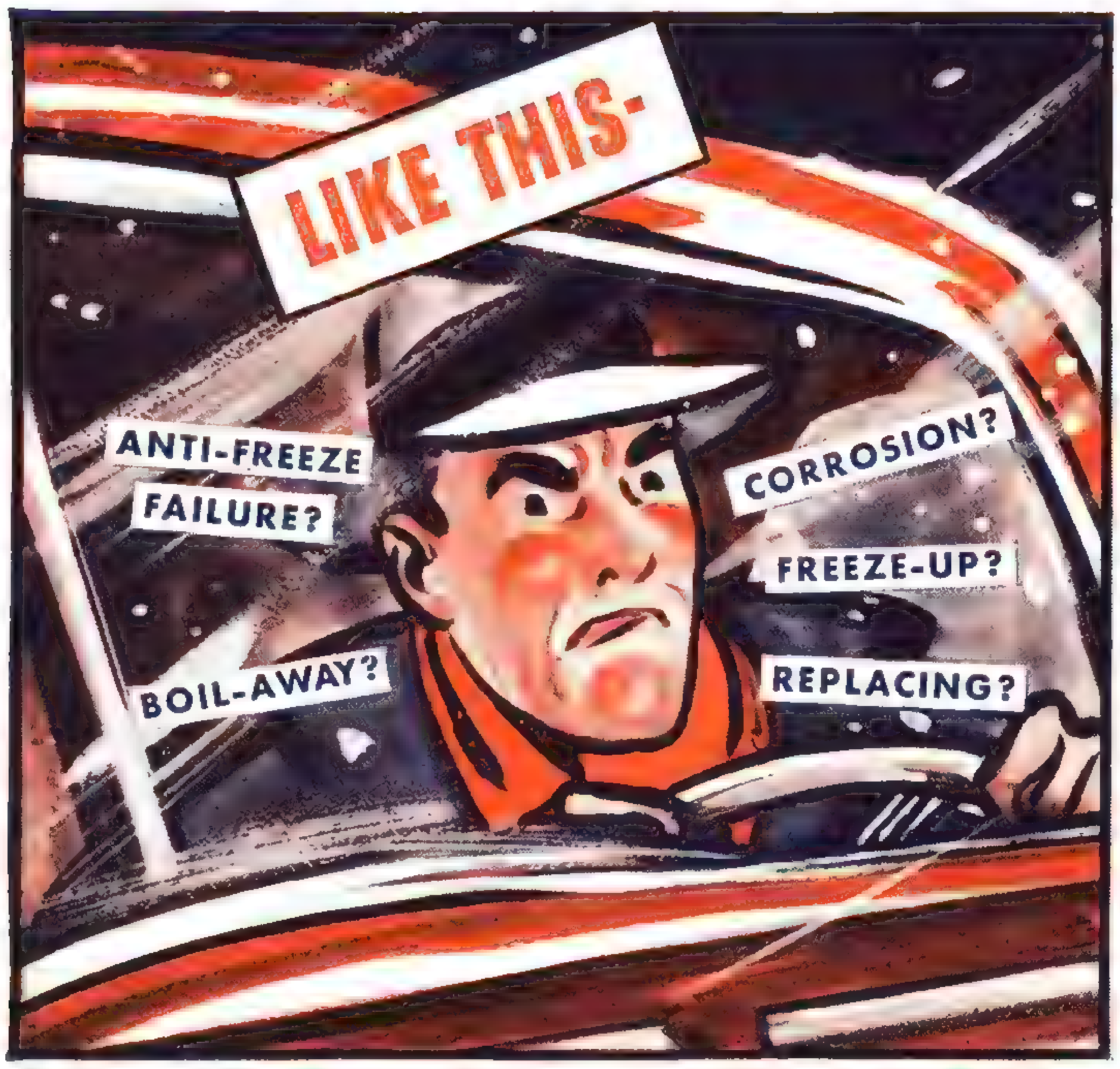
The way we see it, this gent's a Republican. He's walking down the Avenue. He sees a campaign poster of Willkie. So he smiles back at the poster, with reservations. That's the way we see it. It isn't important.

On the other hand, what importance can be attached to the narrow panel overcoat he's wearing? Well, we can only do our best. The moral here is that overcoat models are undergoing a change. For one thing, the buttons on double-breasteds used to be spaced far apart, both crosswise and lengthwise, but now it's smarter when the buttons are set relatively close together. The effect is that of a narrow panel and that, of course, is where this model gets its name. The general idea of the narrow panel overcoat was introduced at the close of the racing season last year and has since been perfected and popularized to a point where it constitutes the acme of correct fashion in town overcoats. Another detail of this model, in keeping with the current trend, is its tendency toward shorter length. The fabric is a navy-blue cheviot of exceptionally close weave, making it a dress-up type of coat and one that does double duty as a perfectly harmonious outergarment for wear with evening clothes.

If it's dignity that our Republican is attempting to achieve—and we suspect it is—the grey Homburg hat, with its note of formality, certainly doesn't let him down. The red silk scarf with white circle pattern, worn throwover style, may or may not be necessary for warmth; it certainly comes in handy, however, in relieving the dark-blue tone of the overcoat and adding a slapdash of color. The gloves are of grey mocha. The umbrella is the wooden shank type with leather-covered handle, a favorite with those who do not carry but wear an umbrella. The blue suit with pronounced diagonal weave is a clear-faced worsted, while the black straight-tip shoes maintain the dignity and restraint of the occasion. The accessories, over which the old boy is going to trip any minute now, may more or less aptly be described as follows: reddish tan capeskin gloves with hand-stitched edge, red and blue webbing suspenders, blue hose with wine and light-blue clock.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

HOW WILL YOU HAVE YOUR WINTER?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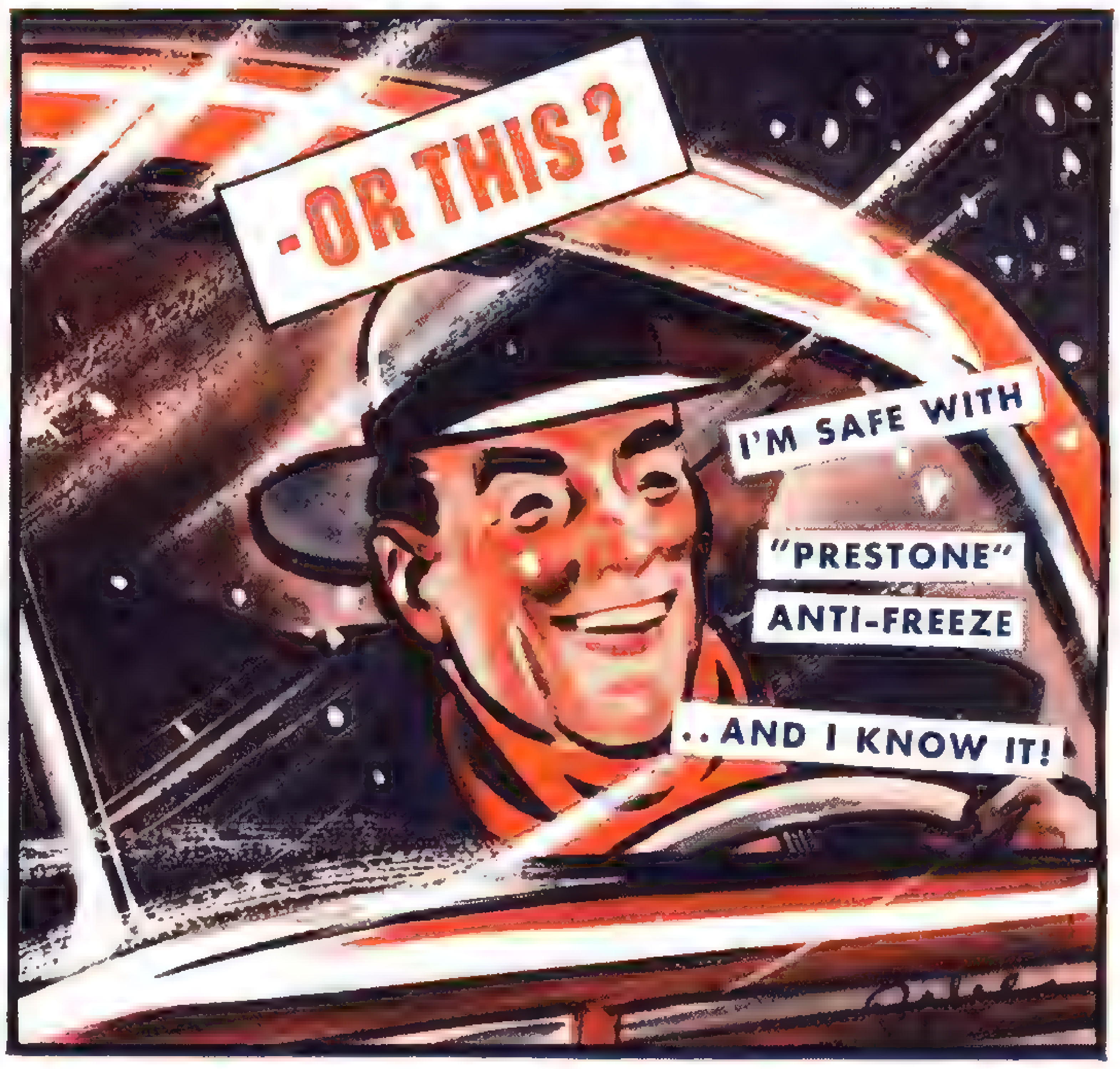
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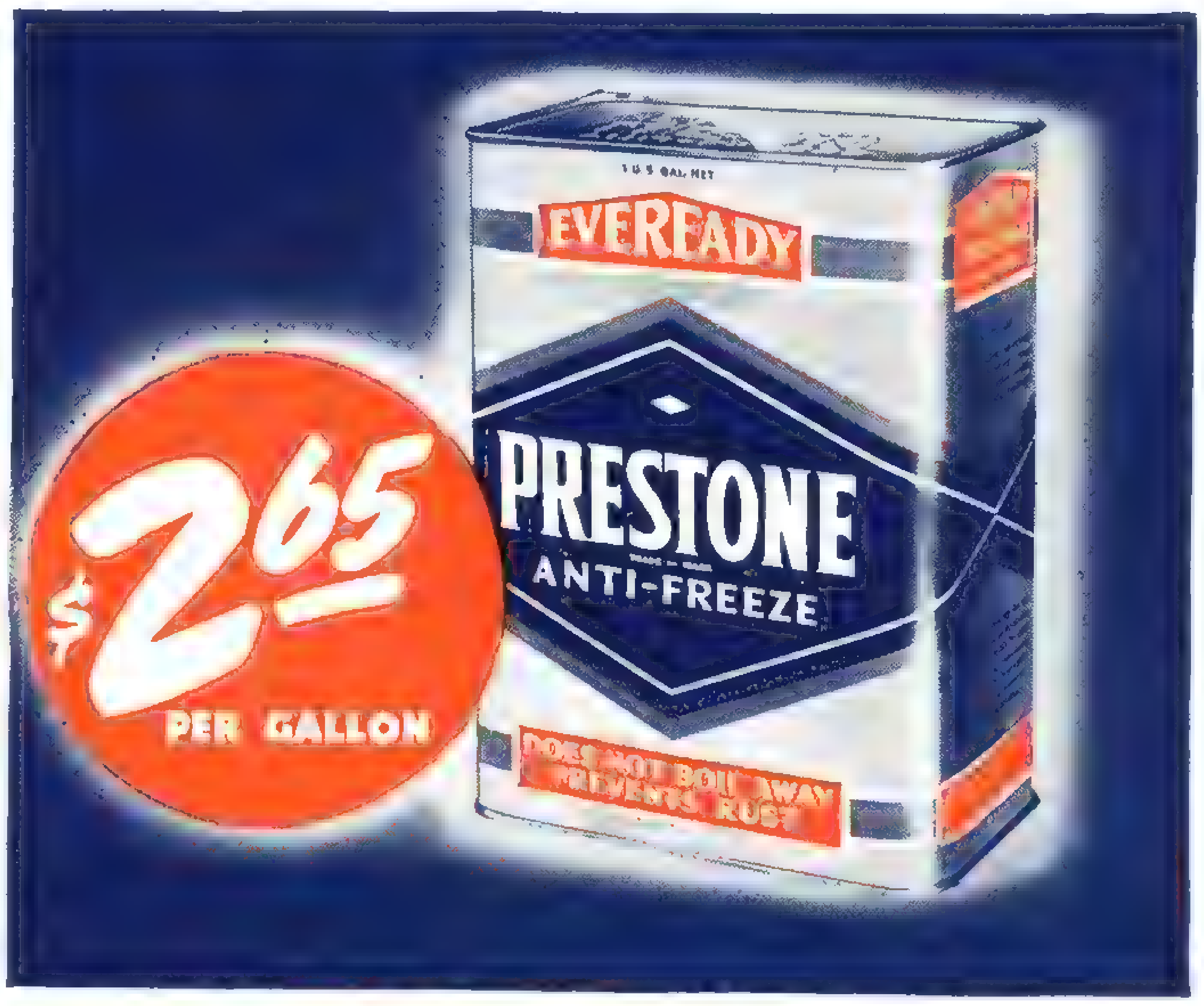
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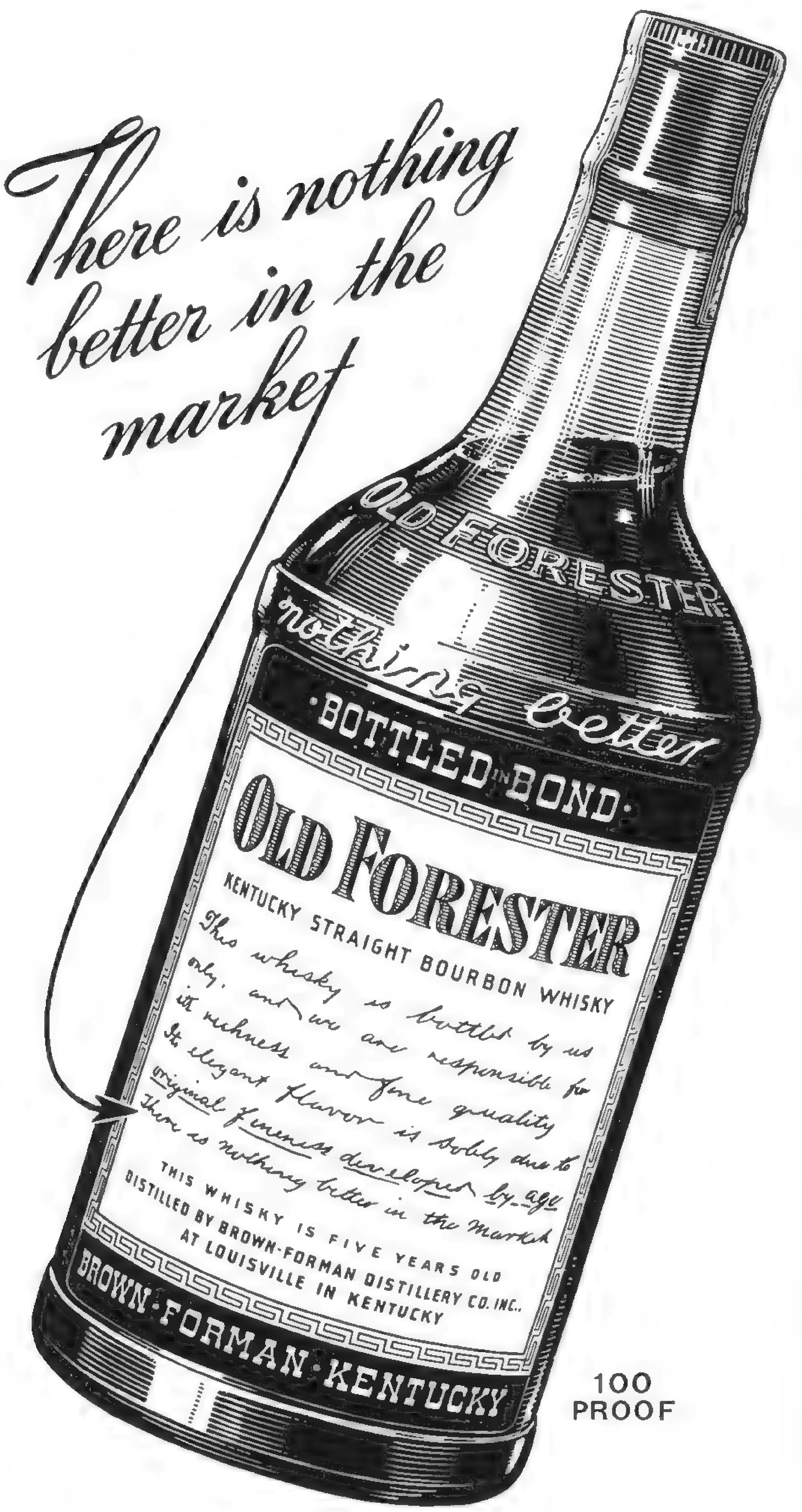
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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 6

ESQ'S DOTAGE?

Your recent annexation of William Lyon Phelps as literary commentator for ESQUIRE should call forth an angry howl from thousands of your readers. It won't, for you seem to cater to people who carefully cultivate carelessness, both in mind and body. But I'd like to record a single protest anyway, in the fragile hope someone joins me.

For almost three generations now, Prof. Phelps has consistently championed the academic and reactionary in culture against the vigorous and experimental. He has disagreed, in that mawkish-amiable manner of his, with every critic of blood and substance from Mencken and Rascoe on the Right to Hicks and Schneider on the Left. Somehow, however, he has managed to survive and flourish, and parade his grammatical fatuities before ever larger and stouter audiences of culture-sipping old ladies (of both sexes) who simply love books yet want nothing in life to ripple the surface of their tea. Is that the target ESQUIRE now shoots at?

I recognize, unhappily, that most people and magazines are trimming their sails to the war winds and slipping with unseemly haste into more conservative attitudes. ESQUIRE, organ of the correct necktie, can scarcely be expected to be a laggard in the trek up the sawdust and guncotton trail. But must you spit on the echoes of Hemingway, must you disinter the bones of *Christ in Concrete*, must you even insult that venerable but spry tory George Jean Nathan with such a capitulation to inanity as "Billy" Phelps?

Or are you out to get the circulation scalp of *Woman's Home Companion?*

Distantly yours,

Mexico City JOHN BRIGHT

THE ROAD BACK

I have just finished reading the 80th plus issue of your magazine and after six or seven years, this is my first squawk. When you cut George Petty and your book reviews I began to lose interest but now that you have added "Uncle Billy" Phelps to your staff, you have come a long way back.

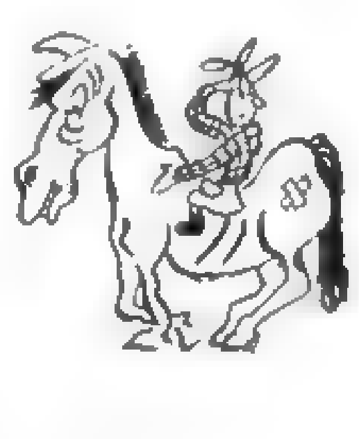
Sincerely,

Flint, Mich. J. H. GALLIVER

CORRECTING CAHN

An article by Louis F. Cahn—*Most Horse Races Are "Fixed"*—goes to some pains to give some terrible wrong advice, *i.e.*, that "1 pound equals 1/5 second equals 1 length."

There is naturally some divergence of opinion among handicappers as to the effect of weight on a horse but I have never heard a reputable "figure man" subscribe to Mr. Cahn's theory.



The effect of weight varies with the distance and with the horse—it is less tiring to carry ten pounds a half-mile than it is to carry it a mile and some horses are better physically equipped to carry weight than others—but if you must furnish a formula one of the most common ones is as follows:

Divide 40 by the number of furlongs and that will give you the number of pounds per length. A furlong being an eighth of a mile there would be FIVE pounds—NOT one—to a length at a mile.

A better rough formula, in my opinion, is to call it five pounds to a length at distances under a mile; three pounds to a length at distances longer than a mile.

You can take any horse of Stagehand's caliber and run him one Saturday with 100 pounds and the next week with 130 and if he "runs his race" on both occasions the time won't vary over two seconds (Mr. Cahn implies that it would vary SIX).

It should also be noted that there are certain border zones in which weight fails to make a difference. It cannot, for instance, be reasonably contended that if Seabiscuit carried 100 instead of 130 he would break a world's record by five or six seconds.

WALTER T. SHATFORD II

Palo Alto, Calif.

SIMPLE QUERY

Hey. On that Cover Design for the September issue of ESQUIRE, where the devil did Soderstrom put Mr. Pesty Esky's legs? Or hasn't the pop-eyed biologist got any? Or is he up to sumpin? Could he be standing? Go awn! I *don't* beeleeve it!

My name's Star and I'm interested in biology as well as astronomy.

Los Angeles, Cal. JACK STAR

P. S.—I'll never see this eclipse again! Not till the cow jumps.

FOR PUZZELNUTS ONLY ALL OTHERS STOP HERE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *From this point on, the Sound and the Fury is devoted to the presentation of new problems and "brainbusters," and correspondence concerning old ones.*

TOBIAS' FAMILY

Try this one on your readers.

A husband and wife have two (2) children. The combined age of the couple is *now* nine (9) times the combined age of the two children. Four (4) years from now it will be five (5) times. The difference in age between the husband and wife, and also between the two children is four (4) years.

How old is each one now?

Yonkers, N. Y. PAUL JAY TOBIAS

SHOCK-ABSORBER!

Mr. Lexter (infinity) Shuhin no doubt had honorable intentions in the presentation of his problem in the September issue which he defies amateur mathematicians and algebra enthusiasts to solve, but ESQUIRE's title, "Shuhin's Shock" was pure description of the shock the erroneous solution must have dealt every reader who has ever studied beginners' algebra.

Since I enjoy tricky algebraic solutions, I thought that what would follow—"Here is the Example"—would be of great interest. Was I double-crossed ! ! ! Mr. Shuhin's problem has been printed on the first page of all advanced algebra and calculus books since the first mathematician began to print his findings many, many moons ago. This is forgiven, but the glaring error is unforgivable.

Shuhin factors $X^2 - X = X^2 - 1$ to get $X(X-1) = (X-1)(X+1)$ which is very good, but then he makes the mistake that has flunked more students out of high school than Burke's speech. He eliminated $(X-1)$ from the equation by transposing $(X-1)$. Any beginner can expound on the impossibility of transposing part of a product, and even Shuhin has shown by his (?) solution that the whole problem is based on division by $(X-1)$ which since $X=1$ is 0.

To Shuhin I award the celluloid frying pan for having missed the course in elementary algebra at his school.

Disgustingly yours,

E. CLIFFORD SALTZMAN

Washington, D. C.

FECHTER'S TRIANGLE

I would like to offer a construction example:—construct a triangle having given two sides and the radius of the circle which passes through the midpoints of the sides of the triangle.

Sincerely,

Charleston, S.C. M. A. FECHTER

No Harm Trying

Continued from page 30

were imports from Vienna and Budapest, not yet cast for pictures. Did half their pay-checks go to keep husbands they had only had for three weeks!

The loveliest of these was Lizzette Starheim, a violet-eyed little blonde with an ill-concealed air of disillusion. Pat saw her alone at tea almost every afternoon in the commissary—and made her acquaintance one day by simply sliding into a chair opposite.

"Hello, Lizzette," he said. "I'm Pat Hobby, the writer."

"Oh, hel*lo*!"

She flashed such a dazzling smile that for a moment he thought she must have heard of him.

"When they going to cast you?" he demanded.

"I don't know." Her accent was faint and poignant.

"Don't let them give you the run-around. Not with a face like yours." Her beauty roused a rusty eloquence. "Sometimes they just keep you under contract till your teeth fall out, because you look too much like their big star."

"Oh no," she said distressfully

"Oh yes!" he assured her, "I'm telling *you*. Why don't you go to another company and get borrowed? Have you thought of that idea?"

"I think it's wonderful."

He intended to go further into the subject but Miss Starheim looked at her watch and got up.

"I must go now, Mr.—"

"Hobby. Pat Hobby."

Pat joined Dutch Waggoner, the director, who was shooting dice with a waitress at another table.

"Between pictures, Dutch?"

"Between pictures hell!" said Dutch. "I haven't done a picture for six months and my contract's got six months to run. I'm trying to break it. Who was the little blonde?"

Afterwards, back in his office Pat discussed these encounters with Eric the callboy.

"All signed up and no place to go," said Eric. "Look at this Jeff Manfred, now—an associate producer! Sits in his office and sends notes to the big shots—and I carry back word they're in Palm Springs. It breaks my heart. Yesterday he put his head on his desk and boo-hoo'd."

"What's the answer?" asked Pat.

"Changa management," suggested Eric, darkly, "Shake-up coming."

"Who's going to the top?" Pat asked, with scarcely concealed excitement.

"Nobody knows," said Eric. "But wouldn't I like to land uphill! Boy! I want a writer's job. I got three ideas so new they're wet behind the ears."

"It's no life at all," Pat assured him with conviction. "I'd trade with you right now."

In the hall next day he intercepted Jeff Manfred who walked with the unconvincing hurry of one without a destination.

"What's the rush, Jeff?" Pat demanded, falling into step.

"Reading some scripts," Jeff panted without conviction.

Pat drew him unwillingly into his office.

"Jeff, have you heard about the shake-up?"

"Listen now, Pat—" Jeff looked nervously at the walls, "What shake-up?" he demanded.

"I heard that this Harmon Shaver is going to be the new boss," ventured Pat, "Wall Street control."

"Harmon Shaver!" Jeff scoffed. "He doesn't know anything about pictures—he's just a money man. He wanders around like a lost soul." Jeff sat back and considered. "Still—if you're *right*, he'd be a man you could get to." He turned mournful eyes on Pat. "I haven't been able to see Le Vigne or Barnes or Bill Behrer for a month. Can't get an assignment, can't get an actor, can't get a story." He broke off. "I've thought of drumming up something on my own. Got any ideas?"

"Have I?" said Pat. "I got three ideas so new they're wet behind the ears."

"Who for?"

"Lizzette Starheim," said Pat, "with Dutch Waggoner directing —see?"

III

"I'm with you all a hundred per cent," said Harmon Shaver. "This is the most encouraging experience I've had in pictures." He had a bright bond-salesman's chuckle, "By God, it reminds me of a circus we got up when I was a boy."

They had come to his office inconspicuously like conspirators Jeff Manfred, Waggoner, Miss Starheim and Pat Hobby.

"You like the idea, Miss Starheim?" Shaver continued.

"I think it's wonderful."

"And you, Mr. Waggoner?"

"I've heard only the general line," said Waggoner with director's caution, "but it seems to have the old emotional socko." He winked at Pat. "I didn't know this old tramp had it in him."

Pat glowed with pride. Jeff Manfred, though he was elated, was less sanguine.

"It's important nobody talks," he said nervously. "The Big Boys would find some way of killing it. In a week, when we've got the script done we'll go to them."

"I agree," said Shaver. "They have run the studio so long that well, I don't trust my own secretaries—I sent them to the races this afternoon.

Back in Pat's office Eric, the callboy, was waiting. He did not know that he was the hinge upon which swung a great affair.

"You like the stuff, eh?" he asked eagerly.

"Pretty good," said Pat with calculated indifference.

"You said you'd pay more for the next batch."

"Have a heart!" Pat was ag-

Continued on page 152

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No Harm Trying

Continued from pages 30-151

grieved, "How many callboys get seventy-five a week?"

"How many callboys can write?"

Pat considered. Out of the two hundred a week Jeff Manfred was advancing from his own pocket, he had naturally awarded himself a commission of sixty per cent.

"I'll make it a hundred," he said. "Now check yourself off the lot and meet me in front of Benny's bar."

At the hospital, Estelle Hobby Devlin sat up in bed, overwhelmed by the unexpected visit.

"I'm glad you came, Pat," she said, "you've been very kind. Did you get my note?"

"Forget it," Pat said gruffly. He had never liked this wife. She had loved him too much—until she found suddenly that he was a poor lover. In her presence he felt inferior.

"I got a guy outside," he said.

"What for?"

"I thought maybe you had nothing to do and you might want to pay me back for all this jack"

He waved his hand around the bare hospital room.

"You were a swell script girl once. Do you think if I got a typewriter you could put some good stuff into continuity?"

"Why—yes. I suppose I could."

"It's a secret. We can't trust anybody at the studio."

"All right," she said.

"I'll send this kid in with the stuff. I got a conference."

"All right—and—oh Pat—come and see me again."

"Sure, I'll come."

But he knew he wouldn't. He didn't like sick rooms—he lived in one himself. From now on he was done with poverty and failure. He admired strength—he was taking Lizzette Starheim to a wrestling match that night.

IV

In his private musings Harmon Shaver referred to the showdown as "the surprise party." He was going to confront Le Vigne with a *fait accompli* and he gathered his coterie before phoning Le Vigne to come over to his office.

"What for?" demanded Le Vigne. "Couldn't you tell me now —I'm busy as hell."

This arrogance irritated Shaver —who was here to watch over the interest of Eastern stockholders.

"I don't ask much," he said sharply, "I let you fellows laugh at me behind my back and freeze me out of things. But now I've got something and I'd like you to come over."

"All right—all right."

Le Vigne's eyebrows lifted as he saw the members of the new production unit but he said nothing—sprawled into an arm chair with his eyes on the floor and his fingers over his mouth.

Mr. Shaver came around the desk and poured forth words that had been fermenting in him for months. Simmered to its essentials, his protest was: "You would not let me play, but I'm going to play anyhow." Then he nodded to Jeff Manfred—who opened the script and read aloud. This took an hour, and still Le Vigne sat motionless and silent.

"There you are," said Shaver triumphantly. "Unless you've got any objection I think we ought to assign a budget to this proposition and get going. I'll answer to my people."

Le Vigne spoke at last.

"You like it, Miss Starheim?"

"I think it's wonderful."

"What language you going to play it in?"

To everyone's surprise Miss Starheim got to her feet.

"I must go now," she said with her faint poignant accent.

"Sit down and answer me," said Le Vigne. "What language are you playing it in?"

Miss Starheim looked tearful.

"Wenn I gute teachers hätte konnte ich dann thees role gut spielen," she faltered.

"But you like the script."

She hesitated.

"I think it's wonderful."

Le Vigne turned to the others.

"Miss Starheim has been here eight months," he said. "She's had three teachers. Unless things have changed in the past two weeks she can say just three sentences. She can say, 'How do you do'; she can say 'I think it's wonderful'; and she can say 'I must go now.' Miss Starheim has turned out to be a pinhead—I'm not insulting her because she doesn't know what it means. Anyhow—there's your Star."

He turned to Dutch Waggoner, but Dutch was already on his feet.

"Now Carl—" he said defensively.

"You force me to it," said Le Vigne. "I've trusted drunks up to a point, but I'll be goddam if I'll trust a hophead."

He turned to Harmon Shaver.

"Dutch has been good for exactly one week apiece on his last four pictures. He's all right now but as soon as the heat goes on he reaches for the little white powders. Now Dutch! Don't say anything you'll regret. We're carrying you in *hopes*—but you won't get on a stage till we've had a doctor's certificate for a year."

Again he turned to Harmon.

"There's your director. Your supervisor, Jeff Manfred, is here for one reason only—because he's Behrer's wife's cousin. There's nothing against him but he belongs to silent days as much as—as much as—" His eyes fell upon a quavering broken man, "—as much as Pat Hobby."

"What do you mean?" demanded Jeff.

"You trusted Hobby, didn't you? That tells the whole story." He turned back to Shaver, "Jeff's a weeper and a wisher and a dreamer. Mr. Shaver, you have bought a lot of condemned building material."

"Well, I've bought a good

story," said Shaver defiantly.

"Yes. That's right. We'll make that story."

"Isn't that something?" demanded Shaver. "With all this secrecy how was I to know about Mr. Waggoner and Miss Starheim? But I do know a good story."

"Yes." said Le Vigne absently. He got up. "Yes—it's a good story . . . Come along to my office, Pat."

He was already at the door. Pat cast an agonized look at Mr. Shaver as if for support. Then, weakly, he followed.

"Sit down, Pat."

"That Eric's got talent, hasn't he?" said Le Vigne. "He'll go places. How'd you come to dig him up?"

Pat felt the straps of the electric chair being adjusted.

"Oh—I just dug him up. He—came in my office."

"We're putting him on salary," said Le Vigne. "We ought to have some system to give these kids a chance."

He took a call on his dictograph, then swung back to Pat.

"But how did you ever get mixed up with this goddam Shaver. *You*, Pat—an old timer like you."

"Well, I thought—"

"Why doesn't he go back East?" continued Le Vigne disgustedly. "Getting all you poops stirred up!"

Blood flowed back into Pat's veins. He recognized his signal, his dog-call.

"Well, I got you a story, didn't I?" he said, with almost a swagger. And he added, "How'd you know about it?"

"I went down to see Estelle in the hospital. She and this kid were working on it. I walked right in on them."

"Oh," said Pat.

"I knew the kid by sight. Now, Pat, tell me this—did Jeff Manfred think you wrote it—or was he in on the racket?"

"Oh God," Pat mourned. "What do I have to answer that for?"

Le Vigne leaned forward intensely.

"Pat, you're sitting over a trap door!" he said with savage eyes. "Do you see how the carpet's cut? I just have to press this button and drop you down to hell! Will you *talk?*"

Pat was on his feet, staring wildly at the floor.

"Sure I will!" he cried. He believed it—he believed such things.

"All right," said Le Vigne relaxing. "There's whiskey in the sideboard there. Talk quick and I'll give you another month at two-fifty. I kinda like having you around." ⧺

Homecoming at State

Continued from page 44

some dope on him being the scholastic star of the staff.

He got to telling me that he had been thinking about giving up school and getting himself a job. He'd come home from football practice late and all tired out. When a kid like Johnny gets tired that's really some tired. The queer part of it about Johnny was that in every game he was a 60-minute man who always was as peppery on the last play as he was on the kick-off. The kid looked like he never wore down.

He told me that night at the groundhog counter that instead of stoking himself with some hot grub when he got home he'd flop and sleep. He'd get up later, sneak to the ice box so he wouldn't waken his mother, then study late. That all got to worrying his old lady and his old man, I guess, because he told about them thinking school was too much for him.

I said to him he'd better see William the Wiz and talk it over before he dropped out of school. Another funny thing I think of now! Everall telephoned me the next Monday to thank me for giving the boy advice to see him. William told me to go around and buy myself the best overcoat I could find and have the bill sent to him. The coat was custom-made; one hundred and fifty smackeroos.

Well, Everall and an alumnus who was head of a big machinery company got together and Johnny was promised a summer job and a job after he finished school, if he'd stick it out.

The Smith boy said he'd go it. The salary they promised him must have looked great to that kid, even if he had to take a beating before he started to collect.

And a beating he did take!

State came into the last game of that season with the Rose Bowl hanging on the outcome. State hadn't been beaten. With Pinky the cinch All-American setting off fireworks at every chalkline State had drawn more customers at home and abroad than any other team in the country. Newspaper syndicate guys already were haggling with William about a contract for next year. I got it inside that one syndicate offered Everall 25 grand as a guarantee, plus 35 per cent of the gross on his newspaper stuff and other deals, plus Frank Meyers as his ghost, and Frank could ghost a phony story to read like the Bible.

Don't think that State's business office didn't want that Rose Bowl gravy, too. You don't build a stadium with box tops or facsimiles thereof.

Brother, was that a finale to end finales!

The kids on both clubs acted as though they all had been given hypos and had batteries in their saddles. From the kick-off to the gun the boys went at each other like they'd been issued meat-axes along with their sweaters. Two guys died of heart failure in the stands, and I guess the only reason the police blue wagons didn't come around and haul off the kids for assault and battery was because ambulances were blocking the roads to State's ball park.

Old William thought his club

Continued on page 154

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Homecoming at State

Continued from pages 44-153

was fast, smart and tough. Pete Book with his Cougars also had an outfit. Pete had kids who could run the hundred in 10 flat wearing diver's shoes. They were so smart they had the officials in a fog all through the game. And tough? They were rawhide, eleven deep.

Don't take my word for it. Go back into the files and you'll see that the only thing that saved State from being flattened by a high-speed steam roller was two fumbles by the Cougars inside State's 10-yard line before the game was 10 minutes old. Those fumbles weren't sloppy ball handling, either. Swede Loberg was one of State's backfield coaches then. He told me on the way out to the Rose Bowl that it was Johnny Smith who'd muscled that ball out of their clutch.

Pinky was slow in rising to shine. He'd start on a run with Johnny dumping the enemy in the line of march, but a Cougar kid would nail Pinky from Pink's southern exposure. Those Cougars were so fast they could give lightning 10 yards head start and beat it to the goal line.

You know how kids are when they get properly steamed up by coaches who are famous psychologists of the sports sections. Those masters of the kid mind don't pull that Die for Dear Old Subnormal line. They drop cold and sly references to the other school talking about their team's mothers in the other school's zoology lectures, and such stuff. Old William was a genius at that. If he had a superior in this technique his master was Pete Book.

That game was a stand-off the first half. Johnny Smith was the only one who played the full thirty minutes. We could hear the smack of colliding kids and the grunts clear up in the press coop. That was one of the few games where I've ever heard a kid moan when he was carried off the field.

Up to about the middle of the last quarter, it was about the same story play after play, with State on the defensive. Somebody else "and Smith" brought down the Cougar ball carriers. On the offense Johnny kept hammering trying to knock open a hole for Pinky.

The Swede gave me the close-up later. He said that William whispered to him he ought to take the Smith kid out for a rest, but Johnny was doing more than State's line to batter the Cougars' right side to a pulp. "Besides, what three kids can I put in his place?" the Wizard remarked. The Swede said he never would forget that because it showed old William never got so excited he failed to see the humorous side of a situation. Old William was a great guy as a banquet speaker, too. Lots of laughs in him.

The break finally came. Pinky went outside his right tackle for about 25 yards. His end and his tackle were outcharged by Cougar kids, but Johnny was there blocking like an explosion in a dynamite factory. When the ball was downed, so was Johnny. Johnny stayed down.

As I got the story, Monkey-face Maginnis, State's trainer said to Coach William, "that Smith kid's hurt and hurt bad. He ought to lie there as long as we can let him, and be taken out easy on the stretcher."

"Lie there, hell," said Everall. "With the other kids so punch-drunk they can hardly stand. Yank Smith out quick before the other kids get their breath. We'll send Fowler at that right side again before they know what's hitting them." Old William, they say, was the best coach who ever lived when it came to recognizing a break and making the most of it.

So Monkey-face and another trainer went out and yanked Johnny to his feet and dragged him to the sidelines. They laid him on a blanket in front of the bench. "Lug him out, you dopes," the Wizard muttered. "Seeing him here might work the wrong way on our kids and for the others."

Smith was bundled away, on the double, and none too gentle, although the trainers tried to go easy.

The Cougar's captain missed his signal from the bench, didn't think to call time out, or guessed wrong on how strong his team was. Old William's hunch about the Cougar's wilting defense was right.

On the next play Pinky again went outside right tackle, and for 30 yards and a touchdown.

The final was 6 to 0; State winning.

State went to the Rose Bowl. Johnny didn't. He went stale, or something, or lost interest. Couldn't remember signals and got in everybody's way. The story went around that he'd had a kind of breakdown from studying too much. Myself, I think that yarn was an alibi promoted by the athletic publicity department at State to explain its club's sorry showing in the Bowl. State looked like it picked up its squad from its sorority houses. Its kids sure didn't show much as football players in that rout. Pinky Fowler was a floperoo. The writers said it was the heat or change of water, or something.

Johnny Smith dropped out of

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school. No explanations came from anybody, and you know how it is with most football players unless they're flashy ball carriers or passers. A year or so after they're out of action and the papers only the super-wacky of the gridiron-goofey public remember the players.

I was down to State last week covering the Homecoming game.

It was gay and beautiful on the campus. The night before the game I wandered around looking at the screwy decorations on the fraternity and sorority houses and hearing the kids' merry noises blast out of the open doors. Walking around in the moonlight got me to wondering why any old grad ever came back to be reminded of what a swell time he had when he was a kid. Those days are over for him. Why's he want to think himself into an emotional hangover?

I wandered under the big trees that sieved moonlight onto the sidewalks and began getting sentimental thinking about what those kids were going to get out of the big show coming up when they got out of school. All I'd scored since I got out of school was four callouses; two on fingers from pecking at a typewriter and two behind from sitting in front of a grinder.

Just doping along, I wound up back in the same hamburger stand where I'd talked to Johnny Smith. I sat there loading up a couple and hoping the boys hadn't started the poker game in the room where Silly Slattery of the *Sun* and I were cell-mates. I wanted to catch myself some sleep but I knew I wouldn't because I'd got to thinking about that serious kid who was the best blocking back I ever saw. I couldn't think of the kid's name. Always bothers me when I can't remember a guy's name.

What if I'd see that kid at Homecoming? He'd be a man now. Maybe starting to get saggy and a lot of navel development like I have. Probably worrying about his work and wondering why he hadn't majored in milk-wagon driving instead of engineering. Folks always want milk but who wants nice fresh engineering delivered to the back door every morning?

The kid made a mistake. He should have stayed in school and graduated. Another couple of years like he'd played as a sophomore, and he might have been ballyhooed so he'd be remembered.

But should I be second-guessing other people's lives?

Those Homecoming games at State always get me. One of their stunts between halves is to have a squad of the State's R.O.T.C. students gather around a big bronze tablet where there are the names of State's kids who were knocked off in the First World War. A salute is fired. The buglers blow Taps.

As the first note of Taps hits the air everybody uncovers and stands.

The telegraph operators in the press box silence their keys and sounders. The stillness is so complete and solemn a guy is scared that the noise of his heart beating will be blasphemy.

Outside the rim of State's stadium you can see, from the height of the press coop, fields of corn stacked like an Indian camp. Cars of football specials are stretched out on a railroad siding. Hundreds of automobiles are parked together.

Taps is mournful enough anyway, but out in the country with 55,000 people listening in dead silence and thinking about youngsters who left the beauty of this prairie forever, each note of Taps cuts into your heart.

Some woman, about half-way down in the rows between the press coop and the field, choked a sob. It sounded like a shell had been fired to shatter the stillness.

And then the darndest thing you ever heard; just as Taps was a few bars from the finish.

A hot-dog hustler, a wizened, bent little guy—slug-nutty if I ever saw a man that way—yelled out "Getcherself a hot and delicious frankfurter, folks. Who wants the next one?"

It sounded louder than any scoring cheer that ever shook State's stadium.

I thought the crowd was going to tear the guy apart. As Taps died away they bawled him out and sneered at him, and acted like he'd just broken out with smallpox.

The little guy looked scared. He didn't know he'd done anything out of line. All he knew was to peddle hot dogs. A fat man in an animal coat barked to the fellow sitting alongside him, a few rows below the press stand, "I'm going to have anybody who's that stupid canned, if it's the last thing I do."

The telegraph instruments started clicking like a boiler factory again. My operator handed me a message from the office asking to rush a new lead. But I couldn't stop looking at the hot-dog hustler slouching down the aisle, whipped and hunted looking.

I knew I'd seen that guy before. Maybe one of those bums that hang around fight gyms panhandling for coffee and sinkers.

He had that frail and foolish look of a punk who'd been punched around. I couldn't imagine this one being on the loose, though, because any case as sock-silly as this guy gets a benefit in the fight racket, and the boys send him away for treatment.

The shriveled little guy turned around when he got down to the slot to the concrete runway that led beneath the stands. He unstrapped his hot-dog basket.

He looked up at the Homecoming crowd. On his face was a puzzled and painful imitation of a defiant grin. He looked almost like he was challenging the crowd to step down and fight him.

Then it hit me.

Sure I'd seen the pathetic slap-doped specimen before. And from where I sat!

It was Johnny Smith, at Homecoming. #

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. . . And Twice as Natural

Continued from page 84

when they give him a beard; or, for that matter, the screen's own face-makers like Muni and Laughton. Why should we assume that Miss Rogers looks like the person she is playing? Because we haven't any spectacular proof that she is impersonating anyone—except the movie version of herself. She is a gifted person and a rather good actress; but the screen hasn't asked acting of her any more than it has of her former partner Fred Astaire who is superlatively great in his recent doings, but isn't called on to create much of a character.

From time to time you will hear it said that the screen doesn't require acting at all; George Jean Nathan said it very effectively several years ago, and a lot of movie critics have been saying it recently.

The screen, according to this theory, is the place *not* for acting, but for a reasonable facsimile thereof. In acting (as on the stage) you create a character; you impersonate; you pretend. On the screen—still according to this theory—you exploit a personality, or some of its parts. In vulgar words, you give! You project. What the blazes have you to give or to project? Nothing but your precious self. In Case One, it's your tremendous sexual appeal; in Two, it's allurement and mystery; in Three, it's freshness and charm. In Cases One to a Million, it's a combination of qualities with a Dominant. The make-up wizards destroy most of the combining elements and accent the Dominant. And you, dear little actress, make pots of money.

And you're worth it. Nothing so attractive has come down the pike since Little Egypt.

A lot of this is true. This does happen; but it doesn't have to happen. I have side-stepped the quarrel about acting in the movies by suggesting, some twenty years ago, that there was a style of acting suitable to the dramatic stage, another to opera, and therefore a style of playing, which needn't be called acting at all, should be discovered for the screen. I'll stand on that, still; there are signs that acting can be developed. I do not think that Muni acts on Broadway and does something entirely different in Hollywood; he is a character actor, according to the old classification, which means that he doesn't have to throw his own personality about; but James Cagney is an actor, and if he isn't acting in accordance with the needs of the screen, then we need new definitions.

He is certainly creating character, rendering the essential qualities of an imaginary human being, communicating emotions by impersonating created characters. He may make gestures in a different style and may use grimaces and movements in different ways; but he is doing what the actor has done from time immemorial—and doing it damned well. Also, make note, he has kept his face.

The girls lose their faces in the make-up room and aren't asked to act. A few of them force themselves into the danger zone of players: Loretta Young, an enchanting beauty, slowly developed into a charming comic actress; Claudette Colbert and Barbara Stanwyck both escaped the doom of the Face because they weren't precisely in the style that was wanted, and because both had been actresses on the stage before. Their faces couldn't be made to look like other people's faces. That helped.

I am not attempting a catalogue either of beautiful movie actresses or of good players among them. You like what you like and I'll like Loretta Young. But I will admit that I have seen a half-dozen leading women and some fifty supporting players who looked like Miss Young, not because their countenances were similar, but because they had been worked over; and there were dozens who looked like Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer. But no one tried to make Cary Grant look like Gary Cooper. He might have had a quicker success, for a few months; he has lasted much longer because he was let alone.

The en-glamoring of men was a rather new thing a few years ago; it was quantity-production of matinee idols, the worship of John Barrymore (1922 version) translated by publicity into the quivering over Clark Gable and, toward the end, the rather disgraceful publicity exhibition about Robert Taylor. (That defeated itself and I hope has left Mr. Taylor wiser about the ways of studio publicity staffs.)

Yet the men of the movies remained pretty much themselves. The women who went to see the pictures loved them. But the women's greatest interest was still in the faces, figures, and phony allure of the women on the screen. That may account for the great difference between the individual male and the typed and made-over woman. The audiences, so many women among them, are actually interested in the cosmetic job.

I think it's a bad job. I think it has robbed the screen of much beauty and that it has made many screen stars far less interesting than they would otherwise be. In the end, the Face-Job has taken humanity away from the screen and substituted a degraded uniformity—or at most a limited group, instead of the infinite variety of the human species.

And if women really are affected by what they see on the screen, if they are going to grow to look like the screen stars—we're in for it. Because you and I, male reader, will have to spend our waking and our sleeping hours with a hard and rather vacuous beauty which, I feel pretty sure, is tolerable only in the two dimensions of the screen. ⧺

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 98

perfect adjustment of tonal detail, and the fresh, limpid beauty of Walter Gieseking's mature and civilized art, you will treasure it always. The recording is first-class.

Reynaldo Hahn: Ten Songs, including *L'Heure Exquise, Infidélité, L'Air, Le Printemps*, and *D'Une Prison*. Sung by Ninon Vallin with the composer at the piano. Decca Nos. 20504-08. Only those who knew the France of the French can fully treasure these sentiments.

Purcell: Dido and Aeneas. Lament of Queen Dido: "When I Am Laid in Earth" and *Se Florindo e Fedele*. Sung by Marian Anderson, Victor 17257. This singing makes you deservedly proud that there is in America such an artist.

Schubert: Quartet No. 8 in B flat. The Busch String Quartet, Victor Album 670. Music's lark singing again at Heaven's gate. A spontaneous, joyous outburst written —so it is said—in four and one-half hours and, according to the *Gramophone*, "an incurable tonic for the war blues."

FOR MODERNS

Howard Hanson: Symphony No. 2 (Romantic). Played by the Rochester Symphony Orchestra conducted by the composer. Victor Album M-648. Composed for the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, this music is not likely to warm your heart unless you are a confirmed Hansonite. Its emotional content is alternately pathetic and noble, but it never seems to confront deep issues. The performance is brilliant and, needless to say, authoritative.

Darius Milhaud: Scaramouche. Suite for two pianos played by Vronsky and Babin. Victor No. 12726. A souvenir of Milhaud's trip to Brazil or, more accurately, Rio. Sophisticated, witty, urbane, this is music intended to bring down the house. It does.

Scriabin: Sonata No. 5, opus 53, Prélude in F sharp minor, opus 37, No. 2, and *Etude in F sharp minor, opus 8, No. 2*. Played by Katherine Ruth Heyman. Friends of Recorded Music discs Nos. 26 and 27. We should hear more of the music of Scriabin and this is but a beginning. Note the use of pedal.

Dana Suesse: Young Man with a Harp. Suite in Three Movements: *Processional* (Thebes, 1300 A.D.); *Evensong* (Ireland, 1300 A.D.); *20th Century Madrigal*. Played by Casper Reardon (harp), Chauncey Morehouse (percussion), with the composer at the piano. Schirmer Album No. 8. Amusing satire, with a sentimental stretch, and a Gershwin-y movement.

FOR THE SEASON

Brahms: Concerto No. 1 in D minor, opus 15. Artur Schnabel, pianist, and London Philharmonic conducted by Georg Szell. Victor M-677. Good ensemble, impeccable musicianship with Mr. Schnabel a bit stodgy and rather remote.

César Franck: Movements from Chorales No. 1 and No. 3, Pastorale and *Pièce Héroïque*. Played by Charles M. Courboin. Victor Album 695. The cloistered Abbé speaks . . . and who is there to hear? His thoughts are eloquently, if not profoundly, stated.

Mozart: "Voi che sapete?" (*Figaro*) and *"Der Holle Rache"* (Vengeance aria from *Die Zauberflöte*). Sung in French by Lily Pons. Decca 20522. This is how the Met's reigning coloratura sounded before she arrived at the Met.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5 in E minor. Artur Rodzinski and Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia Album 406. Combines effective, clean playing with care for details of the score and the benefit of the acoustics of Cleveland's Taj Mahal, Severance Hall. Those who agree, find Rodzinski's pacing filled with "healthy exuberance . . . He has swept away all its *lavender and old lace* aura and presents his own straightforward, brilliantly conceived reading. He reveals the entire structure of the symphony without stressing the sentimental which has caused many to overlook Tchaikovsky." Those who find his playing cold accuse Doctor Rodzinski of being unimaginative, of lacking inspiration. "The broad song of the *andante cantabile*," they say, "never attains a true lyric flow; the waltz is danced on a wooden floor, not on air; even the dynamic drive of the *Finale* never sweeps one off one's feet . . ."

FOR THE WEEK END

Beethoven: Turkish March from "Ruins of Athens" and *Arensky: Romance* from Two Piano Suite. Bartlett and Robertson. Columbia 17198-D. The best of our two-piano teams play encores. The recording is good but they have played better. At most, this is glib, conventional, unexciting.

Hungarian Gypsy Airs and Dances. Margit Bekker and Charles Benci Gypsy Orchestra. G. Schirmer Album No. 7. Languorous and passionate . . . to play when you wish you were gazing out across the Danube from Budapest's Dunapalata.

Franz Lehar: Excerpts from "Guiditta." Sung by Jarmila Novotna and Richard Tauber with the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by the composer. Decca Nos. 20341-43. Mr. Toscanini's protégé and the one and only Tauber, who makes you enjoy even third-rate Lehar.

John Philip Sousa: El Capitan and *Washington Post March*, Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Arthur Fiedler, conductor. Victor 4501. Sousa knew his business, better perhaps than any other American composer: at least, he reached his goal more often. These performances are rousing, as they should be and, if you don't curl up before, are good for "the duration."

FOR THE INCINERATOR

Liszt: Tone Poem "Orpheus." Columbia Broadcasting Orches-

Continued on page 158

"Looka the sheik!
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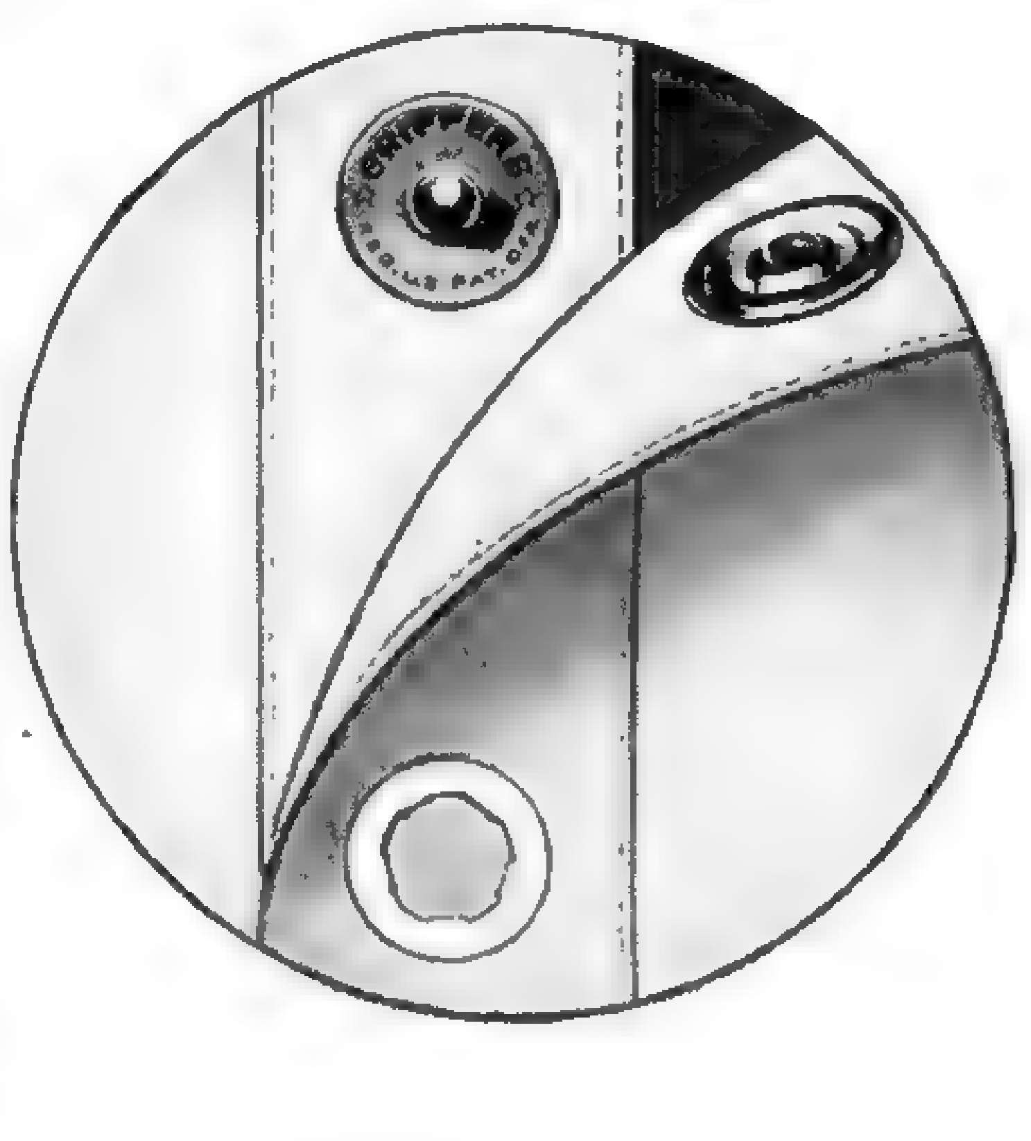

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THE "Pace-Setter" Suit BY RALEIGH

Esquire on the Record

Continued from pages 98-157

tra, Howard Barlow conducting. Columbia Set X-165. Dull music dully recorded. It would take a genius to lift this music out of a banal rut and Mr. Barlow, alas, is not a genius.

"*Sibelius Melodies*." Victor Salon Orchestra conducted by Nathaniel Shilkret. Victor P-23. Tops in bad taste! Filled with exaggerated effects, these are unforgivable arrangements of Sibelius's best-loved tunes: *Finlandia* is pepped up by a vocal quintet shouting a jingo-istic text by Shilkret. Sibelius deserves to be made known to the masses, but not by such abortions as this.

Verdi: Ernani (Abridged Opera). Soloists and chamber orchestra conducted by Raoul Querze. Royale Album 32. Butcher-shop mistake filled with inexcusable cuts: unworthy of the composer. The singers with one exception are unable to negotiate the music; the musicians are unrehearsed; the recording engineers are barbarians; the material is poor. In short, junk! ⁜

BEST SELLERS

Permanent — *Transient*

RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J.

(RED SEAL)

Symphony No. 4, in B Flat Major (Beethoven); Arturo Toscanini & B. B. C. Symphony Orchestra. M-676

Four Novelty Waltzes (J. Strauss); Arthur Fiedler & Boston "Pops" Orchestra. M-665

The Sleeping Beauty— Ballet (Tschaikowsky); Sadler's Wells Orchestra conducted by Constant Lambert. M-673

The Nightingale and the Rose (Rimsky-Korsakov); *On Wings of Dream* (Arensky); Rosa Ponselle. 16451

(BLACK LABEL CLASSIC)

Symphony No. 8, in B Minor (Schubert); Bruno Walter & Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. G-9

Symphony No. 5, in E Minor (Tschaikowsky); Frederick Stock & Chicago Symphony Orchestra. G-4

Iberia (Debussy); Piero Copola & Paris Conservatory Orchestra. G-10

(STANDARD POPULAR)

Pinocchio (Disney); As originally sung by Jiminy Crickett, Geppetto, Foulfellow, Pinocchio, etc. P-18

A Tschaikowsky Program; Victor Salon Orchestra, conducted by Nathaniel Shilkret. P-15

Patriotic Songs of America; Victor Mixed Chorus Directed by Émile Cote. P-24

(VICTOR POPULAR)

Siboney; I Want My Mama; Xavier Cugat. 26522

Imagination; Charming Little Faker; Tommy Dorsey. 26581

I Can't Resist You; The Breeze and I; Hal Kemp. 26615

(BLUEBIRD POPULAR)

Pennsylvania Six-Five Thousand; Rug Cutter's Swing; Glenn Miller. B-10754

Tennessee Fish Fry; Who's Yehoodie?; Shep Fields. B-10762

Columbia Recording Corporation; Bridgeport, Conn.

(COLUMBIA MASTERWORKS)

Symphony No. 104, in D Major (Haydn); Sir Thomas Beecham & London Philharmonic Orchestra. M-409

Symphony No. 5, in E Minor (Tschaikowsky); Artur Rodzinski & Cleveland Orchestra. M-406

Scaramouche—Suite for two Pianos —(Milhaud); Ethel Bartlett & Rae Robertson. 69835-D

Clair de Lune (Debussy); *Pavane Pour Une Enfante Defunte* (Ravel); André Kostelanetz & Orchestra. 7361-M

Classical Symphony, in D Major (Prokofiev); Dimitri Mitropoulos & Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. X-166

(COLUMBIA POPULAR)

Waltz Time in Vienna; Al Goodman & His Orchestra. Set C-17

Boy Meets Goy; I Surrender Dear; Benny Goodman Sextet. Columbia 35482

Stormy Weather; Sophisticated Lady; Duke Ellington. Columbia 35556

It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow; You Can't Brush Me Off; Kate Smith. 35502

(OKEH)

When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano; All This and Heaven Too; Jack Leonard. Okeh 5631

Rabsons, Music and Camera Co., Inc., New York City

Introduction and Allegro (Ravel); Laura Newell, Harpist, with Stuyvesant String Quartet. Columbia X-167

Porgy and Bess (Gershwin); Original cast including Todd Duncan, Ann Brown and Eva Jessye Choir. Decca Set 145

Symphony No. 4, in B Flat Major (Beethoven); Arturo Toscanini & B. B. C. Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-676

Concerto No. 1, in D Minor (Brahms); Artur Schnabel and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Victor M-677

I'll Never Smile Again; Marchéta; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26628

The Breeze and I; Little Curly Hair In a High-Chair; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 3150

Heavy Traffic on Canal Street; Mood in Question; New Friends of Rhythm with Buster Bailey. Victor 26647

Ballad for Americans; Paul Robeson with American People's Chorus, Victor Symphony Orchestra. Victor P-20

Campus Choice

When not concentrating on the curriculum, collegians "coke" and chat, usually to the accompaniment of "canned" music. Owners of these spots know that to be successful they must keep their music boxes supplied with the records requested by their rhythm-conscious customers. Typical are these popular hangouts, selected at random, telling which of the current crop of records are nicking collegians for the most nickels.

"The College Inn"
TULANE UNIVERSITY
New Orleans, La.

Bolero (Parts I and II); Paul Minssart Orchestra Grand Symphony. Decca Odeon Parlophone. 20074 A-B

Playmates; Kay Kyser. Columbia 35375

Gaucho Serenade; Eddy Duchin. Columbia 35360

Does Your Heart Beat for Me?; Russ Morgan. Decca 2479-B

Gloomy Sunday; Artie Shaw. Victor 26563-B

Where Was I?; Wayne King. Victor 26424-A

Beautiful Dreamer; Bing Crosby. Decca 3118-B

Woodpecker Song; Andrews Sisters. Decca 3065-A

Tales from the Vienna Woods; Harry Horlick. Decca 1774-B

Begin the Beguine; Henry Busse. Decca 2107

"Campion's"
DARTMOUTH COLLEGE
Hanover, New Hampshire

Tuxedo Junction; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10612

Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues; Earl Hines. Bluebird 10719

Boy Meets Horn; Benny Goodman. Columbia 35301

Fable of the Rose; Benny Goodman. Columbia 35401

Wood Chopper's Ball; Woody Herman. Decca 2441

It's a Wonderful World; Jan Savitt. Decca 2836

Polka Dots and Moonbeams; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26539

Frenesi; Artie Shaw. Victor 26542

Slow Freight; Benny Carter. Vocalion 5399

Pipe Dreams; Tommy Reynolds. Vocalion 5418

"The Crest Sweet Shop"
MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Maid With a Slight Swiss Accent; Fabian André. Columbia 35439

Tennessee Fish Fry; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 3197

Your Feet's Too Big; Fats Waller. Bluebird B-10500-A

Six Lessons From Madame La-Zonga; Charlie Barnet. Bluebird B-10743

Bugle Call Rag; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10740

Blues on Parade; Woody Herman. Decca 2933

Where Was I?; Jan Savitt. Decca 3153

I'm Nobody's Baby; Ozzie Nelson. Bluebird B-10722

Let's Have Another One; Will Bradley. Columbia 35485

Back Beat Boogie; Harry James. Columbia 35456

"The Campus Club"
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY
Lexington, Kentucky

Imagination; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10622

Tuxedo Junction; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10612

The Woodpecker Song; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10598

Starlit Hour; Ella Fitzgerald. Decca 2988

In the Mood; Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10416

Fools Rush In; Shirley Howard. Bluebird B-10716

Too Romantic; Ray Noble. Columbia 35385

How High the Moon; Benny Goodman. Columbia 35391

April Played the Fiddle; Bing Crosby. Decca 3161

Shake Down the Stars; Tommy Tucker. Vocalion 5457

"The Georgia Co-Op"
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA
Athens, Georgia

After I Say I'm Sorry; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26518

I'll Never Smile Again; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26628

Buds Won't Bud; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26609

I Can't Get Started; Dick Todd. Bluebird 10755

Your Feet's Too Big; Fats Waller. Bluebird 10500

Manhattan Transfer; Gene Krupa. Columbia 35444

Gone With What Wind; Benny Goodman. Columbia 35404

No Name Jive; Glen Gray. Decca 3089

Cecilia; Dick Jurgens. Vocalion 5405

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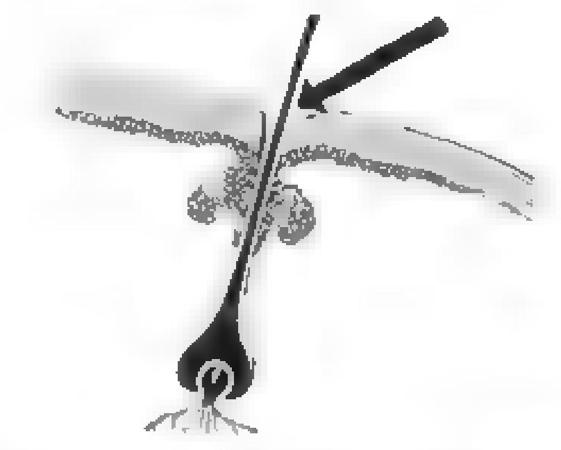

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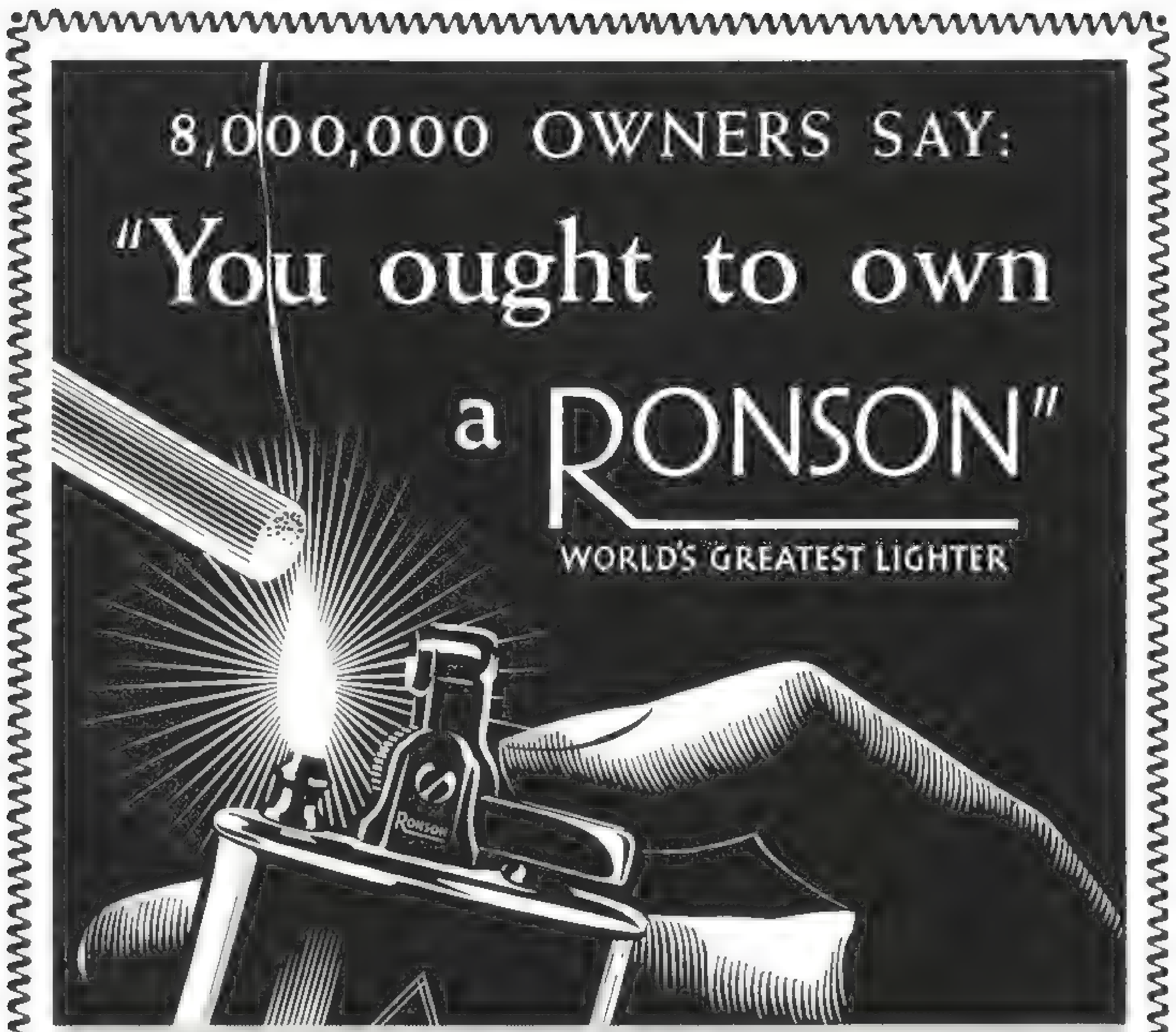

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Says R.S.: "My husband and I think it looks ever so much better to use RONSONS than matches. He says it impresses customers. I *KNOW* it impresses all my friends — especially my handsome table-lighters . . ."

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From H. J. S.: ". . . and you may like to tell others that since we've been using RONSONS we have saved money. We don't have any more repair bills for match burns to our linens, furniture, clothing, etc."

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The Case of Mr. Pelham

Continued from page 36

had not the slightest recollection of anything of the sort having happened. As far as he knew he hadn't been in the White Lion since Monday, hadn't even seen Mason for a week. He passed his hand across his forehead, then rang for his man servant.

"A little mix-up has occurred in my engagements, Peterson," he said as casually as he could. "I—er—do you happen to remember what time I got home last Wednesday?"

Peterson reflected a moment. "At your usual time, sir, I think. A little after six-thirty. Yes, I'm certain, because of chicken-casserole . . ."

Mr. Pelham waved him away irritably. He found it all absolutely inexplicable, and for the next week took life rather soberly. He read up all he could about "doubles," for he was becoming convinced that somewhere in London was a man who was, as the saying went, "the very spit and image of him"—even to the different colored eyes, a fact which he had cleverly elicited from Mason during their afternoon's golf. For of course he had kept the appointment, slightly curious indeed to see whether the man who had actually made it dared to turn up.

He also realized the disturbing factor that the unknown was evidently no longer unaware of the resemblance. Instead of understandably cutting Mr. Pelham's acquaintances, he was now willfully deceiving them. Or was it just a hoax, with Mason and others implicated? If it were not that, it was obvious that the unknown was becoming bolder.

How much bolder, Mr. Pelham did not fully appreciate till the following Thursday. He had dined at his club and was just going home when the Hall Porter, with a pleased smile, handed him a box of cigarettes. It was a hundred box, with a dozen or so gone. They were of the brand he smoked.

"You left this in the billiard room when you were playing last night, sir. Luckily the marker remembered your ordering them."

"I? . . . Mine? . . ." he stammered, and for a moment swayed and clutched at a table.

"No doubt it escaped your memory, sir," suggested the man indulgently. Privately he thought Mr. Pelham lucky to get them back, but he supposed the marker had considered it wasn't worth risking. A wrong decision, too, it seemed, for Mr. Pelham was staring at the cigarettes as if he'd never seen them before. As indeed he hadn't, for if one thing was absolutely clear in his mind, it was that he had not been in the club last night. And that meant that the unknown double was such an identical counterpart of himself in every way that he could impersonate him successfully at his own club, not just briefly, but over a considerable period of time; for any suggestion of the incident being part of a leg-pull was now practically ruled out. No one would go so far as to enlist the club servants' help in such a matter.

Mr. Pelham had recovered his spirits by next morning, and by the afternoon had begun to feel angry. This sort of thing had got to be stopped, though he had no very clear idea how to set about it. He did not particularly want to call the police in; and anyway there had been no attempt so far by the Double, as he now called him, to profit from the resemblance. For he had naturally ascertained from the Club Secretary that no account had been run up in his name or checks cashed.

He pondered the matter and a few evenings later visited the club again on his way home and skilfully questioned the marker. From him he elicited that on the night in question he had played billiards with a great friend of his, a Major Bellamy.

Bellamy! Everyone, thought Mr. Pelham furiously, was being deceived too easily. Something had got to be done. He won the marker's confidence with a tip and then hesitatingly put it to him that he might have been impersonated.

The marker was almost affronted. "That's impossible, sir. Why, I know you as well as most members. And what about the Major? Better ask him." Mr. Pelham shrugged this aside. "Besides, sir"—the marker had searched his memory and now produced a bombshell—"you passed the funny remark to me, you remember, about that cannon of yours." Mr. Pelham had once made a spectacularly humorous cannon and it had developed into a time-honored joke between him and the marker. How could an outsider have known it?

He went straight to the bar and had a stiff drink. He decided to stay on at the club for dinner, settle down unobtrusively in the library afterwards and then go down to the billiard room. Maybe he could catch the double red-handed. He went to the phone to tell Peterson he wouldn't be back.

"Oh, Peterson," he said into the transmitter. "Mr. Pelham here. I shan't be . . ."

"Yes, sir. What name shall I say?"

"What d'you mean?"

"I said, what name shall I say?"

"I know you did," snapped Mr. Pelham. "I mean, what the hell did you say it *for?*"

There was a pause. Then: "Perhaps you'd better state your business." Peterson's voice was suddenly icy. Mr. Pelham restrained with difficulty an angry rebuke.

"I don't think you've quite gathered, Peterson, this is Mr. Pelham speaking."

There was again a pause. When the man spoke, his voice was puzzled, but polite once more: "I'm afraid I don't hear you very well, sir. Did you wish to speak to Mr.

Pelham? If so, would you give me your name?"

"*My name is Pelham!*" He almost danced in sudden temper. Was Peterson drunk? "This is your master speaking. I rang up to tell you . . ." He stopped suddenly. An explanation of Peterson's apparent denseness had occurred to him. He put the receiver down and leaned trembling against the side of the booth.

Then he burst suddenly out and shouting "Taxi!" to the astounded Hall Porter, started struggling into his coat.

He was still trembling when he reached Montague Court and he could hardly fit his key into the door. "Peterson!" he called.

"Sir?" Peterson appeared. Beneath his trained exterior he looked a little surprised.

"When I . . . Did I . . ." He tried to pull himself together. "Ah, good evening. Has anyone . . . I mean, any messages for me?"

"A rather peculiar person rang up, sir. There was some confusion about the name. I was just going to consult you when he rang off."

"Just going to consult *me?*"

"Yes, sir. You were in your bedroom at the time. It was only a minute before you stepped out a short while ago."

"Stepped out? Why I . . . But you didn't *see* me go, did you?"

"No, sir. But I heard you cross the hall and then the door bang."

There was a silence. Then: "Bring me some whisky," ordered Mr. Pelham hoarsely, and went into the sitting room.

Gulping down the spirit—he felt he was drinking more than usual these days, but really this thing was getting him down—he tried to face the facts. The extraordinary telephone conversation was explained: Peterson had imagined his master was in the bedroom at the time. Later he had thought he had gone out—even while in actual fact he was only leaving the club—and after a short while again returned. In other words, the Double had now successfully impersonated him in his own home and to his own manservant of six years' service.

He rang the bell. Perhaps Peterson hadn't actually seen the Double come in either; had, just as when he went out, only heard him, and assumed it was his master.

"You rang, sir?"

"Ah, Peterson. I'm ready for dinner. I want an early bed. Not feeling up to the mark. Don't you—that is, didn't you think I looked a bit ill this evening when I first got back?" He was quite prepared for Peterson to say he hadn't actually seen him, when he would reply, "Oh, of course not; stupid of me! I was forgetting."

"Frankly, sir, it seemed to me the moment I saw you in the hall you appeared fitter than for some time. In good spirits too, sir." A reminiscent smile touched his lips. "That little quip about what you said to the taxi-driver was most amusing, sir."

"Yes, yes, yes," muttered Mr. Pelham feverishly. There was something important he was trying to think of.

"But I must confess, sir," went on Peterson, "you don't seem quite as well now."

Muttering something about seeing a doctor tomorrow, Mr. Pelham abruptly pushed past him and went to his bedroom. He had just remembered what it was that was important. "The moment you came in," Peterson had said. The Double therefore had let himself in. He looked in the little stud box, where he kept his spare latchkey. It was there all right. But of course it could have been put back there—once the fellow had got inside. And anyway how had he got possession of it in the first place? He examined his dressing-table drawers. Nothing of value had gone, pearl links, a reserve five-pound note in a wallet, gold cigarette case for special occasions, all were present. *What* had he come for? Why in God's name?

His eyes fell on something on the dressing table. It was a stiff collar with a crumpled tie still held in it—obviously only recently taken off. And the tie was the sedate dark striped tie he habitually wore to the office, the tie he had put on that morning, the tie that he would probably have changed at the same time as he put on a soft collar for the evening—*had he done so.* Which he had not; for this was the first time he'd entered the room. And his reflection in the glass confirmed that he was still wearing a stiff collar and his dark striped tie. He had similar collars, of course, but not another tie anything like it . . .

Yet an exact replica lay on the table before him . . .

He tottered to the bed and sat there a long time, his head in his hands. "What *is* all this?" he half murmured. "Am I going mad?"

He felt for a sudden moment deathly afraid . . .

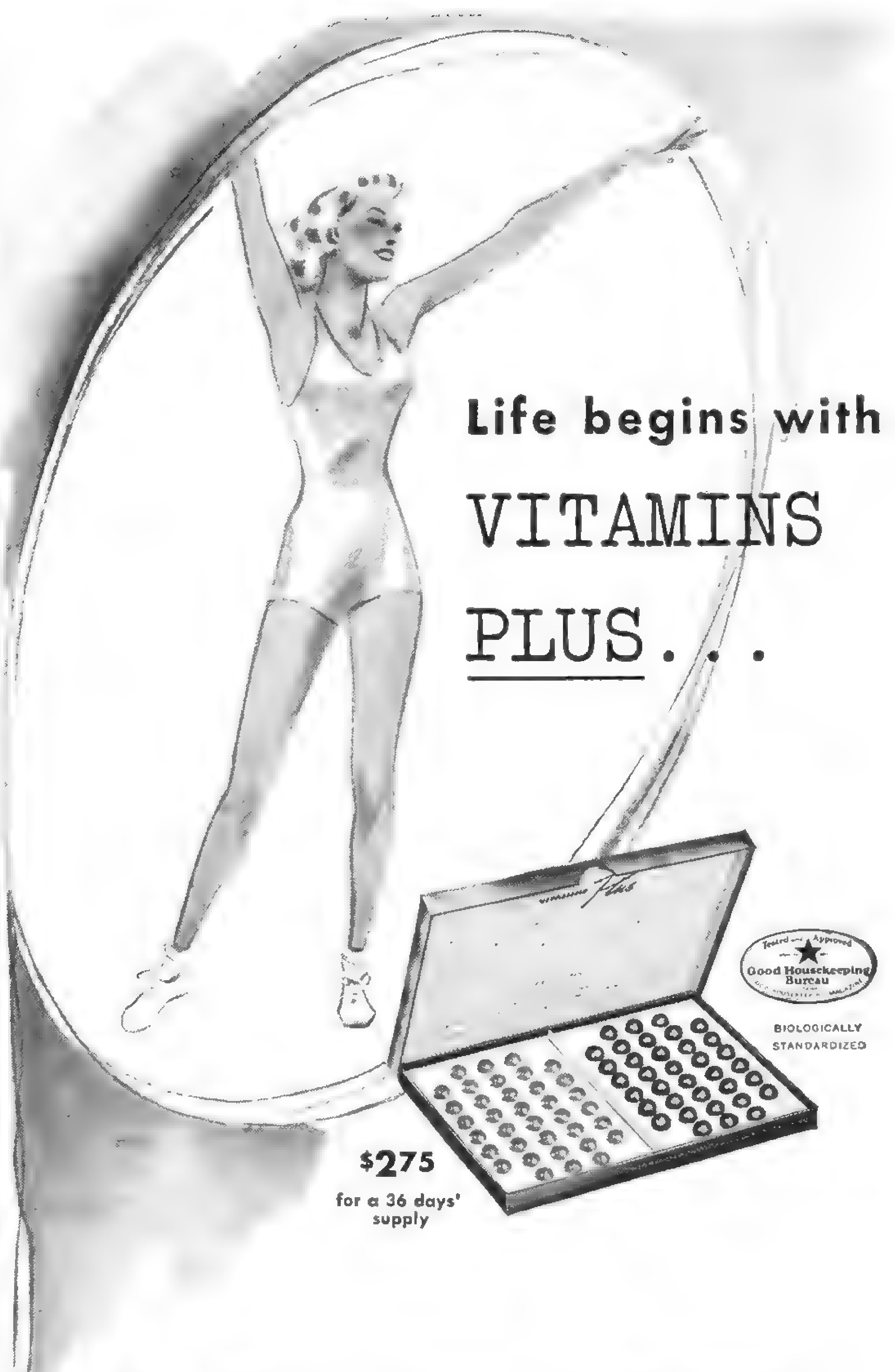
* * *

Next day Mr. Pelham phoned his office that he was unwell and wouldn't be in that morning. Instead at eleven o'clock he visited a Harley Street mental specialist.

The specialist was definitely puzzled. He essayed, then discounted, hallucination theories: for, if so, it was plainly Mr. Pelham's associates who were having the hallucinations. He agreed that there could be no question of a stupendous hoax. Sounding out for paranoia, he gave him openings to state that he felt this double, or imagined double, was persecuting him deliberately; but got no reaction.

"Not willfully. Only by just being there at all," complained Mr. Pelham wretchedly, seeing that the other, for all his confident, competent air was not going to be able to help him. "Besides you used the word 'imagined.' How can anyone imagine that?" He pointed to the ties, which he had brought with him. "They are exactly the same—same maker, even the same amount of wear. Yet only *one* is mine. The other was

Continued on page 162



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The Case of Mr. Pelham

Continued from pages 36-161

left in my flat. By *someone*."

"Hm! Well, if you want my opinion, your mental balance is all right, and it's really a matter for the police. Impersonation, you know. The tie might be a clue to work from."

"But what's he getting *out* of it? I haven't lost a thing."

"Not yet perhaps. A clever criminal would wait for a big haul."

"I've thought of that. I—er—" he spoke a little shamefacedly—"I've even written my bank this morning and arranged to change my signature on my checks. But how can this fellow, whom I've never seen, know just what I do and wear?" He picked up the ties and looked at them.

"By watching you. And no doubt, you are a man of fairly regular habits."

Mr. Pelham nodded. "I do run in a bit of a groove."

"Try varying your movements and your dress a bit. Unexpectedly. And I should see the police. They may land him. I'm afraid there is frankly not much *I* can do for you."

Mr. Pelham left him, feeling like a child whose nurse has failed him at a crucial moment. He had not the slightest intention of going to the police, not after this new development. Not only did he feel they would fail him too, but they would in addition laugh at him. Besides in his inmost soul, though he would not yet admit it, he knew that there was something about the whole business which the official mentality could never appreciate, that something which last night had momentarily filled him with a Fear of a new and hitherto unexperienced kind.

After lunch he went to the office. Vaguely surprised that none of his staff asked after his indisposition, he did not appreciate the reason till his secretary brought him some papers to sign.

"The letters you dictated just before lunch, sir," she said, with lifted eyebrows, when he testily shoved them back at her, asking what the office thought it was up to. "I *was* glad you found yourself well enough to come down after all. That Manson matter needed a proper clearing up."

Mr. Pelham sat very still for a moment, trying to get a grip of himself. Miss Clement had been with him longer even than Peterson had. "Of course, of course," he managed to get out, and motioned the woman from the room.

Then he began to study the letters—and grew more bewildered than ever. For they dealt efficiently with various details of his work—in particular the Manson matter, which he'd been putting off for days. He knew he had not dictated them, yet indisputably they were his. It was not that they employed his turns of phrase—conceivably his secretary could have been responsible for that; it was that in many cases they implied knowledge of his business activities she could hardly have possessed. Knowledge, too, that could not have been gleaned from the files without many hours' research, knowledge in fact that only Mr. Pelham personally could have had at his fingertips. Moreover, they were good letters; with one exception, they took just the line he would have followed. The exception was a particularly bold decision, brilliant but a gamble. Mr. Pelham would have toyed wistfully with the idea, but in the end would probably not have acted on it, though even that was faintly possible. Otherwise, they were exactly the letters he would have written. He dropped his aching head on one hand. They *were* the letters he had written. Mechanically he began to sign them...

Nearing the bottom a corner of pink suddenly showed itself. A check! He pounced on it: had he caught the Double trying to... No, it was pinned to a retyped letter he had yet to sign, and merely paid an overdue account. But the check was already signed. And signed with Mr. Pelham's altered signature, conceived only that morning.

He sat for a long while trembling violently. What was happening? Who *was* this Double, this—his dry lips formed the words —*more*-than-double, this veritable *alter ego*, who somehow knew his inmost secrets. The uncanny sickening fear swept over him with renewed force. When that check was signed, his letter to the bank must still have been in the post. By no possible manner of means could his new signature have then been seen or known by anyone except himself.

It was at that moment that Mr. Pelham realized for the first time that everything which had happened up to that afternoon might have had *some* normal explanation, impossible though it seemed to discover it. To this last incident, however, there was no explanation, unless—unless it was one that involved something more than purely human agency.

After some long while he pulled himself together and went out...

He walked a large part of the way home. Occasionally he muttered to himself. The phrase, "more than purely human agency," stuck in his mind, and once or twice he frightened passers-by with it. The fear, however, had left him by the time he got back. He sat down and for a long while tried to face the situation. Surely there was some way to fight this Thing—this Terror—that had come upon him? Tell Peterson to refuse admittance... but Peterson, he knew, would think it *was* his master. Confront the Double in the club? Or in the office? But he was never there when Mr. Pelham was. He always seemed to *know*. And why not—if something more than purely human agency *were* involved? Mr.

Pelham shuddered again unaccountably, and swiftly looked up, half expecting to see the Double in the room with him.

He glimpsed Camberley-Smith next day, but avoided him, as a man shuns a place of once-happy memory which time has changed to bitterness and misery. For he had recalled that brief encounter three weeks before in Cornhill—the first intimation he had had of anything wrong — though everything then had seemed so simple. Just mistaken identity, or a possible innocent double by chance somewhere in London. Now it was The Double, an uncanny overwhelming Terror lying in wait everywhere about his daily path. Growing bolder and bolder too, seeping into his life like foul wet mud sliding slowly down a steep bank into a clear pool, till—till the pool was no longer clear, but all muddied and evil.

In the evening he had a new idea. Rather shamefacedly, he looked up the address of a man he had greatly admired, but had lost touch with—an extremely broad-minded clergyman, who had left the neighborhood a year ago for a

apologetically, "As it was late, I thought for once I'd leave them till tomorrow." Showed him too the empty hock bottle, even the chicken bones in the garbage pail. "Why, I served you with the wine, sir," he went on entreatingly. "And later you went to bed. At least I thought so—or I would have stayed up myself. I didn't hear you go out again."

Mr. Pelham was quickly at the bedroom door. For a moment he faltered; then abruptly opened it.

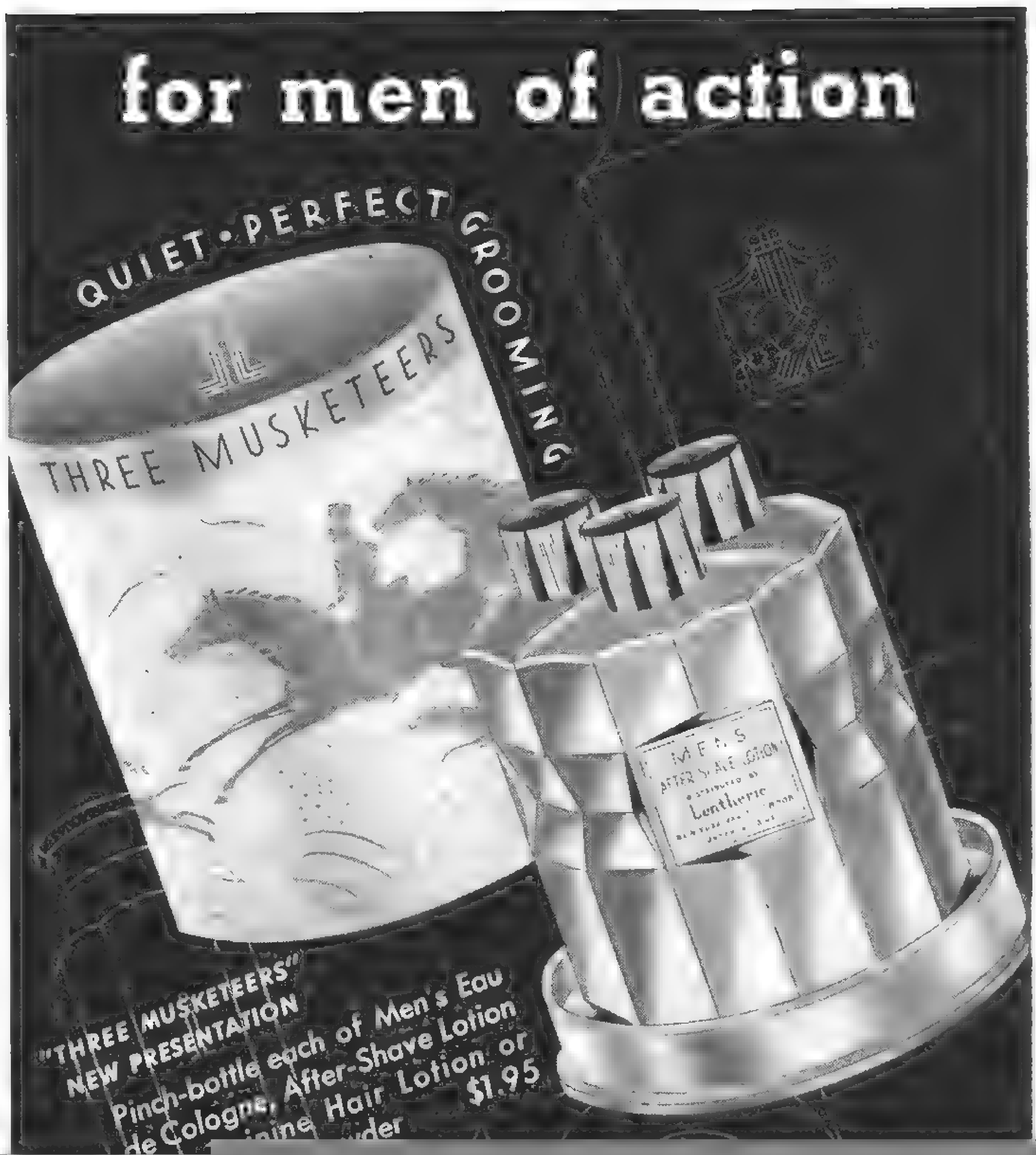
The room was empty: the bed untouched. His pajamas lay across the coverlet.

Peterson was frankly puzzled. "Well, I could have sworn I heard the basin running. And your wardrobe shutting. And then the springs go as you got into bed. And only a short while ago too, sir."

Mr. Pelham said nothing. He stood there, fingering the latchkey in his pocket. The only key, which had been on his person all day.

"All right," he got out at last. "That's all!" A little scared, the man backed out.

Mr. Pelham lay awake a long time. Fearfully, like a schoolboy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The Case of Mr. Pelham

Continued from pages 36-161-163

called for the letters and papers and sat, half terrified, half fascinated, reading them as a child reads a story full of words it cannot understand.

In the middle of this his club rang up to say he'd left his bag behind when he had stayed there last night; would he be calling for it? At first he could hardly take in what was being said; then: "Keep it! Keep it!" he gasped and slammed the receiver down as if it were red hot. His bag was in his *flat, must* be in his flat . . .

He sat staring into vacancy for a long time. This was too much for any man to face alone. The mud was seeping in—overwhelmingly, inexorably. He fought for breath as if suffocated. At intervals he tried to keep calm, found himself saying: "*This* is I. *This* is old Pell. *This* is Mr. Pelham of Lake, Pelham & Co. I, and I alone, live at Flat 10 Montague Court . . ." And even as he spoke, feeling for the key to the flat in his pocket, he knew that he did not live alone there, and the Terror would engulf him again.

He jumped up. He could not wait for Fleming's reply. He could not face the flat that night. He would go down at once to Littleshot and stay there till the thing was thrashed out. Fleming would know what to do . . . Fleming could pray . . . could beat the Terror.

He rang his flat to tell Peterson to pack a suitcase and take it to Waterloo, and a man said 'Hullo." The voice was somehow familiar, but it wasn't Peterson. For a moment he could not place it.

"Who's that?" he said.

"This is Mr. Pelham speaking. Who is it, please?"

A sudden icy sweat broke out on him. In an instant the instrument he held was slippery with it. No wonder the voice was familiar. It was his own. And the sweat on him was that of cold fear; the Terror returned in overmastering waves.

"N—no," he croaked. "*This* is Mr. Pelham. I'm speaking from my office. Who are you really?"

"I've told you." The voice held just the slight superior amusement he would have experienced under similar circumstances. "I'm Mr. Pelham. There must be some mistake. Your name may be Pelham too, of course. But I'm Mr. Pelham of Lake, Pelham & Co., and Montague Court."

Mr. Pelham feverishly wiped his hands and forehead, tried to think clearly.

"Well, what can I do for you?" the other was asking.

"I want to speak to Peterson," was all Mr. Pelham could say. Surely Peterson would recognize him for the real Mr. Pelham.

"My man? Are you a friend of his? I've told him he's not supposed to be rung up on my phone, but if it's important . . ."

Why, thought Mr. Pelham feverishly, that's what he himself would have said—those were his instructions to Peterson. "It's not important," he got out. "It doesn't matter." How could Peterson believe a voice on the phone with his master obviously there beside him? He formed a sudden plan. "It was merely to say I'm going away for a few days," he said cleverly. "Sorry to have bothered you."

"I honestly don't know what you're talking about . . ." he heard the other begin in just his own puzzled accents, as he put the receiver down and jumped from his chair. He had said that to put the other off the scent. He was going straight to Maida Vale.

He jumped from the taxi, ran up the stairs and let himself into his flat. He had just shut the door when Peterson appeared. The man's jaw dropped. He stared at Mr. Pelham and then at the door of the sitting-room. "I could have sworn . . ." he began, then suddenly his control snapped. "What *is* the matter with you these days, going out and coming in without my even hearing . . ." He pulled himself up. "I'm sorry, sir."

"Never mind that now," gabbled Mr. Pelham. "There's an impostor in there. It's not me at all. It's been going on for . . ." He noticed Peterson was backing away. "It's all right. This is me. And I want to see this fellow."

The door of the sitting room opened. A man came out.

Mr. Pelham stood transfixed. The other was an exact counterpart of himself. Moustache, round palish face, different colored eyes, even the faintly appealing expression. Yet from him as he stood there Mr. Pelham experienced a sudden wave of malignancy, of horrible power, of something that was not after all human for all its outward shape. And it carried the Terror with it in wave after wave, a veritable physical presence, battering down his resolve.

There was a silence, broken only by Peterson. "Christ Almighty!" he ejaculated.

Mr. Pelham slowly fought back the Terror. He had noticed with a sudden delight and clung to the knowledge like a drowning man to a life belt, that the other was not wearing the new tie, but the usual dark striped one.

"Don't go, Peterson," said the stranger, as Peterson edged away. "You may have noticed I've been worried these last days. Well, this is the cause."

Would he have said that, Mr. Pelham found himself vaguely wondering. Yes, he believed, given the incredible circumstances, he would.

"You would," said the other surprisingly, though Mr. Pelham had not spoken, and went on before Peterson could grasp anything. "You've been pestering me for some time, because of your likeness to me. And honestly I'm tired of it." He turned to Peterson again. "I didn't mention it to you before, but this man actually

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got into the flat here once. The night I rang up from the club, you remember?"

"But that's not true." Mr. Pelham suddenly found he was almost shouting. Very unlike him to shout. He should have been quieter, more restrained. As indeed the other Mr. Pelham was now.

"You remember, Peterson, don't you?" he was saying calmly.

"Well, yes, sir, I do, and it struck me as strange at the time."

Mr. Pelham choked. That, "sir," to—to the wrong one. "Peterson," he said almost imploringly. "Peterson, don't you know me? You've been with me six years, don't you know me?"

"Go on," said the other in Mr. Pelham's level tones. "Answer him, Peterson."

Peterson was almost too shattered to speak by a situation outside all his previous experiences. And when he did speak, it was as a man, not a servant.

"Well, it's Gawd's truth I've never seen a pair so alike before in my natural. No one'd believe me if I was to tell 'em. Those eyes of the both of you. If you was to put me on me oath I couldn't swear. But I'd swear to each of you separate."

Mr. Pelham's heart sank. Till then he had thought Peterson would, must, could not help, recognizing him instantly.

"But, Peterson," he cried. "Remember this . . . Think of the things we've done together, before this . . ."

"Don't shout so loud," reproved the other. "No good can come of shouting." It was a stock phrase of Mr. Pelham's own, and he saw Peterson's recognition of it as he looked quickly at the speaker. "Look, here's a test. Tell Peterson what his master said to him last night when he poured the first glass of hock."

"I—I wasn't . . ." began Mr. Pelham and was silent. He couldn't say he wasn't there. "It was you who were there then," he said sullenly.

"That's the point I'm making," was the smiling retort. "Well, I said, 'It's almost a shame to drink it, there are only nine bottles left, and Peterson said—what?"

Mr. Pelham was still stunned. The waves of Terror too were coming over very fast. He felt like a rat in a trap.

"Very well then, Peterson said, 'Only eight now, sir. This one's as good as gone!' "

"That's right, sir," said Peterson, suddenly himself again. "You're Mr. Pelham, sir. But, Gawd, he's like you!"

"I'm not, I'm not. He's like *me*. He's sapping my life, my existence . . ."

"Keep calm, man, or get out. One last thing, Peterson. He's made one big mistake. Did you ever see me wearing a tie like that green and red thing?"

"No, sir. Never." Peterson was emphatic. "You haven't got one, and you'd never have bought one."

"Good! Remember all this, will you, in case of further trouble. All right. That'll do."

Peterson went. And with him it seemed to Mr. Pelham that all light and life and security went from the room. He turned to the other almost imploringly and saw the face had changed for him alone. The radiated hate was now visible, and the Terror waves could literally be felt, a clammy, thick fear that he now knew could only come from the other world.

"That's nearly the end," said the Double. "You did make a mistake about that tie, didn't you? I could have been wearing it, but I didn't, because it gave me a nice chance."

"But . . . but . . ." stammered Mr. Pelham; then whimpered: "Why have you done all this to me?"

He was not answered. "At last," said the Double exultingly, "I am *here!* I have your business and what I shall make of that I alone know, as you may have noticed. I shall be free, free to do what I . . . but that won't interest you," he broke off. "You're mad, you know," he said suddenly, with an edge like a knife to his voice.

Tears were suddenly streaming down Mr. Pelham's face. "I don't believe this is real. It must be a dream. Why has this happened to me?"

"It just happened," said the other, and all the evil of the world was in his voice. Then abruptly in Mr. Pelham's own tones: "Now I'm calling Peterson again and we're going to give you in charge for impersonation."

"No, no. Let me go away." He advanced unintentionally to the other—and recoiled horribly from his presence.

"Who are you?" he cried. "Who are you?"

"Why Mr. Pelham, of course," said the other pleasantly.

It was then Mr. Pelham started screaming . . .

* * *

If you meet Mr. Pelham nowadays you find him much the same, though his business is flourishing beyond expectation and as Jim Mason, who follows and trusts his stock exchange flair, says to him when they play golf together, "Pell, you must have scooped a tidy pile by now. Heading for a millionaire, what?"

Mr. Pelham smiles his inoffensive little smile, and says: "D'you think I've changed much since I began to go ahead?"

"Not much, old boy," says Mason. "Still really the same old Pell. But you just seem suddenly to have taken hold of yourself. I believe that that rather rotten experience—you remember—when that fellow, that double, who tried to impersonate you and then went off his rocker right in front of you, had something to do with it. Made you face up to things, or something."

"Maybe," says Mr. Pelham mildly. "Maybe. Poor chap! He's been put away a long while now, hasn't he? I'm afraid he'll never be right again." ###

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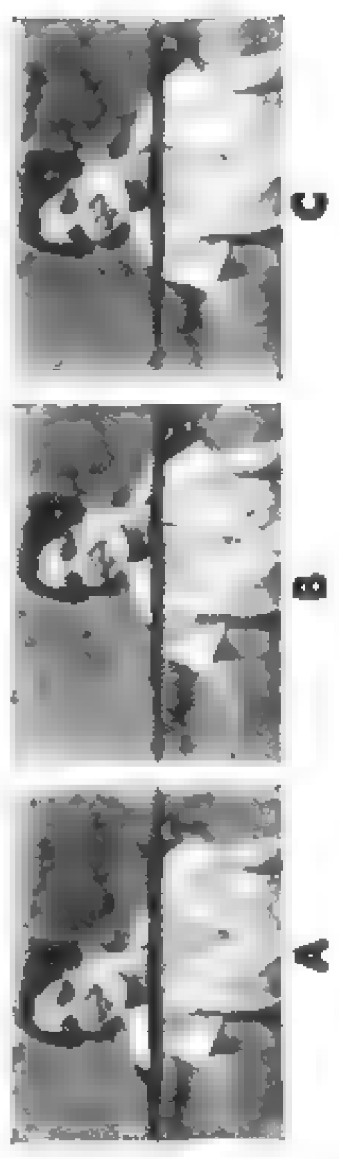

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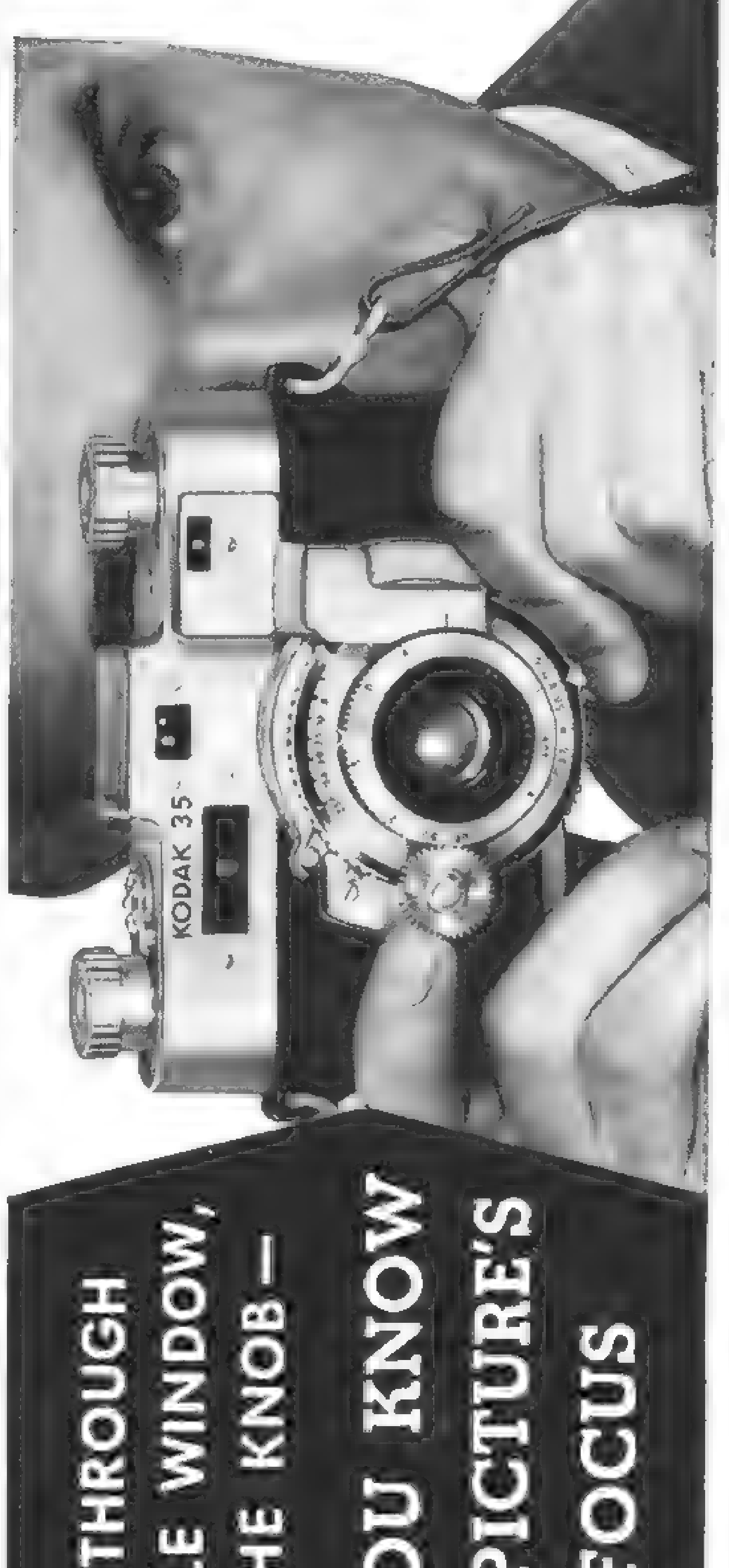

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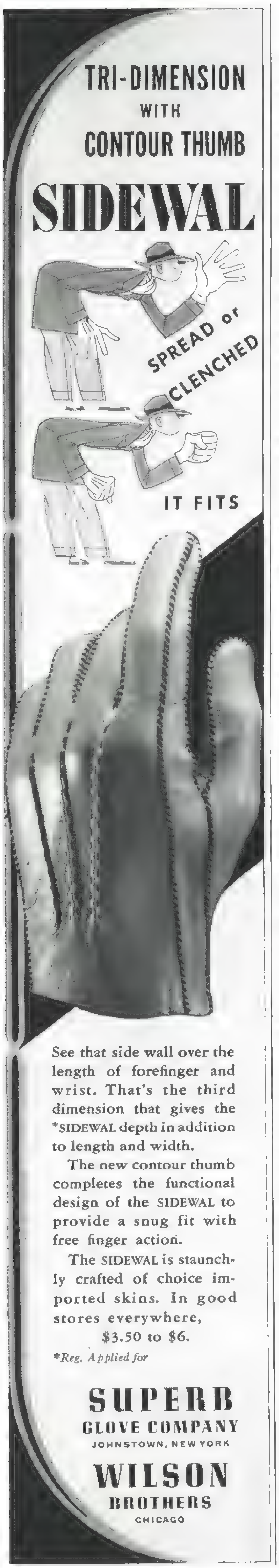
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Bison Bill and Johnnie Bull

Continued from page 49

the rank began to set traps for him, to lure him into even more patent lies. This went on until one day a tall cabby, named Elias, came in. About that time the town was getting excited about a Wild West circus that was coming to town. The boardings had great lithographs showing Indians in war paint, riding piebald ponies, and a thrilling scene of a man, complete with sombrero hat and pistols, driving a stagecoach at a mad gallop down the edge of a precipice road, while his companion on the seat, turned about, was firing back with a rifle at something all-too-dramatically beyond the scope of the picture—a something that imagination said was red Indians more fearful than any lithographer's crayon could portray. Over all the pictures it said: COLONEL COULDER'S WILD WEST SHOW.

Everyone in town was excited about it—for that was in the days when motion pictures were being born and they had made cowboys and Indians the favorite fiction of every grownup and youngster.

"Ah suppose, there, Yankee, that tha's seen lots o' these here ruddy Indians?" Elias began.

"Of course," my Uncle Derek answered, delightedly. "In fact, they look much like some of the Indians I know. From the looks of the posters, now, I should say they are Crow Indians. When I was up in Montana, once I did a great favor for a Crow chief—saved his daughter's life. She had pleural pneumonia, and I took a small piece of hollow twig and proceeded with an operation whose unpleasant details I won't impose upon you gentlemen, and brought her to health. The chief wanted to give her to me as a wife, but I refused, of course. After that I was known to that tribe as Wee-naw-cheetah—a rough translation is: Man Who Snatches From Death. But I don't suppose old Many Feathers will be with this touring company—he was very old then."

"That's what Ah were afraid of," Elias said. "Ah were just thinking that since tha's traveled so extensively, and tha wert so famous, in that there Wild West, it wouldn't happen that any of these here cowboys or Indians should know thee, would it?"

"Ah, well, of course, the West of America is a vast place," my Uncle explained. "Very, very vast."

"Soa tha bubbles," said Elias.

The cabbies all guffawed and slapped their knees as if this were the epitome of wit.

"Ah, tha had him there, Elias," they chortled.

I remember that at that moment I was angrier than I had ever been in my life. You must remember, too, that I had grown quite a bit and was filling out and also, like my Uncle Derek, I am red-headed.

"Oh, so you think you're funny, Elias?" I began.

If my repartee wasn't particularly brilliant, it served its purpose. I remember my coat was split from the tail to my neck before the station policeman pulled us out of the rank-house majestically. And as for my Uncle Derek, he had what was sure to incubate into a vulgar black eye.

"Ah, my boy," he boomed as we stole home. "I can see that you're going to take after *my* side of the family. It was splendid! Ah, if I were only a few years younger. Why, in my youth, I would have taken on a dozen such as those. Did I ever tell you, one day when I was in Bisbee, Arizona . . ."

And off he went.

I was worrying more at the time about the explanations we'd have to make when we got home. And we did make explanations, and my Aunt went into such an outburst as only a perfectly good and most virtuous woman can.

"The shame of public brawling," she cried. "And all because of wicked lying!"

"It wasn't over lying, Auntie," I said, for my Uncle Derek seemed cowed. "It was over a point of logic. Those fools stuck to the point that because my Uncle Derek had been in the West, he should surely know some of the men with this show, while . . ."

"Ah, the old liar," my Aunt shrilled. "He wouldn't know Tom Cat himself unless he were as big a liar as he is."

My Uncle Derek drew himself up.

"It is perfectly possible that I might know some of the men," he boomed, more like his old self.

"Yes, and it's possible that you'll roast in hell for your willful falsehoods some day."

"But it is possible."

"Ha—that's a fine story."

"Well, we shall see," boomed my Uncle.

But he was in deeper disgrace than ever. Now he couldn't even go to the cab-rank for companionship. He seemed to shrink almost physically under the family scorn. He was cowed at last.

When the great day came, the whole town turned out to go down to the station to see the American West debouch on our ancient British streets. Uncle Derek stayed in his room.

"So, you've thought better of your lying, and you're going to hide," my Aunt shrilled.

My Uncle rose with frayed grandeur.

"I shall now go down to the station," he announced.

And we all went down. We stood along the entry to the station where the horses were unloaded. We tapped our toes in the cold. We ignored the cabbies back on the rank-house who made insulting and gleefully caustic motions through the glass. The story must have traveled, because everyone in town who knew my Uncle kept looking our way. I wanted to run home—and take him with me. But we stood.

Suddenly, there was a chorus of

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wild shrieks, and from the yard came ten cowboys and two cowgirls. With their horses backing and whirling and curvetting, with their great-roweled spurs jangling, they rocketed about the station yard, waving their hats. But my Uncle made no sign.

Then the crowd burst into a sort of lowing sound, made by many expelled breaths, for next there came the Indians—real Indians. At the head was a man with a war-bonnet whose feathers reached far below his horse's back. The others had fewer feathers. There were three squaws. One had a papoose in a carry-board on her back. The carry-board was white buckskin-covered, with bead decoration.

They rode silently, eyes straight ahead, not showing off like the cowboys.

Everyone was breathless as they passed us, but my Uncle stood, his head low, hardly looking at them.

After that came the stage-coach used in the show. Then a herd of horses led by a few mounted men. After that came Colonel Coulder himself, riding a silver-maned palomino. He had a buckskin suit with trimmed edges. His horse minced and pirouetted as it went along, and Colonel Coulder kept lifting his grey sombrero from his white-maned head very politely as he went along acknowledging the cheers.

He rode up to where my Uncle stood—and rode past.

There came a troop of a dozen more cowboys, riding quietly. They came up—and passed.

And then there was a pause. The whole troop was clattering away in the parade, and still my Uncle stood, with his head half-bowed.

The people were moving away. There was nothing more to the parade except a sort of gaily-painted wagon that held paraphernalia. The people about were turning and nudging each other and staring at our family, and my Aunt was biting her lips as she always did when it meant she wanted to cry from weariness. And then, my Uncle stiffened. He lifted his head. He stared at the creaking wagon.

The wagon came nearer nearer. And my Uncle called out.

I see that picture yet. He is outlined against the grey station, with the blue of the Pennine Mountains in the background. He is lifting his silk hat, which he wore on Sundays and special occasions. And he is calling:

"Bison Bill! Bison *Bill!*"

That is how I remember the picture.

Then I looked at the man on the wagon. He was an oldish sort of man with tobacco-stained grey whiskers. He pulled back on the reins savagely, and squinted his eyes as he looked at the crowd. He saw my Uncle. He yelled. He threw the reins to the man beside him, and scrambled down from the very high seat like a monkey.

He yelled:

"Johnnie Bull! Why gawddam my soul, if it ain't Johnnie Bull!"

Then he was slapping my Uncle on the back, and saying.

"You gawddam old horse-thief, you, Johnnie Bull."

Will you please remember that? Not the cussing, but the "horse-thief." That was what made the town stand up and take notice. My Uncle Derek a horse-thief. Stupendous! Gigantic! Why, it made him something a million parasangs beyond what his own stories had drawn him. The magic of those words—horse-thief!

"What in thunder are ye doing here, Johnnie?" the man asked.

"This is where I live, Bill."

"Well, who'd ha' thought it! By, Gawd, Johnnie, remember that night in Cheyenne when you and me . . ."

"And this is my wife—and members of my family," my Uncle Derek boomed, lifting his silk hat as only he could, and bowing toward us.

"Pleased to meet ya, ma'am," Bison Bill said to my Aunt.

Then he looked around.

"Look, Johnnie, I gotta get this Charlie-wagon up the grounds or the Cunnel'll give me Hail Columbia. But come up and see me—shore now?"

"Shore, Bill," said my Uncle.

The man scrambled back up on the wagon, and then he waved his hand—right where all the town could see him, and shouted out—loud enough for all the town to hear him.

"Now shore do come up and see me at the show. I'll be madder nor hell if you don't. You and me's got to get together and swap lies for a few hours."

Do you hear that? "Swap lies!" Oh, magnificent American phrase, so rich and perfect, to tumble down on the English crowd gathered in that English street! Swap *lies!* And to my Uncle Derek!

* * *

Somehow there isn't much more to tell about my Uncle Derek. After that, I think, he went back to being a man. No, beyond that. He went back to being more than a man—a sort of poet in prose.

I didn't see him for many years following that episode. We all floated around. Our family is like that. I remember one Christmas sending out cards. I addressed one Uncle in Sierra Leone, one in Burma, one in Madagascar, and one Aunt in what was then Petrograd.

I heard from my Uncle Derek while I was in Canada during the war. He had managed to get into the British army despite his age.

"Of course, I look like a man twenty years younger than I am," he wrote, "and when they quickly perceived my profound knowledge of hippology and equitation, they detailed me immediately to this post in Mesopotamia in charge of farriery."

But I didn't see him until long after that. I had been in Honduras. It was my first time home in fifteen years.

My Uncle Derek was in bed. He looked very old. My Aunt had changed greatly. She was strangely

Continued at top of page 168

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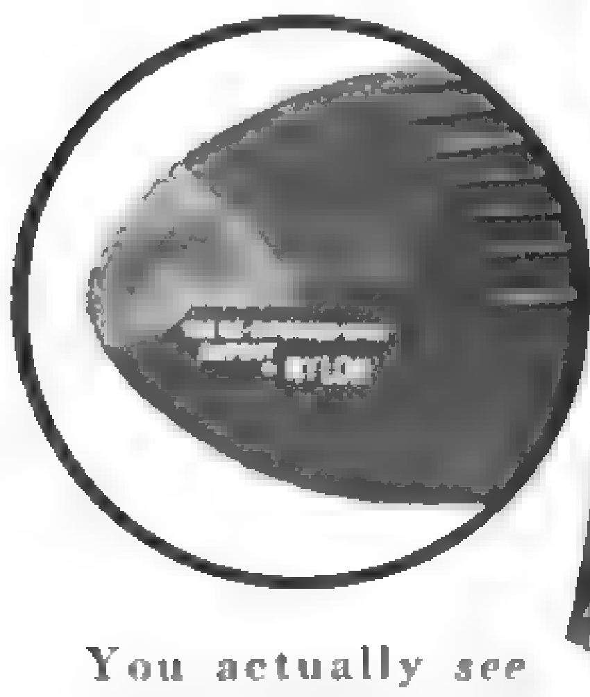

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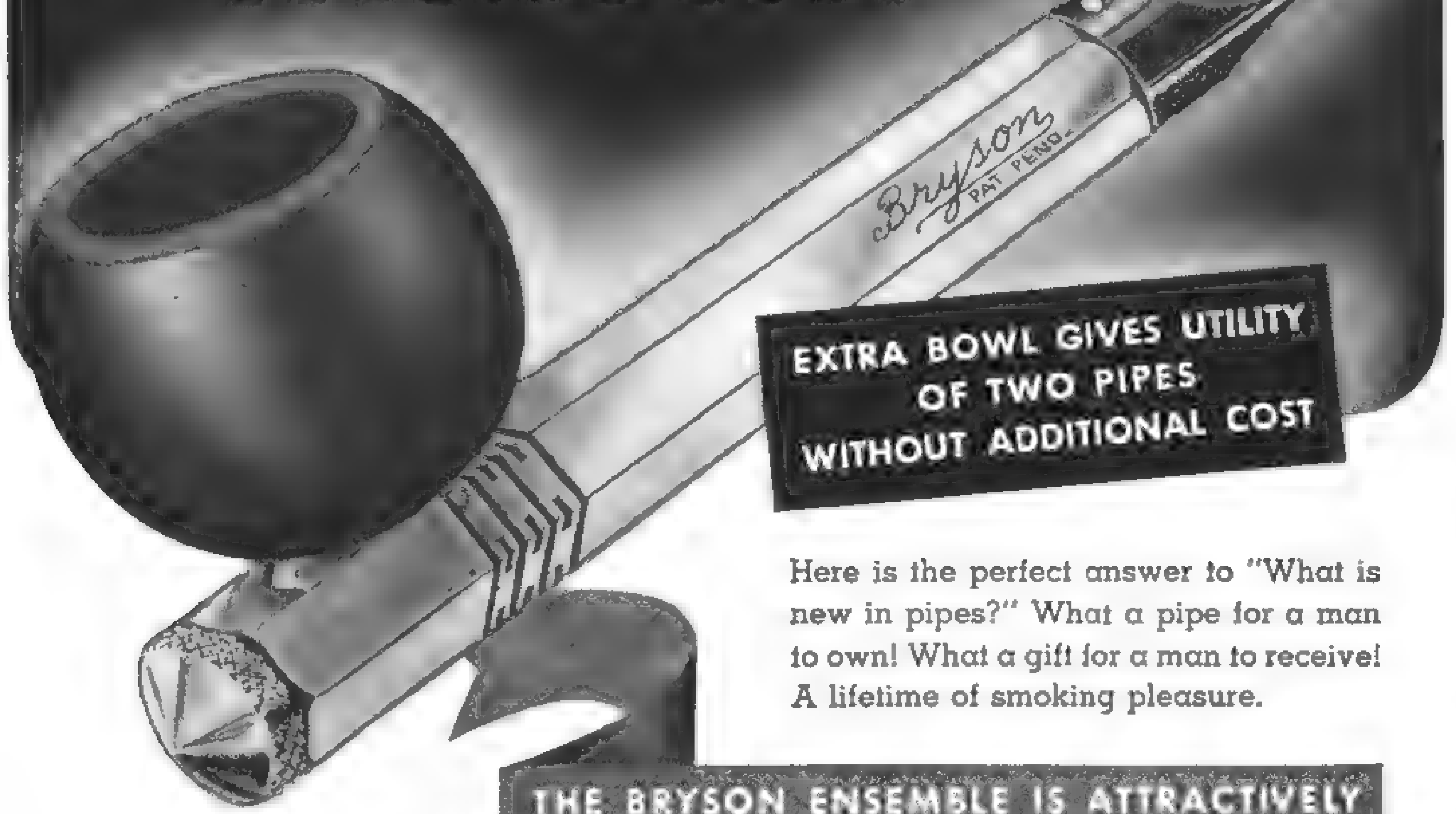

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Bison Bill and Johnnie Bull

Continued from pages 49-167

placid. They took me to his bedside.

"It's the little red-headed lad of Edward's grown up," he said.

They nodded and made soothing noises.

"You mustn't stay too long. He's weak," they said.

"Weak nothing," he roared. "I'm perfectly well."

To show them, he sat up and began talking brightly. We talked of places and far-off names, and the others stared at us distastefully.

"Ah, the mountain of glass in Colorado," he repeated. "And by God nobody would ever believe me."

The others glared resentfully.

"And did you see the Little Big Horn River?" he asked, gently.

"Of course," I told him. "Once I worked on a dude ranch in the Dakotas right near there. Why that's the river that . . ."

And we both chanted it together: ". . . is a mile wide, an inch deep, and runs up-hill."

With one motion the others rose and stalked from the room. There was no mistaking their attitude.

"Let 'em go," Uncle Derek whispered. "They're doubting fools. You and I know these things. Er—by the by—you haven't got by any chance just a little . . ."

"By the Lord Harry, it happens I do have—in this suitcase—for medicinal purposes, of course."

"Of course, my lad. That's all I ever took it for—medicinal purposes."

"Me too," I said, "you liar."

He lay back and laughed, and soon we both had that rich, clinging odor about our moustaches—although I have never managed to grow such a glorious pair of handlebars as my Uncle Derek. And so we sat that night, and told each other lies—ah such lies! Lies that only very great liars know can be true.

I matched him story for story, and before he nodded off to sleep he put his hand on my shoulder and said:

"Eric, you've grown up like me!"

I do hope he was right. My Uncle Derek was a very great man. He is dead now, alas. But he was a very great man. #

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 107

that I have never had such an expensive pheasant in my life: the car was constantly in the repair shop, and finally I had practically to give it away.

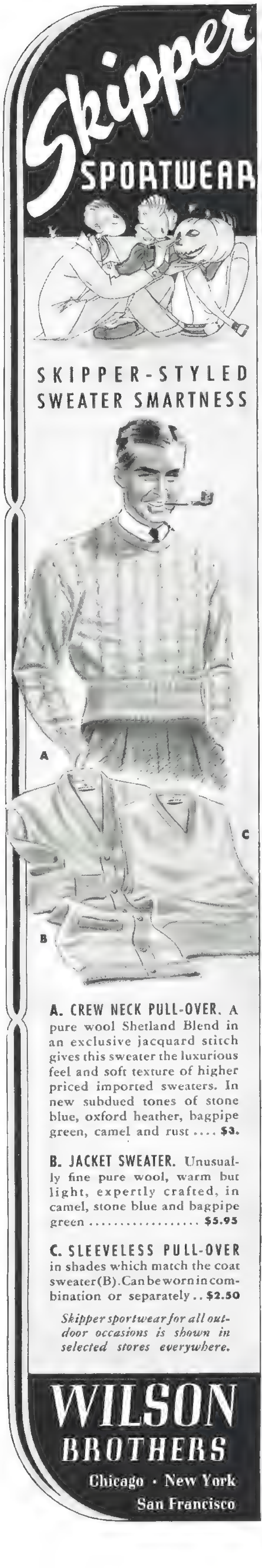
An automobile figures also in the second story. A few years ago I drove along the shore of Lake Tahoe back to Reno. The night was dark; there was no moon and no stars, although a very pretty divorcée was my companion. Suddenly something struck the side of the car with considerable force. Thinking it was a large owl, I stopped and jumped out to investigate. It was a deer, dead as a doornail! It must have broken its neck in the collision. The deer traveled back with us in the rumble seat to "Nealy" Vanderbilt's "Lazy Me" ranch, where it was skinned by Olley, the cowboy, and rather poorly prepared by the Spanish cook. Spaniards tend to deluge all game in sauce.

I have many another tall American "hunting" story just like millions of other men, probably owing in a way to the extraordinary Conservation and Game Laws of various states; but we are not foolish enough to recount these stories in public. Nor do I propose to argue statutes in pages dedicated to simple gastronomy. However, just as a layman, I wish to express my astonishment that in America someone with a cheap license may shoot game almost anywhere, and that the game belongs to the hunter and not to the owner of the land where it was shot, as it does in Europe. Here, game cannot be sold, but must be eaten by the hunter, or he may make a gift of it; in Europe the gentleman farmer (with peasant help) shoots the game on his land and sends great quantities to town markets.

The open seasons in America are very short; in Europe they are long, and are so calculated that some sort of game may be had every day of the year. In fact in Central Europe the most insignificant restaurant features game on its menu all the year round. Over there game ends its life in the casserole, serving mankind; here season or no season, automobiles take a tremendous toll of game; they die haplessly, aimlessly, on the highways. We keep hearing that America is well ahead in game preservation and still you can seldom eat fresh-killed game in this country, unless you laugh at the laws. Some of them are simply ridiculous; for instance pheasants, canned in Washington state, cannot be marketed in New York state! Why deprive gourmets of their innocent pleasures? Why force them to game speakeasies? There actually are a number of such places in New York.

I was bewailing the game situation in this country to Charles Gundel, Jr., the greatest European specialist in game cookery, who is at present in the United States. Mr. Gundel is a Hungarian, scion of a famous restaurateur dynasty; his father owns the St. Gellert and Zoo restaurants in Budapest, besides being one of the foremost culinary writers in Europe; I have stolen many a recipe from him. Charles Jr. is an extraordinarily cultivated young man, a veritable modern Brillat-Savarin; he refreshed my memory and gave me pointers on some of the most important features in game cooking as practiced in one of the best shooting countries in the world.

Let us start with hare. Accord-



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ing to Charles Gundel, and I can testify to its being true, in size European hare is totally different from the American species. A Hungarian hare weighs ten pounds, often twelve and fourteen; they are enormous even when young. Select a hare with soft ears and paws—stiffness is a sign of age. Skin it only the day before it is to be used. In removing the entrails always preserve the heart and the liver. There are several ways to prepare hare, like *à la royale*, *en râble*, *à la crème*, *civet de lièvre*, but we'll get away from all these fancy names, and simply say that if you want a hare to be good it must be pickled in wine, vinegar, and herbs for at least twenty-four hours. Mr. Gundel says the pickle should be expensive, of the finest ingredients. In Europe, the hare serves for two separate major meals; the saddle is roasted, the rest jugged. In preparing creamy game sauces it is a rule to mix the cream with the sauce in small quantities, and to taste it frequently, for an enthusiastic overdose may spoil all. The same rule holds good in preparing a game dish with wine or brandy.

Once Mr. Gundel was asked by Monsieur Marek, chef of Governor Horthy, to watch him make dinner in the vast kitchens of the Governor's palace in Budapest. Preparations started early in the afternoon. Mr. Gundel spied some saddles of hare on a side table in the hot kitchen; around six in the evening, their smell becoming almost unbearable, Mr. Gundel respectfully reminded the famous chef of the hare, and suggested that perhaps they had been overlooked in the mêlée, and should be put on ice. Monsier Marek smiled pityingly: "Don't you know, young Gundel, that we cannot cook saddles of hare until they stink? If they are to be cooked immediately upon coming from the ice, they are uneatable. They ripen and acquire a wonderful flavor if we keep them a few hours in a warm kitchen."

HARE À LA HONGROISE

(After hare's having been pickled)

Cut up the hare, and preserve the blood, liver and heart. Make a roux with butter and flour in a pan. After larding the hare, fry the pieces lightly in the roux with half a clove of garlic, cloves, thyme and bayleaf. Put in a casserole, adding a pint and a half of port wine and the juice of a lemon. When nearly done, add the blood, pound the liver, add and boil for five minutes. Add some cream, capers, and some scalded, stoned olives.

Partridge is best when young, and right after harvest; after one year of age the flesh is dry and hard. It may be prepared in many different ways. (I like it roasted with purée of lentils.) In fact there is even a partridge soup (*Potage marroné de Perdreaux*) but this is much too complicated for the Man of the Kitchenette. The two simplest ways to make partridge are to roast them enveloped in bacon, and *Perdrix aux Choux*, which is partridge and cabbage. This is the way older birds ought to be prepared. You may find these recipes in any cook book, but I doubt if you can find the following one anywhere in America:

PARTRIDGES WITH CHEESE

Sprinkle a roasting pan with grated Parmesan and Swiss cheese, mixed, and place on top some anchovies and butter. Then put on top the already medium-roasted partridges, sprinkle bread-crumbs on them together with some more grated cheese, moisten with stock or chicken soup, place them in hot oven, cook for thirty minutes, and serve.

Some finicky people throw away the back part of the partridge, and use only the breast; then there are gourmets who say they can tell which leg the bird was wont to balance on while sleeping on the stubble-fields! This leg, according to these gentlemen of palate, has a different flavor. I hope not so high as their story.

Shooting anecdotes abound, and there is one connected with the first wealthy American ever to rent a shoot in Central Europe, a practice later common and fashionable, until the present war. The pioneer was the late James Gordon Bennett, who rented the shoot on the Bohemian estate of Engelbert, Prince Auersperg. The American paid a phenomenal price for the hunting privilege; some say it was a hundred thousand dollars for four days. But there was a clause, according to which if Bennett and his party of guests failed to bag eight thousand partridges in the four days, the contract was null and void, and the Prince was not entitled to a penny. When after four days the partridges were counted (at big shoots they are counted in a peculiar and simple fashion; they are lined up in rows, and every eleventh is pulled out; then the heaps, containing ten each, are easily counted), there were more than ten thousand of them. The Prince, who remained away from the castle for the duration, turned up on the fourth day, expecting to be asked to dinner. But Bennett turned to the owner of the castle, and said: "Prince, we'll send you up a tray; you see I did not plan to invite any more guests." His Serene Highness went obediently to his room; there was no place for argument in the face of such a fabulous rent.

Partridge may have a more delicate flavor, but I like pheasant better; it has more meat, despite the sinews which you occasionally find in the legs, and the taste is gamier. All game birds to be roasted should be wrapped, at least on the breast, with bacon, and this goes for pheasants too. Braised pheasant is made in an earthenware pot with butter, salt, pepper, some garlic and cream, and should be basted freely during the three-quarters of an hour that it cooks in the oven. They serve chestnut purée with it, and wild rice, both of which may be served with almost any game. Presently I shall give you an old recipe to prepare pheasant. But before going any further, I must confess that I feel sorry for St. Aldobrand, who sitting down to his frugal meal one day, found a beautiful

Continued on page 170

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 107-169

roasted pheasant on his plate instead of his customary bread and goat cheese; the saint, surmising that Beelzebub had planted the bird to bribe him, made it fly away, stuffing and all. What a gastronomical mistake! But then probably St. Aldobrand did not like roast pheasant, and wanted it *aux huitres, à la Sainte-Alliance*, or as a ragout.

Ragout of Pheasants

Roast two birds. When cooled, cut up into rather small pieces, and put them in saucepan; some meat that you did not think worthy to go into ragout, should be ground in a mortar together with some of the bones; to this add one fifth of red wine. Prepare a dark sauce, and boil it together with some stock for fifteen minutes. When done, skim it, strain it, and divide into two portions. Pour one portion on pheasant, and heat it together, but do not boil. Then put this ragout on platter, pour over the other half of sauce, and surround with toast.

You may buy canned whole pheasant now, and it is very good indeed; what is more you may buy excellent Pheasant à la Newburg in cans, put up by Samuel Martin in Seattle, Washington, but since some states put a foolish ban on them, the best way to get them is by direct communication. Monsieur Gustave Reynaud, chief of chefs at the Stork Club, sometimes surprises his patrons with wild turkey from Wyoming; he stuffs the birds with chestnuts, foie gras, and truffles, and serves them in Madeira sauce. Monsieur Reynaud is an anti-currant-jelly man, and so am I. Another of his famous dishes is quail on wild rice with raisins, but he does not think much of dry American quail, and prefers the fat bird that comes from Russia, South America or Egypt. Most restaurants in New York are supplied with game by a firm on 14th Street, the owner of which nearly cried into the phone when I asked him how about Scotch grouse this coming season? "I guess we won't have any," he said with a quiver in his voice. However the 14th Street place is the best for the New York Man in the Kitchenette to get game from.

The only thing that America could envy Europe for is game. There is such an awful lot of it over there! Count Felix Burian-Gerliczy, a great hunter himself, told me a story, which I pass on, and you may draw your own conclusions. The Count was invited to a shoot given by Count Alexander Pallavicini in honor of the late Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaievitch, generalissimo of Russian forces in the World War. Ten persons were invited, and there were two thousand beaters, peasants who form a human wall and make it impossible for the game to escape on the opposite side from the guns. The bag was twenty-five thousand hare in five days! The seven-foot Grand Duke, who was said to be a sadist, worked with four guns; four gamekeepers stood behind him, changing his guns constantly. And as a precaution the cartridges were only half filled with gunpowder, because the guns would have caused swollen heads and shoulders if the charge had been of full strength.

Stags in Europe were made into filets after having been in a very strong pickle for days; in the good old days venison was drenched in plenty of red wine, and "handled" with goose liver, which goes splendidly with any game. Wild boar was a favorite in Austria, Hungary, Russia, France and Rumania. (When I was fourteen, instead of shooting the wild boar running in my direction on a hazy Transylvanian morning, I climbed a tree.) Its flesh is good and tender if made right; in fact boar was so much liked in Central Europe that they tried to sell ordinary lean pig for boar. An expert could not be cheated, though: the bristles on a boar's body grew very peculiarly, always in threes. There are three hairs in patches sticking out of the boar's back every inch or so, and no matter how much the beast is singed, the roots of these hairs are so deep that the place where they grew are always visible. Even the feet of the boar are edible; they are said to be excellent, of a gelatinous consistency.

There were plenty of plover, woodcock, ruff, wild duck and wild geese (good only before it laid any eggs, and must be eaten at once after being shot). Wild pigeon, which is supposed to be terribly hard to digest, must never be stuffed; personally I don't like pigeons wild or tame, stuffed or unstuffed. The very rare bustard (or royal bustard) flew in squadrons high over the Hungarian plains. If there were no people about, they would alight and graze, while one of them was stationed as lookout. These sly birds were awfully hard to shoot; all sorts of strategy had to be employed even to approach them; you had to come against the wind, and not straight but circling, making the circles ever smaller. They did not mind hay wagons, and hunters often hid under the hay. But if the bustards saw the muzzle of a gun, they were off in a split second. I have seen bustards but never tasted them; they say the flesh of the young is most delicious.

There is a saying in Central Europe: "Better to have a sparrow today than a bustard tomorrow," and below I give you a recipe for sparrow. Gourmets actually eat these sorry-looking, miserable, clever and insolent birds in game-conscious Europe, but then they even eat larks, which are said to be very good *à la Polonaise*, or according to Alexander Dumas Père's recipe. I'll take pheasant, thank you.

Sparrow

Truss, clean well and dry the bird after having cut off its head and claws. Brown in a saucepan some chopped shallot with chopped bacon, and put the sparrow on this, salting and peppering it, and adding a little butter. When they are nice and brown, put the bird between rolls and cook for another two minutes before serving. ⊞

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Lost in Jerusalem

Continued from page 55

like an unending river."

"As the saying goes," remarked another, "it is easier to raise a legion of olive trees in Galilee than to raise one child in Judea."

Suddenly a silence fell over them as they noticed the young boy in their midst.

"He has lost his parents," said the kindly Elder Edom. "I have been speaking with him and his heart is filled with the worship of the Temple. I will take him home with me for the first night of the feast."

They questioned the youth and found him wise beyond his years. He told them that he came from Nazareth, that he was twelve years old and helped in his father's carpenter shop. Some day he too hoped to become a carpenter; for to build in wood seemed to him a clean and useful occupation. He asked some questions about the Temple which they were pleased to answer. But one or two things he inquired about were quickly glossed over. The eyes of some shifted to the side to see how these questions were understood by others present.

Then the Elder Edom spoke: "You see, even a lad of twelve can understand such things. There is an upper millstone and a lower millstone. The kernels of grain are ground between the two. Straw cannot turn to bread. It must be blown away. And so I say to you that the day must come when the steps and courts of the Temple must be cleansed. Profit, gain and commerce have their awnings in the market place. And in the world there is a place for this and a place for that, there is a place for everything. Then let them so."

"Hush!" called some. "We will be overheard."

"Shame!" said the Elder Edom. "A mere lad of twelve does not fear to inquire and we who know cannot speak what is in our hearts."

"True!" called one of the scribes. "When Herod the tyrant, ruled over Jerusalem we feared to speak and now when his weak son Herod Antipas rules over Galilee still no voice will sound."

"Herod is only Herod!" called one.

"And what do you imply by these words?" asked his neighbor.

'Well to be King of Judea is to wear a false crown. The Roman procurator sits on the throne for his word is law and his bowmen and spearmen are prepared to say that his word is above the word of the King. And so I say: Herod is only Herod. And when Herod is strong then the procurator may be weak but once Herod is weak then . . ."

He paused suddenly and glanced about quickly to see that no stranger was amongst them. His eyes fell on the boy but they rested there only a brief moment. He accepted the lad as one of them.

With great mystery he whispered: "I have heard that the old procurator Coponius is returning to Rome. He has grown weak, and a new and strong governor will be sent here, in fact . . . He is now on his way and will soon arrive."

"His name?" asked one.

"Ah, that also I have heard and can tell you. His name is Marcus Ambivius."

"To such news," said the Elder Edom, "there is but one answer."

"And what is the answer?"

"The answer is simple. Even the lad from Nazareth, I am sure could tell you." Then turning to the youth he said: "Come, speak and tell us the answer."

The boy hesitated at first to sound his voice among these doctors of the law but encouraged by the Elder Edom he stood up before them.

"Herod Antipas," he said, "now rules in Galilee and his brother Herod Philip has built cities and rules in other parts. Over them rules a Roman procurator and over the procurator is the Roman governor general of Syria. But even he in turn is ruled over by the great warring Roman emperor Tiberius. And so there is king upon king, one over the other. But all are only men and their understanding is limited. But there is One who rules even over kings."

"And who is he who rules over kings?" asked one of the scribes.

"The Father."

"Which father?"

"The One in whose House we are now assembled."

"Ah!" called the Elder Edom with a smile of delight. "The lad has spoken and what he has said is in full wisdom. Come let us depart, for to these words nothing could be added or taken away."

They rose and gathered their robes about them. The Elder Edom, being highest in rank, was the first to leave the chamber. He led the youth by the hand. Then the others followed according to their station.

On the following day the same doctors of the law gathered together after the Temple services and they brought others with them to sit in the chamber and hear the questions which the youth asked. They replied as best they could.

Finally one asked: "Why is it that while most youths of his age are playing games, this one sits among us to hear and to inquire?"

"That is indeed a good question," said the Elder Edom. "Perhaps he himself could say why he is curious and concerned about Temple matters."

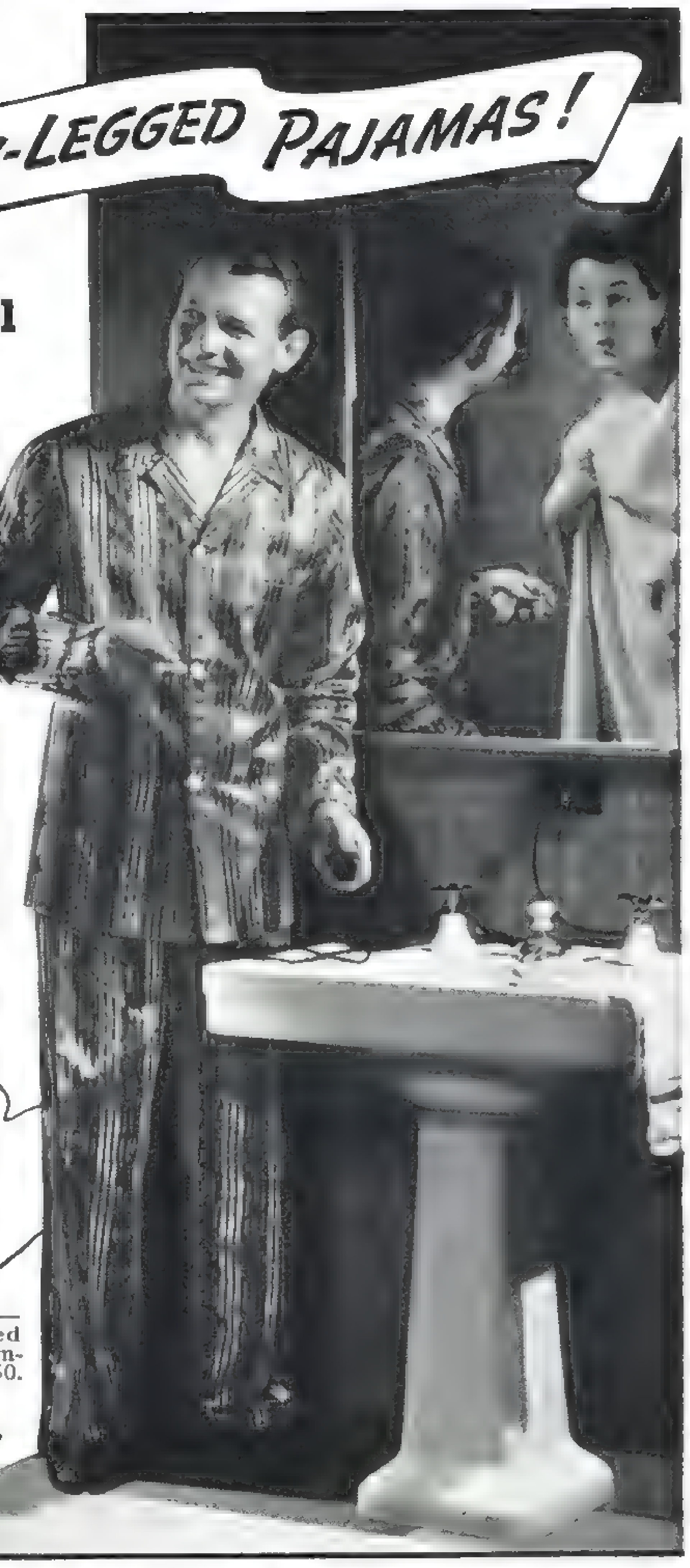
The lad rose and looked frankly at the faces before him. All waited.

"Is this not my Father's house?" he said simply.

All nodded. No further words were necessary.

Although others wanted the boy to go home with them for the second night of the Passover feast, the Elder Edom insisted that he remain as the lad's guardian. And

Continued at top of page 172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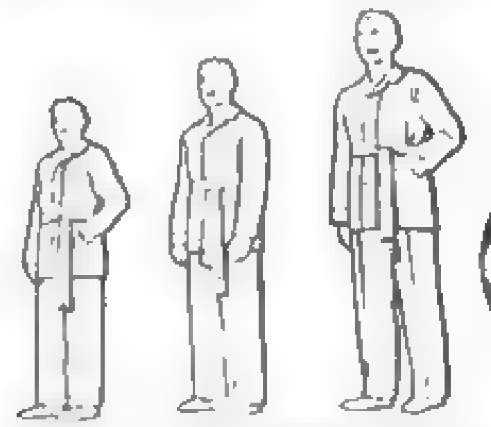

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Lost in Jerusalem

Continued from pages 55-171

it is strange that on this second day no mention was made about the youth being lost and no inquiries sent out about his parents. All considered him fully capable and repeated again that this lad was wise beyond his years.

On the third day, still more gathered in the inner chamber. This time the questions were different and related to higher matters. Some delivered long dissertations on the laws of man, his civil and his spiritual rights. Others added some quotations from the books of Moses or from the Talmud. Finally they asked the youth to say frankly and fully what he thought of this subject.

As he rose to do so there was a great commotion. At last! At last his parents found him after three desperate days of search.

They were happy to embrace him; but then they turned and spoke sharply, saying that perhaps he had neglected them and caused them needless anxiety.

In the hearing of all he replied: "How is it you have searched for me? Would you not know that I would be here and about my Father's business."

The grey-bearded elders nodded to each other and approved with silence.

Three days later when the family returned to Nazareth the youth went into the garden of his neighbor and companion Lazarus. The pale and delicate Lazarus was reclining on a reed couch and playing with a pet turtle.

"There," he said, extending his arm. "You are returned."

"Yes."

"And you saw Jerusalem?"

"Only part."

"Which part?"

"The Temple."

He then related briefly his entire experience and how he was lost, though never for a moment, did he feel lost.

"And one thing more," he added, "was to me very strange. And this I am unable to explain. On the first day, the great and wise doctors of law spoke about wheat and figs and wine. They spoke about produce and wool and even dyes and named the places famous for one thing or another. They told of cities where brass was hammered and where glass was made. But then I asked some questions and no further mention was made of these fine things of the world."

"Not even on the second day?" asked Lazarus.

"No. On the second day we spoke only about the One Who is Ruler over kings. And on the third day we spoke . . . Not of things and not of the Father. On the third day we spoke only of one thing and my heart is heavy when I think upon it. We spoke of man and the vast treasures stored in his soul."

"Did they listen to you speak on this day also?"

"No. I was lost, and just at that moment, I was found." ⧺

Isle of Nuts! Isle of Nuts!

Continued from page 71

one of the best known beauties, a close friend of mine. But *somebody* wrote a letter back to Oslo, and Madame appeared on the next ship, easily got all the evidence she needed, and hooked him with an expensive divorce.

Not many women come here alone, and when they do come they seldom stay. The competition is too much. Even if they let themselves go haywire, as more than one has done, they have a hard time making an impression. They usually get sore and flounce off. Tahiti is heaven, Steve; yes; but a heaven for men only, as far as white folks are concerned.

On my last trip back to the States (you'll remember that I made it as flying as possible) I was asked by a lot of people what kind of "art colony" we have down here.

Well, we have artists, but we haven't any colony. The artists are of all different nationalities and they are scattered all over Tahiti, not to mention some adjacent islands.

There are some exhibitions from time to time (in Papeete barrooms) but no art club, no art school, no artists' supply shop, and certainly nothing even faintly resembling a lecture. Not that there are not nuts who would gladly give such a lecture. But nobody, even here, is so utterly nutty as to attend.

Nor is it the authors' stamping ground the outside world must think it, in view of the way it looms in literature and the *Saturday Evening Post.* Of full-time professional writers in English regularly resident in Tahiti there are only three, and the other two (Nordhoff and Jim Hall, the "Bounty" boys) happen to be back in the States on short visits right now. Writers do, to be sure, drop in from time to time. Everybody knows about Melville, Stevenson, O'Brien, Maugham. Robert Keable lived out in Papeari, a lovely house. He is buried in Papeete. Zane Grey used to come down now and then to fish, and had a permanent camp in Tautira. Stribling was here on a visit not long ago.

The place isn't important enough to attract the attention of world-traveling journalists. Anyway it's too difficult to get to.

There are of course men here who talk about the books they are going to write, books like, to name a few recent ones, *White Man, Brown Woman, I Go Native in Tahiti, Island Women I Have Loved.* Very few ever get around to any actual work. It would be better if none did.

I glance back over these sheets,

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Steve, and I think of you thinking of me as one who, frowning, holds fingers in his ears to keep out the clamor of the inmates; who, when he goes anywhere out of his shack, squirms his way among howling drunken cranks; whose life is so far removed from reality that he never thinks, being no longer able to do so, and does not even dare to dream.

Now this is not so, for two reasons. One is that after knocking around the world for many years I am at last at home, being myself, as indeed I have always been, something of a nut. The other reason is that not all of our lunatics ("You must be mad, or you wouldn't have come here") are noisy.

Dreams go first, and there are usually sacrifices, for you can't buzz down to Tahiti for a few days the way you can to Bermuda. What kind of man would want to come here in the first place? What kind of man would deliberately pass up the more obvious places, the places with "tourist attractions" (of which Tahiti has none, not even a golf course) for a land the getting to which involves so much time and trouble and expense? He is, rich or poor, quiet or obstreperous, a dreamer. He is that first; and only afterward, only secondarily, is he an astrologist, a designer of unbuildable buildings, a souse, a broken-down actor who nurses his delusions of grandeur, a lover of little boys, or one who believes that only on a diet of raw carrots and raisins laced with sand can the human body achieve the fullness of its glory. He might write poetry nobody can read, or paint pictures nobody can make head or tail of; but be assured that he can look upon a giddily blue sky greening at the edges on the far side from the sunset, and feel joy.

These men are romantics and all romantics are perhaps a bit goofy. They are what serious-minded discussers of the future of mankind sneeringly call escapists. Well, maybe they are cowards, maybe they're freaks; but they are usually good conversationalists and sometimes pretty damned nice guys.

Nor do they all romp around Papeete smashing up motorcycles, making women, singing songs. There are approximately 400 white people in Tahiti of whom perhaps half are French *fonctionnaires* and members of their families while somewhat less than half of what remains are Americans, and most of these you never see at all, Steve, except on boat days. Most of them stay in their little *niau* or pandanus huts out in Arue, Punaauia, Papara, putter around in their gardens, look for shells along the beach, go swimming or fishing, or, more often, just sit and laze. So, far from seeking out turmoil, they came here to avoid it. They have their idiosyncrasies, and some of them to be sure are out-and-out balmy, but they are amiable. If you should drop in on them, as you seldom do, they'll bring out a bottle, and, if you are hungry, food. They'll sit and talk, without hurry. And if they don't know much about the international situation, at least they know how to live.

Boat day is different. Everybody goes to Papeete to get the mail. Everybody runs his little errands, greeting friends right and left, and then drops with a sigh into a chair in one of the cafés. You see people you haven't seen for weeks; but weeks are days, practically hours, here. You go on talking where you left off. You are with, shall we say, a half caste taxi driver, a Belgian war ace, a former Follies girl (there are two here now, one from Mahaena, one from Brooklyn), a retired Syrian pearl trader, an apologetic little man who for reasons of his own does not dare to show his face in Spain again, the scion of an internationally advertised food product, a man who paddled an outrigger canoe all the way from New Zealand, a man from Coshocton, Ohio, who quit the real estate game and came out here to write his autobiography . . . The crowd shifts. But in this as in other cafés along the quay, from time to time people are glancing up toward the bright white doors of the light green post office.

The ship's in; they're sorting mail; when those doors are thrown open the letters will be ready. Meanwhile you shout for another rum punch and dilate upon Gaugin, prontalyn, *nato* runs, Temaha's forthcoming baby, the war, Malraux, the best way to get rid of boils, John Donne's sermons, James Thurber, the price of whisky, the meaning of life.

In the middle of this, when nobody is paying any attention to anybody else anyway, the post office doors are thrown open. You walk, you do not run, because nobody runs here, to the array of boxes. You have probably forgotten your key (I lost mine more than a year ago) but you had also probably forgotten to lock your box last time you were in town anyway.

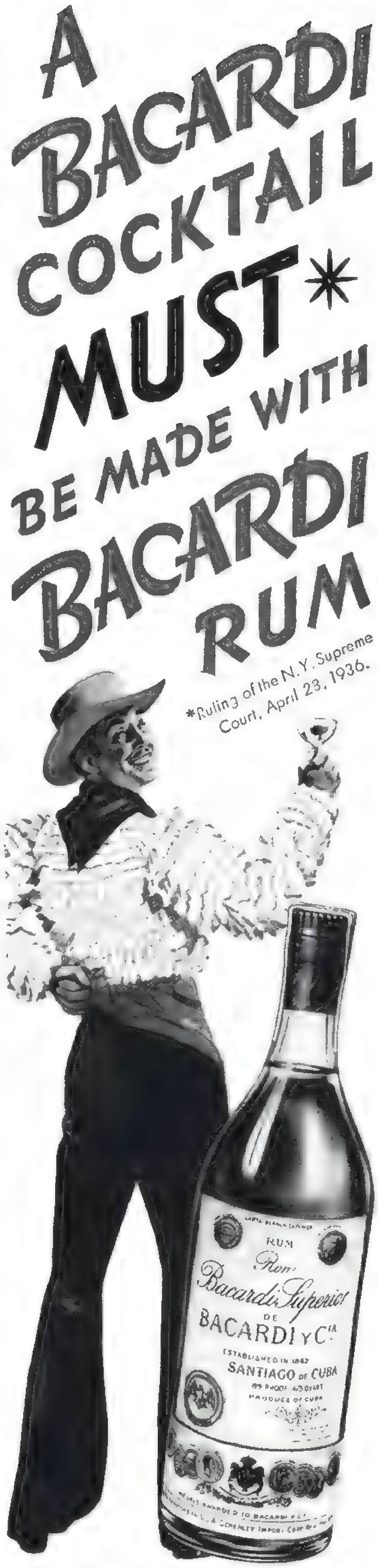
The news, whether good or bad, is bound to be stale. And if it's good, you shout for another rum punch to celebrate; and if it's bad you shout for another rum punch to forget; and in either event you make rather a day and night of it, with old friends whom you won't see again until another mail boat comes.

Next day you take a few aspirin, a swim in the lagoon, a shower; and then you lie on your back and think about things, knowing that unless you feel like it you won't have to see anybody for days, for weeks, excepting the Chinaman who brings the vegetables, your yard boy, your *vahine*.

Maybe you'll have a white neighbor; and if you do, undoubtedly he will be a crackpot. But aren't we all, Steve? And you can at least be sure of this much about him: He won't have a radio.

Haápaó maitaí!

Don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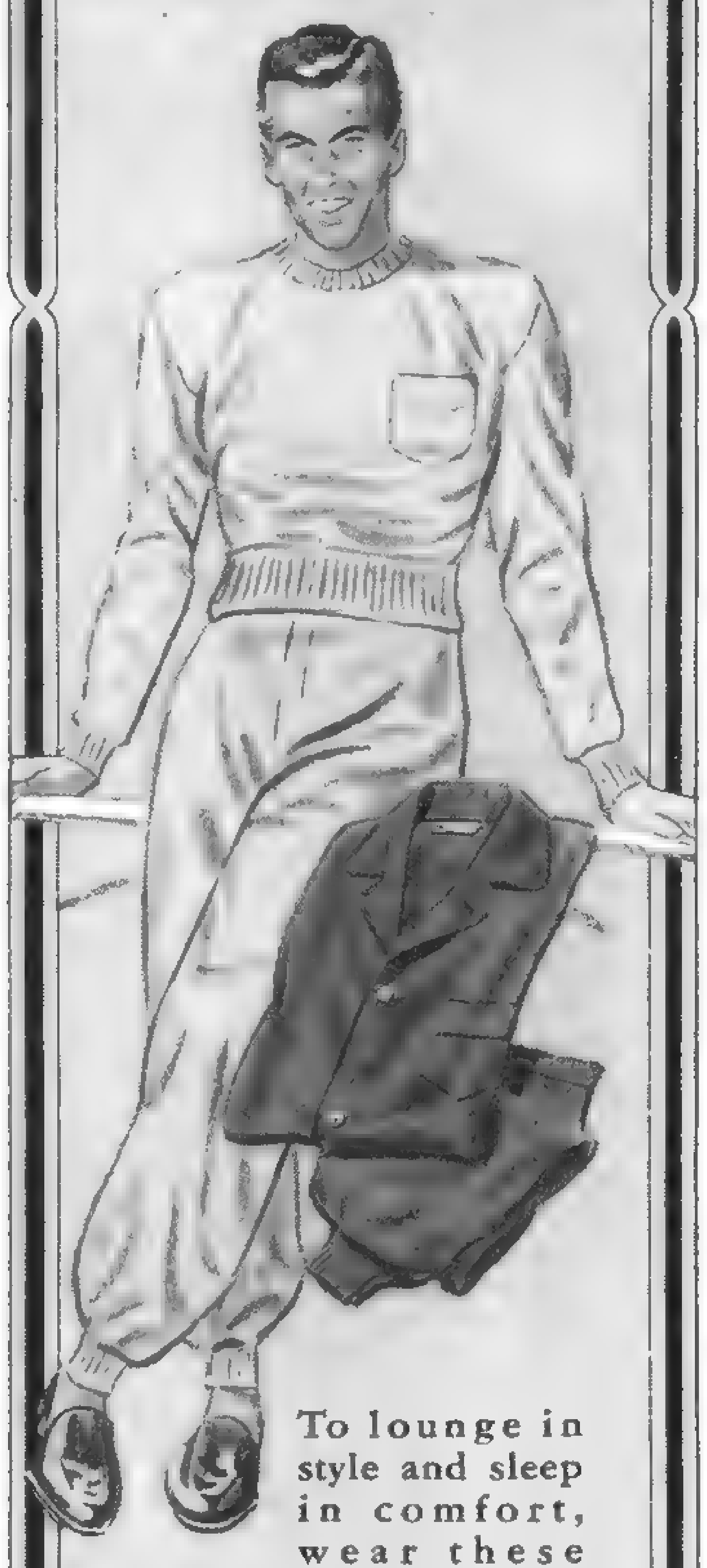

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Call, Quailie, Call!

Continued from page 79

followed the migrating, blue-gray flocks south to their wintering grounds in Texas, Missouri, Arkansas, the Indian Territory. When the spring flight began, the pigeoners moved north with the birds. They trapped and netted and baited and shot. They wiped out nestings in New York and Wisconsin, in Canada and along the Ohio.

Forbush tells of a flock that nested in Missouri in early spring. Pigeoners killed most of the squabs. The birds migrated north to Michigan and renested. The same pigeoners followed them north and harvested the second blood-smeared crop of young. The harassed pigeons moved again, this time to the upper Beaverkill in the Catskills of New York. And again the pigeoners raided the nesting, and tons of the year's third hatch of squabs went to the markets of New York City.

They felled the timber, the market hunters, to get the squabs. They set fire to living birch trees and the flames, running up the trunks, drove the young pigeons out of the nests to the ground, where they were picked up like ripe, wind-fallen apples.

They made as much as $40 in a single day, the pigeoners, fabulous wages in those decades after the War. As long as the market clamored for pigeons and the birds lasted, the pigeoning army never lacked for recruits. But the pigeons could not last forever.

From the Petoskey nesting in the summer of 1878 the railroads carried fifty barrels of dead pigeons a day for weeks, packed thirty to fifty dozen birds to a barrel. The railroad shipments for that summer from the one nesting were carefully estimated at 1,500,000 pigeons. That figure takes no account of the schooner and steamer loads that went to the markets weekly from Petoskey, Cheboygan, Cross Village and other ports, and does not include 80,000 live birds shipped from the same nesting for trap shooting.

Let an eye witness describe the slaughter in the Petoskey nesting in that last big summer of the pigeon trade. He is Professor H. B. Roney, writing in *American Field* in January, 1879.

"Directed by the noise of chopping and of falling trees," he says, "we soon came upon the scene of action. Here was a large force of Indians and boys at work, slashing down the timber and seizing the young birds as they fluttered from the nest. As soon as caught, the heads were jerked off from the tender bodies with the hand, and the dead birds were tossed into heaps. Others knocked the young fledgelings out of the nests with long poles."

The Indians, Roney recounts, received a cent apiece for the dead pigeons. Within a hundred rods of the nesting, in open defiance of a belated law that said no netting could be done within two miles of a pigeon nesting, nets were taking as many as 984 birds in a single day. Dead pigeons by the hundreds lay decaying on the ground. The woods were full of crippled birds and starving squabs.

A pigeoner at Frankfort told of taking 1,316 birds in a single throw of his net. Six casts brought him $650, he related. This was in 1880 or 1881, in one of the last nestings in Michigan.

From 1864 until the industry was finished, a dealer at Cheboygan shipped as many as 175,000 live birds a year to gun clubs.

By the early eighties the harvest was waning. The tide of pigeons had begun to ebb. The great granary of the wilderness had poured out its incredible largess year after year, summer and winter. Now it was drained dry at last.

In the middle nineties the leading game dealers of St. Louis replied to a query: "We have had no wild pigeons for two seasons. We have lost all track of them and our netters are lying idle."

In 1914 the last known passenger pigeon in the world died in a Cincinnati zoo. She was the lone survivor of a little flock bred in captivity by a Chicago professor. By the middle eighties the pigeons were gone, so far as profitable market hunting was concerned.

And at the same time another wildlife species was vanishing from the earth. Commercial gunners, urged on by the lure of easy profits, were wiping out the Eskimo curlew. This long-billed migrant from the barren nesting moors of the far north arrived in the northern states by mid-August, so fat that when it plummeted to earth at the impact of the gunner's shot its breast frequently burst open. The curlew's late summer obesity won for it two things—the common name of dough-bird by which gunners everywhere knew it, and a reputation as one of the best table delicacies of all the shorebirds.

It arrived on those early fall flights along the New England coast in vast hordes, and met the inevitable reception of ruthless slaughter. Audubon witnessed the gathering of the curlew flocks on the bleak shore of Labrador in the summer of 1833, when the fall migration was getting under way, and commented that the birds arrived from the north in such dense flocks as to remind him of the passenger pigeons.

There was great curlew shooting on "the plains" not far from Boston about 1870, A. C. Bent recalls. His father saw a wagon-full of dough-birds killed at Cohasset in a single day.

But it was when the birds crossed the western prairies on their way back to their northern nesting grounds in spring, that the market gunners took their richest and bloodiest harvest.

Swenk tells graphically of this "appalling and almost unbelievable slaughter."

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he relates, and shot curlews by wagonload, heaping wagons equipped with sideboards to the top with dough-bird carcasses. Sometimes it happened when the flight was heavy the wagons were too easily filled. Then the hunters, not yet sated with killing, dumped the entire load on the prairie like a pile of coal and left the birds to rot in the spring sun while they refilled the wagon. It was easy shooting. Swenk tells of one shot from a muzzle-loading gun that dropped 28 at once.

By the late seventies the curlew ranks were thinning. There were still a few in the markets in the early nineties but by the middle of that decade the great dough-bird flights were a thing of memory only. Another chapter of man's dealing with the wildlife resources of this continent, written in bold and bloody script, was finished. Once more the market hunters laid aside their smoking guns.

The pigeon and the curlew were gone. But there were still the tables of the epicures to be catered to and the pigeon and curlew hunters still had a living to make.

So they turned to the quailie.

In abundance the quailie was never to be compared with the pigeon, probably not even with the curlew. But it was abundant enough for the need of the hour and the gunners could find no better substitute.

Not that the tall plover of the meadows and prairies suffered alone. Wild ducks, turkeys, grouse, heath hens, golden plover and many another bird found its way to market in those heedless decades.

But it was to the quailie the market hunters turned in large measure to take the place of the resource they had wiped out—though at the time few believed and none conceded the real reason for the disappearance of the pigeon hosts. The birds had been blown out to sea and had perished in a gale. They had moved on, into the dark forests of the fur countries. They had changed their nesting grounds and their flyways. They would come back. Sure, they'd come back, the blue-gray millions.

But they didn't come back, and the gunners shot quailies instead. As to just how many they took the record is meager. Forbush tells the story, if not in detail at least concisely.

"About 1880, when the supply of passenger pigeons began to fail," he says, "the marketmen, looking about for some other game for the table of the epicure, called for plover. The destruction of the upland plover began in earnest. The price increased. In the spring migration the birds were met by a horde of gunners, shot, packed in barrels and shipped to the cities. There are tales of special refrigerator cars sent out to the prairie regions and parties of gunners regularly employed to follow the birds. We know they came to market in great quantities."

They shot what quailies they could, the market hunters, and the birds grew scarce as the curlew had grown scarce before them, and finally another chapter was ended.

There were no upland plover left. At least there were no longer enough to pay the gunners a profit, and once more a strange, ruthless industry died out. Died out, that is, north of the equator. On the great pampas of Argentine, where the quailies winter, they are hunted for market to this day. They have inherited there the reputation of the lost curlew as a table bird, and are persecuted accordingly. From the time they arrive in September until they depart in February or March they are hounded unceasingly over those broad southern plains.

In the northern hemisphere the slaughter had stopped by the turn of the century, but it seemed to have stopped too late. A decade passed, two decades, three, and the quailie stayed rare. Bird men throughout its range agreed this plover was near to extinction. From many parts of the country it had completely disappeared. Years passed without a single nesting record for my state, where once the quailie had been a common meadow resident throughout the summer. Even the plaintive, sweet-voiced call no longer rang above our Michigan fields in the spring nights. We counted the quailie lost, even as a migrant.

Then, miracle of miracles, the balance swung the other way. Upland plovers began to be seen again in their old haunts. The western prairies knew them once more and we heard again their sweet, trilling cries across the hay meadows of the Midlands in June.

That, then, was the history of the quailie, the bird running through the short meadow grass before us. A story of destruction and restoration, of a wild bird clan driven to the very brink of doom, making a slow comeback through the long years.

It was an odd site our plover had chosen for her nest. A skeet field, of all places, where members of a local gun club gathered each Sunday morning and where round after round of shotgun fire crashed and thundered across the open fields for hours at a time. And as if not content with the novelty of her location, the gentle quailie had gone a step farther.

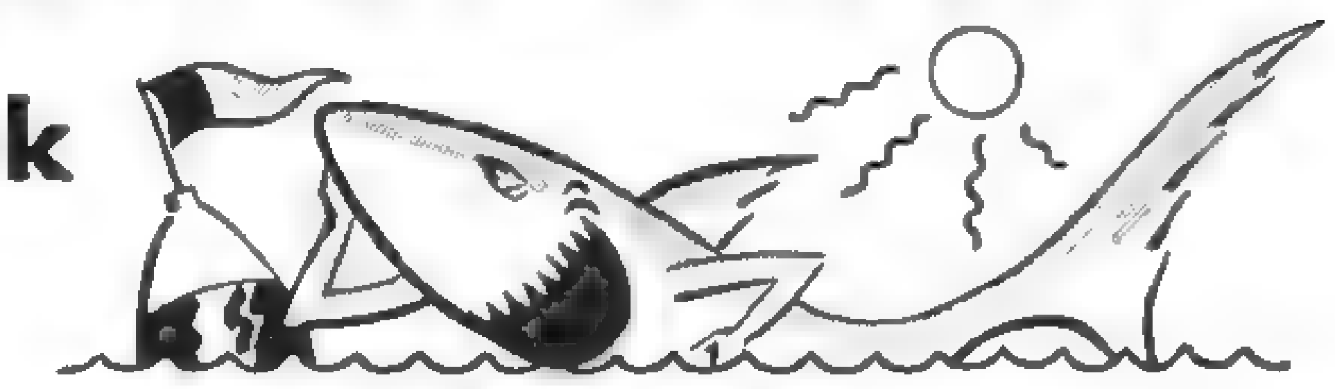
The grass of the skeet field was shorter than that of the surrounding meadow. Midway between the two trap houses, about forty feet in front of No. 2 post, there grew a little hummock of grass taller and thicker than the cover about it. In the center of that sparse clump, in a deep hollow, we found the four brown-spotted, buffy eggs of the plover. In no spot on the gun club grounds could the hen quailie have been more completely and disturbingly in the thick of things when the gunners stepped to their places on the firing line.

But the gunning, it developed, meant nothing to the bird. Her nerves seemingly were shock-proof. She had been at her brooding two

Continued on page 176

"WELL, TAN MY HIDE*!"

said Mr. Shark



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Call, Quailie, Call!

Continued from pages 79-175

weeks when we were taken to the nest. On two successive Sundays the gunners had walked their semicircle around her, a dozen yards away, and barrage after barrage had rolled over her, hours at a time. And through it all her courage had remained steadfast and unshaken. Through it all she had stayed at her task, leaving the eggs only when a curious intruder approached too close. Before the next weekend arrived she led four long-legged baby plovers away to quieter surroundings.

Our cameras disturbed her but little more than the skeet shooting. We set them up literally above the nest, no more than three or four feet away, and ran silk lines back to a convenient hiding place behind a low shelter-house.

The plover circled the skeet field three or four times, running through the tall grass of the meadow, her anxious calling betraying her whereabouts even when she stayed hidden from our sight.

Then she seemed to decide the queer black boxes on three long legs, there beside her nest, meant her no harm. She ventured out into the short cover of the field and moved cautiously and warily toward the grassy hummock.

At close range her waning fear of the cameras turned to lively curiosity. She walked up slowly, a few steps at a time, craning her long neck this way and that. She came within two paces of the nest and when the cameras stayed motionless she cast aside the last of her dread. She dropped low in the grass, skulked like a swift shadow to the rim of the deep bowl that held the eggs, dropped quietly upon them.

Through our glasses we could see her head bob up level with the grass tops, turning this way and that, watching first one and then the other of the cameras, then stealing a hurried look in our direction.

The click of the shutters, one after the other, failed to disturb her. If she winced we were not able to see it. We waited a minute or two, moved out quietly to reset the cameras. We were within a dozen feet of the nest before the plover left. She did not take wing. She rose to her feet and ran swiftly off through the grass, and her low trilling cry of protest rolled across the field, sweet and mellow as the call of a tree frog in the warm dusk of a June evening.

She went no farther that time than the margin of the tall grass beyond the skeet field. There she loitered, moving back and forth and calling softly, as if pleading with us to leave, while we reset the shutters and replaced the film. We walked back to the shelter-house and almost on our heels the hen plover ran boldly to her nest.

She took us for granted after that. Between pictures she circled around the field, making no effort to hide. The instant we walked away she returned, bobbing and nodding, to the grass hummock. Once when we moved a camera lower and nearer to the nest she walked up to it and inspected it carefully, peering directly into the lens. Satisfied, she turned back to her brooding.

We had finished our pictures and were packing our cameras when we heard, high above the meadow, the sweet, rolling cry of a second plover. We looked aloft to see the male bird sailing in above the field, uneasy and resentful.

He passed low above our heads and his mellow trill rolled like a clan call across the field. He alighted on a post, stood for a minute with uplifted wings in the unmistakable pose of the upland plover, and again the warm June wind carried those low, sweet notes. A rallying call for all the wildlife that is lost and all the wildlife that remains!

Balanced there atop the post, he seemed a symbol, a mute reminder of the things we did to his kind in the decades that are gone.

A new day is here, it seems, for the wildlife of North America. A new spirit is abroad. There has been begotten in us these last twenty years an urge to save what remains and restore, so far as we may, what is lost. It is high time!

Our wild ducks and geese have been called back from the brink of disaster. The white egrets, hounded near to the finish line by plume hunters forty years ago, nest now in teeming abundance in their southern swamps. The tide has turned for the majestic whistling swan and dim hope remains even for the great trumpeter. The sandhill crane bugles across our spring skies, a straggling remnant of a once mighty host, but safe at last from molestation. The eagle knows sanctuary under the law in many places. Even the osprey has some protection. Of the bison and antelope few are left, but those few are likely to become no fewer. The moose and elk fare none too well, but the whitetail deer more than holds his own. Wild turkeys roam their mountain slopes again in many a state, and we feel deep concern for even the bobwhite quail and the ruffed grouse. Reprieve likely will come too late for the mountain grizzly, but the Alaskan brownie may yet be saved.

A new day is here indeed for American wildlife! And if I were asked to name an emblem for that new day I would choose the upland plover. I would cast him in bronze, poised on a meadow post with upraised wings, a mute reminder of a bloody past, an omen of a better future, a mystic spokesman for the winged hosts of the air, gone and remaining!

He belongs, this plover, to the Army of the Reprieved! No bird voice is better qualified than his to proclaim the tragedy of the last century, to remind us of the needs and obligations of this one!

Call, quailie, call, long years to come, above the green prairies! #

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 91

interest in Jew-baiting and rhapsodizing about "the German soul" is apparently inexhaustible, and the rest of the world had got to the point where it could only yawn. How the Germans themselves stand it year after year is a mystery; but the German mind itself is something that few other peoples can hope to fathom. No doubt a few of the writers who shout the party slogans do so because they know on which side their bread is buttered, but it is a delusion to imagine that most of these intellectuals do not sincerely believe what they say.

Astounding and depressing is the extent to which the minds not only of the mob but of scholars and thinkers have fallen victims to the newest doctrines of national self-sufficiency and racial superiority. Book after book appears in which the history of European culture is complacently treated as purely and simply a matter of the history of German culture. Music in particular is claimed as a German art; and scholars whose attainments one has always respected are now busily rewriting the history of music in terms of "the German soul."

Only those who have kept in touch with the German intellectual world during the last few years know how thoroughly Hitler's ideological poison has filtrated into every activity of German life. Optimists indulge in dreams of a swift cultural turnabout after the war; but they are dreamers. In the Germany of a century ago restraints on political thought did not extend to imaginative literature: if a German could not say just what he thought about the guy who ruled him, he might at least let off steam about freedom through a character like William Tell. Such thorough-going suppression of freedom of thought as exists in Germany today is something for which history has no parallel. Minds trained to think along rigidly prescribed lines will not know what use to make of mental freedom for a long time after they have achieved it . . . if, indeed, they ever do achieve it.

* * *

For the record, let us enter Virgil Thomson's account (from the May issue of *Modern Music*) of France before the blitzkreig (even though it reads like ancient history, we've yet to be told what happened after): "The British radio is occupied entirely with cheery numbers of a music-hall nature meant for soldiers and with comforting political speeches for the home folks. The French radio does plays, modernistic chamber music, classics from discs, and political propaganda in foreign languages. Never have I heard so much German on the air. The two Paris operas and the symphony concerts are broadcast regularly also. Germany gives us, in addition to the famous and completely charming Lord HawHaw (in English), symphony concerts (largely Wagner) and excellent American jazz. The best radio jazz in Europe always did come, I don't know why, from Florence and from Berlin. Since the stations of Danzig, Warsaw, and Katowice were taken over by the Germans, they have been putting out the same massive orchestral programs as Berlin and Hamburg and the same excellent American jazz, all with added kilowatts. Prague does not seem to have been incorporated into that particular chain. Its programs, less massive and less jazzy, continue to send out Czechish Opera and to indulge the Czechish taste for string quartets. The Rhineland stations do quartets too and a good deal of Mozart and Haydn. Vienna is mostly waltzy now and Budapest Hungarian-dancy. Algeria and Morocco play native-style music too. Spain not; from there one gets little beyond politics and church services. And Spanish church music would seem to rest content on the Bostonian Catholic level where it has reposed for some years already. The Belgian stations have picked up a little, but on the whole their public seems to prefer light music of the Delibes sort and dance music that is definitely "sweet." . . . Last summer, when I was in Italy, the young people used to sit around pretty sadly till eleven o'clock when the Juan-les-Pins station began its international hour of popular music, and then they sat quietly enough through a certain amount of Spanish tangos and French javas and the inevitable *Santa Lucia* (the hour's theme song) for the satisfaction of hearing real American music, by which they mean Duke Ellington and Bob Crosby et al. If you could see the faces light up when that comes on, you would understand why America, with immigration to it virtually stopped by both their government and ours, still represents to the youth of Italy a dream country, although instead of its being the Country of Business Opportunity it once was, it has become now The Land of Beautiful Music. They don't call that music jazz or swing or anything special; they call it *la musica Americana*.

"To return to Paris . . . what I can't describe very well is the state of calm that permeates our whole intellectual life. Not the vegetable calm of a back-water country or the relative and quite electric calm that is supposed to exist at the center of a moving storm. Rather it is the quietude of those from whom have been lifted all the burdens and all the pressures, all the white elephants and all the fears that have sat on us like a nightmare for fifteen years. I am not referring to any imminence of German invasion or of its contrary. I am talking about that imminence of general European cultural collapse that has been hanging over us ever since

Continued on page 178

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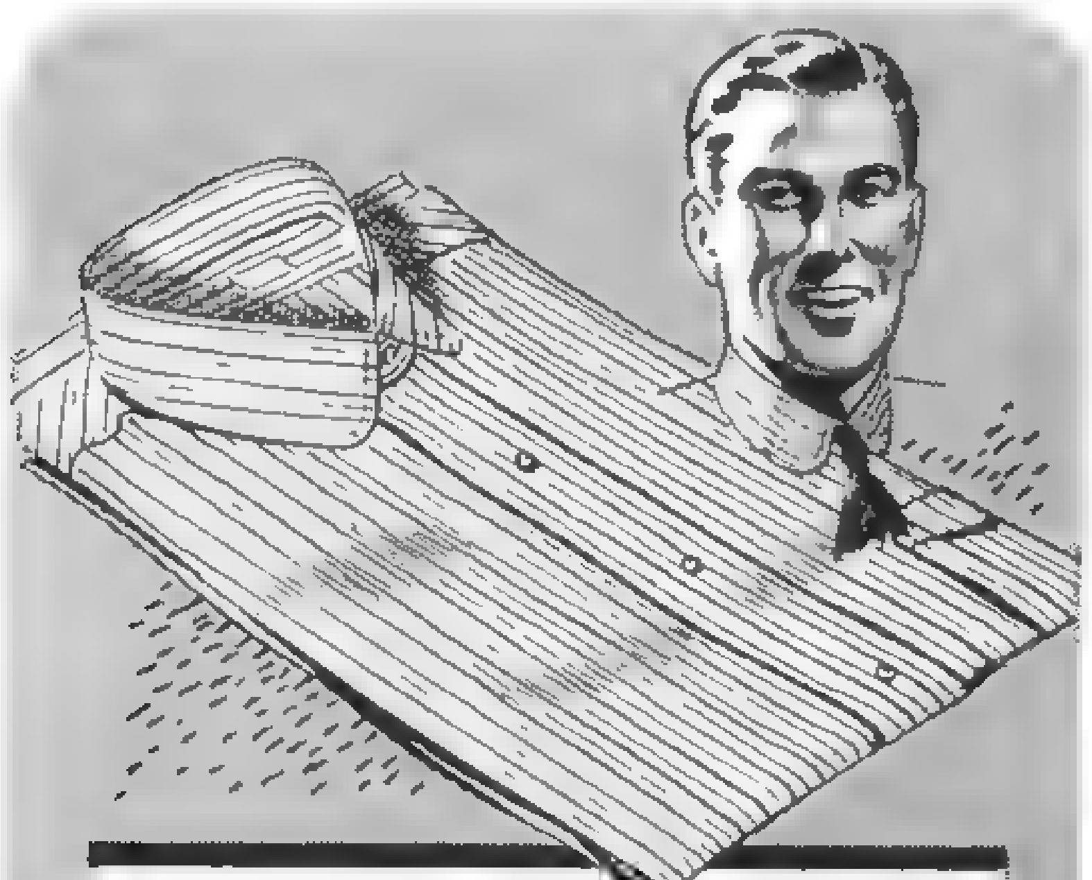
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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 91-177

the last war ended. As long as the tension was mounting everybody was unhappy. Fascism in Italy, the Jewish persecutions in Germany, the Civil War in Spain, a hundred other scenes of the heart-breaking drama have kept us jittery and trembling... Our opinions were demanded on every imaginable incident in power politics and in class warfare, whether we had any access or not to correct information or any degree of political education that would make our opinion worth a damn. For ten years now all sides have been pressing us to talk; indeed many have talked, and I should say that in consequence a great deal less work got done in those years than was done in the preceding decade.

"That's all over now. We are on the chute. And in spite of the enormous inroads on a man's time and money that being mobilized represents, and in spite of the strictness of both military and political leadership over all sorts of intellectual operations, the intellectual life has picked up distinctly. The lotus-land of whether surrealism is really gratuitous and whether such and such a picture by Piscasso is really worth the price asked (for, dear Reader, it was indeed by becoming passionate over such matters that many fled the impossibility of being anything beyond merely passionate over matters like Jewry and Spain, because they knew that mere passion wouldn't get anybody anywhere and that passion was all anybody had to offer on any side, excepting maybe a little quiet opportunism in England and in Russia), anyway, the 1930's, that stormy lotus-land of commercialized high esthetics to which New York's Museum of Modern Art will long remain a monument, have quietly passed away. It is rather surprising and infinitely agreeable to find that poets now are writing poetry again rather than rhymes about current events; that painters paint objects, not ideas; that composers write music to please themselves, there being no longer any Modern Music committees to please. Most surprising and agreeable of all is the fact that the young (with so many of their elders away now and with all their elders' pet ideas very definitely on the shelf) have again become visible as young. They are doing all the things they haven't been allowed to do for some time, such as talking loud in cafés and sleeping with people of their own age. Also, instead of discussing esthetics with intelligence and politics with passion, as their elders did for so long, they are discussing esthetics with passion and politics with intelligence . . ."

* * *

Music furnishes few laughs in these days, but Ernest Newman passes one on to us from the first act of Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Le Coq d'Or.* Old King Dodon, you will remember, feels that his enemies, crude fellows with no sense of the joys of relaxation, are making his existence unpleasant. All he wants is to be let alone: but they insist on swooping down upon him from all quarters. If he keeps his eye on the north, they advance from the south. If he re-forms on the south, they go round the other way and attack by sea. When he was young, he whimpers, he carried war to the enemy; now that he is old, they keep him always on the move. It seems done on purpose to annoy him, he complains.

He seeks advice. His eldest son, Guidon, has a bright idea—"Recall all our troops, lay in supplies, and retire behind our ramparts. Then, while the enemy is devastating our fields, we, with plenty of good beer and wine, can think out a brilliant plan for defeating him." Polkan, the rough old army chief, calls this scheme imbecile, but is abused by everyone. Next Dodon's second son, Aphron, outlines his plan: they are to do nothing for a whole month, then surprise the enemy and annihilate him. In vain does poor old Casandra-Polkan urge that this admirable scheme suffers from just one little defect—while they are enjoying their month off, the enemy will march in some fine morning, as is his way, and surprise *them.* Again he is cursed as a disturber of public complacency, and is accused of being a traitor in the pay of the enemy. Finally, the charlatan Astrologer is called in by a worried King and a distracted nation. His advice is simple: all that Dodon has to do is to enjoy his sleep, confident that at the first sign of danger the crowing of his golden cock will arouse him.

"This satire," as Mr. Newman says, "is astonishingly up-to-date. Who does not recognize our own Dodons, Polkans, Guidons, Aphrons, and Astrologers? A most topical touch is provided by Guidon, with his theory that the trouble comes from the fact that the enemy gets too near. If we do not fight, he argues, we can't be defeated: therefore, the great thing is not to oppose him. It was reserved for our friends the American republics to carry this beautiful syllogism to its perfect conclusion, by declaring a neutral sea zone of three hundred miles within which the naughty belligerents were positively forbidden to make war. Had the two Americas only had the superb idea of extending the sacrosanct area around them to three thousand miles, obviously the war would have petered out long ago, for lack of space for the bad boys of Europe to fight in. If Guidon and Aphron had not both perished in the disastrous war that soon came upon the ancient kingdom of King Dodon, I would have been tempted to believe that one of them had settled in North, the other in South America, each of them taking his ripe political and military wisdom with him in his new home." ⧺

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I'd Rather Catch the Bait

Continued from page 72

guides are, almost without exception, blacks. "Cookie" at Cat Cay knows them all in the vicinity. Mrs. Dunscombe who runs the Compleate Angler at Bimini can direct you, and so can any of the crack captains of the marlin fleet.

The right guide is all-important, because bonefish are changeable in their feeding habits. On a light south wind you'll find them on a rising tide at the edge of the mangroves. If the breeze is in the north, try them higher on the flats. You must be a fish mind-reader. You've got to put your bait where they're going to be if you want to catch bonefish.

On your first expedition you will be sure the grinning darkey who mans the put-put on your boat has been slightly touched by the sun before you finally reach the fishing grounds. You start away from the dock with high hopes and a dozen conches in the bottom of the boat. Salt spray flies in your face as you head across the harbor for the flats beyond. Snaky needle-fish dart away from your bow as you chug along. A whip ray that looks like a submarine bat flaps leisurely out of your path. A tarpon chasing a mackerel leaps high above the water and vanishes with a loud splash into that incredibly colored sea.

The water grows shallower. The white sand bottom is studded with conches, starfish and sponges. The propeller starts to kick up a milky wake. Finally it hits bottom. The motor gasps and quits cold. Then your inky Charon picks up his long paddle and standing, begins to pole into still shallower water.

Finally not even the bulging muscles on that black arm can force the skiff any farther. The bow crunches in the sand. Your boat is high and dry. Then your guide gently lowers an anchor from both the stern and bow and says, "Good place. We try it here."

You look the situation over in amazement. Here you are anchored in six inches of water, not more than ten yards away from a perfectly dry sand bar. You can see bottom for a radius of at least a hundred yards, and there isn't a fish of any kind in sight that is longer than your little finger.

Wholly unconscious of your skepticism, the black boy picks up a rusty hatchet and carefully knocks in the big end of one of those conch shells piled at his feet. Expertly he removes the slimy denizen within and drops it in a battered bucket. After he has evicted a half-dozen conches from their pink dwellings, he saws them to bits with a large butcher knife which he draws from his belt.

In the midst of this butchery, he hacks off a gob of white meat about two inches long and transfers it to his mouth, chewing on it solemnly as he proceeds to make mince meat of more conches. You look apprehensively at the quantity of bait he has brought along and wonder, if he is going to continue to eat conch, whether there will be enough left for the bonefish.

Finally he motions for your rod and you pass him your line to be rigged. He threads it deftly through the hole in a drilled olive-shaped, half-ounce sinker so that the lead runs free on the line. Then, about eight inches from the end of the line he ties a wooden match stick firmly in the middle. That's so the sinker can't run down on the hook which is tied on last. Then, *mirabile dictu*, the piece of conch which Willy has been masticating all this time is skewered firmly onto the hook. You are ready to fish.

With his hand he scoops up a ghastly mess of minced conch meat from the bucket and standing erect, flings it over the surface of the water as far as he can heave it with the breeze at his back.

"You cast ober dere, boss, far as you can beyond de chum."

Humbly you obey. The sinker chunks into the water about thirty yards from the boat and you sit back despairingly to wait.

"Young spring tide come now," says the boy. "Bonefish pass here soon."

You watch the edge of the sandbar. Sure enough the water is creeping back the other way. You reach for a cigarette and as you probe your pocket your foot makes a scraping sound on the bottom of the boat.

"Shh!" whispers the guide. "Bonefish hab good ears."

You peer incredulously into that absurdly shallow water. Not a sign of life anywhere. A flock of sand peeps whistle by your head. High in the blue sky a man-o-war bird wheels. There is a slight twitch on your line. You give a reflex jerk.

"Crab take your bait, boss. Reel in."

Obediently you wind in your line. The black threads another well-chewed bait on your empty hook and again you cast far out into those empty waters.

Through the mouth of the harbor you can see the outriggers of the marlin boats rocking gracefully against the horizon. One of them is flying a flag. Looks like the "Three Rings" has boated a "blue." And just as you feel like kicking yourself for passing up a chance to land a big one there come two quick tugs at your line.

"Strike um boss. Dats a big un."

You pull sheepishly at your line. Nothing there.

"Too slow" comes the sad rebuke. "Bonefish bees quick. Gotta strike fast when you feel um pull."

You haul in your bare hook and the baiting process is repeated. Before you cast again he heaves another handful of chum overboard.

"Big school comin' this way now," he observes, pointing into the sun.

Your heart stands still. Your eyes strain vainly to see the fish.

"See de tails stickin' out of water," he urges, indicating with a

Continued at top of page 180

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I'd Rather Catch the Bait

Continued from pages 72-179

black finger. "Watch your line. Dere comin' dis way."

Now you see them, a dozen or more black specks moving on the surface of the water headed for the chum. The bonefish is a bottom feeder. As he picks his dinner in the shallow water the upper tip of his tail rides like a tiny sail above the surface of the water.

Again two sharp tugs at your bait. This time you are ready and set the barb. There is a splash. You see a streak of lightning in the water. Your reel screams as your line rips through the agate guides. Grimly you apply pressure with your thumb as the line gets dangerously near the end of the spool.

"Careful. He snap your line," warns the guide.

About a hundred yards from the boat the fish stops his run, then veering in a perfect circle, he completely detours around your anchored boat. Your line whips around tiny mangrove shoots and you pray it won't break. Your rod bends double as you hold it high overhead to prevent slack. Your sinker rides far up the line which hisses through the water. Again you try to snub the fish but you simply can't stop him. Finally the circles grow narrower. There he is, not twenty feet from the boat. You do your best to pull his head above water. Like a bulldog he resists your pressure. Then another mad dash for freedom and you lose almost as much line as you did on the first rush. But he's tiring fast. Again and again he makes those desperate circles but each time he completes one he is nearer the boat.

Now he's alongside, fighting to the last. You are amazed at how small he is as you see him lying there. How is it possible to pack so much energy into a fish that size?

"Nice bait for white marlin," says the black boy as he scoops your first bonefish deftly into the boat.

You sit down weak and trembling. It may be only big enough for white marlin bait, but you've caught your first bonefish. And there are plenty more where he came from. Who knows, your next may break the record!

"Bait up boy," you call with the authority that comes only with experience, "I see a big school working toward the boat."

From then on, old son, nobody can tell you anything about bonefishing. You're a life member of the club. ##

De Martini: Out of the Shadows

Continued from page 74

boken docks and he himself helped his mother run a fish store after his father's death. The painter came into the world in 1896 by way of Mobile, Alabama, where his parents were visiting his father's people at the time. His mother contracting malaria, Mobile was crossed off the map so far as the De Martinis were concerned, and they returned to Hoboken, where Joseph attended the public schools. He excelled in his studies, making an average grade of 98½. His inclination toward art became manifest early, for he was always drawing at school. It was a pity that straitened family circumstances compelled him to earn a living when his budding intelligence might have profited through continuing educational opportunities, but those opportunities were not for him. At the legal age of fourteen he began looking for work. For a time he was shipping clerk and errand boy, perhaps for three or four years. Then a friend of the family, thinking that it would be a good idea, as it was, to find a job for the boy that suited the one talent he had, recommended him for an apprenticeship in the sketch department of a lithographing plant which printed color posters for theatres and moving picture houses. The family was now living in New York to which they had moved shortly after his graduation. By day Joseph worked in the lithography plant; at night he studied at the National Academy school where he drew from the antique and, later, from life. On Sundays he painted, sometimes in company with one of the Academy teachers, but he does not feel that he established a relation of studentship with any one of the teachers. What he learned he learned out of his own struggles, his own experience. Quite apart from a painter's understandable desire to deny the influence of his art teachers upon his style, it does not seem that De Martini had to overcome the pressure of any influence in his instructors because, apparently, they exerted none. Parenthetically, this may prove that in the case of the De Martinis it is better that the teacher shall be unimportant as a painter instead of deriving all of his importance as a teacher from his effectiveness as an artist.

After about three years of the lithography shop by day and the Academy school at night, which brings us to the year 1917, De Martini cleared the decks, turned his routine inside out, so that he could paint in daylight and work in electric light. He peeled $20 from a meager bankroll to pay for a course in the feeding of presses and when he had qualified they gave him a job. He recalls that he helped print American Express receipts, among other items, by the million. For three years he fed presses, painting in the meantime as best he knew, but not yet well enough for public exhibition. His father died in 1920. His mother, an independent sort of woman who didn't want to live off the children, decided to invest her insurance money in a fish store. Joe, as the eldest, decided to help her, partly

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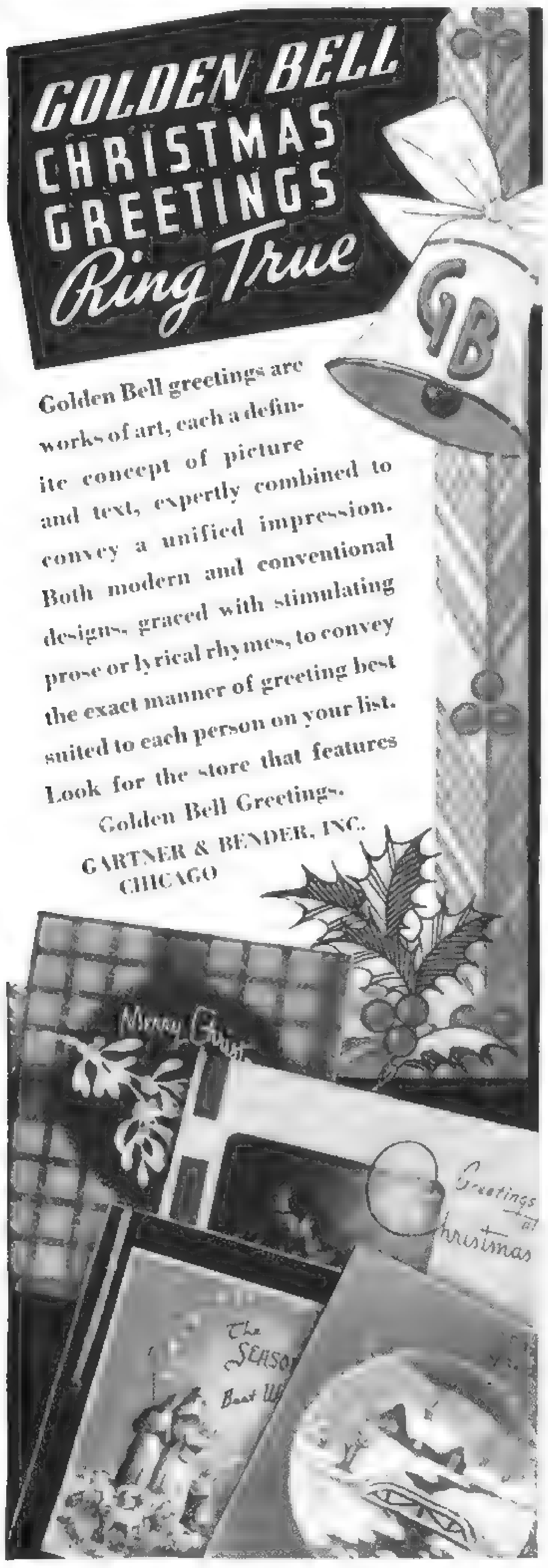

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from interested motives. That is, he thought he could devote a few hours daily to the fish and have the remainder of the day inviolate for painting. This would have been fine but it didn't work out that way. When he started upon the adventure of helping run a fish store, he couldn't tell one fish from another, except for the eels. But he learned soon enough and one of the things he learned was that running a fish store was no part-time avocation. He had to forget about painting. He had to rise every morning at five and drive the hired horse and wagon to market to buy the day's stock and when he had returned with it to the store there were dozens of other things to do and he did them. Of such details are the simple annals of the poor. Temporarily cast aside were easel, brushes and colors. After about a year of this the store was given up as a bad idea and De Martini went back to painting. To make ends meet he became a house painter. He gave himself a minimum of liberty by contracting his own labor instead of working for wages for a boss painter. Up to 1932, or the age of thirty-six, when he had his first one-man show in the Dorothy Paris Gallery, he supported himself almost completely by skills and activities other than the making of pictures, and even since 1932 he has had to take occasional jobs, not counting Federal art projects, to maintain himself. Too often good painting, like virtue, has to be its own reward.

Before 1928 he may have sold a picture, perhaps at ten months' intervals and at no great shakes of a price, but in that year he began selling pictures plurally. His first canvases, by his own account, were more literal, less organized. They had the same structure as has his present work, but that structure was unconscious and unorganized. That is, he sensed his way before he knew his way. He always felt he could paint. There was no period during which he was baffled by his materials, his tools, or any one of the fundamental problems. There never was a time when he felt that his painting was hopeless. There were times of intense discouragement, true, but he was discouraged not with himself but with factors outside of painting. Around 1928 word got about that here was an artist worth looking up and people began knocking at his studio door; perhaps not in the same numbers in which they would have come had word got around that De Martini had invented an improved mousetrap, but still they came. During 1928-30 he showed his paintings in groups at the Opportunity Gallery, the first organization to give him a break and therefore most appropriately named. At one of this gallery's auctions a stranger bought two of his paintings. This purchaser soon became one of the artist's most constant friends, for he spread the good news of De Martini's art; to date he has been instrumental in disposing of twenty De Martini canvases.

Perhaps the most important single event in De Martini's mature life as an artist was his first one-man show at the Dorothy Paris Gallery in New York. Although this exhibition served to introduce him to scores of interested persons and signalized his coming-of-age as a painter, this could not have been a completely happy time, for it was within that year that he went into that fit of rage during which he destroyed every canvas in his studio. It was easier taking it out on the pictures. He now regrets having let himself go. Some time during 1932-33 he discovered Rockport, the Massachusetts seacoast resort town, and fell in love with its abandoned granite quarries. He was excited by the cliffs, fascinated by the elemental quality of the big blocks. Some of his most successful paintings were of these quarries, portrayed usually with the suggested forms of bathers in its pool or resting on the ledges. Later he discovered other quarries in the vicinity that were being worked, and these gave him occasions for variations on a favorite theme. He became no less closely identified with the quarries of Rockport than Degas, for example, became with the dancers of the Paris ballet.

His chief themes, after the quarries, used to be the sea and himself. It has been only recently that he has broadened his subject matter to include human urban activities, but even in these later pictures he shows no interest in individualism abstracted from the group activity. He is concerned with the mood of a place and the mood of a people in a place, like the watchers at the billiard match, not with its literal detail. Every one of the reproduced paintings is expressive of the painter's search for the sense of the group. A lesser artist would have reduced, say, *Billiard Match at Julian's*, or *Caravan Theatre Minstrels* to an anecdotal closeup. His painting of the billiard match is equivalent to an emotional experience of the match. For this picture, like others, is not a snapshot, but a synthesis of many views of it, even the organization of his own experience in playing billiards and in watching billiard players. His quarry pictures, for example, simply drip with experience of the place. In fact, in the paintings of De Martini one virtually senses the mood of the place before noting the details which are its photographic characteristics. A few years ago he worked in a low sombre key, using a limited range of colors, rarely more than four. Today, he has somewhat heightened his palette. He is coming out of the shadows, but the heightening of the palette has been achieved through gradual transitions.

Well, what's the use of more words! Now look at the paintings and whenever you get a chance, look at more of them. They're worth looking at. And that's as much as can be said for any American artist. #

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Previewing 1941's Cars

Continued from page 104

humidifies it, cools it to any predetermined degree (or warms it, if you prefer—you may not be able to stand the bleak, Dust Bowl summers), gives it the usual going over, then throws it up safely beyond the neck of whoever is sitting on the back seat.

Further, at a speed of sixty miles an hour, according to the manufacturer, the refrigerating unit will produce the equivalent of one and a half tons of ice every twenty-four hours. In other words, you could chill 157 magnums of champagne or 987 cans of beer simply by driving them around all night in the new Packard—a sensational thing for Miss Elsa Maxwell to keep in mind.

All of the new Packard Super-Eights have automatic hydraulic window lifts. No longer is it necessary for you to exhaust yourself cranking windows up and down.

* * *

Pontiac, which introduced the "Torpedo" type of styling—the sharply-pointed, wave-splitting, spume-throwing nose—this year offers three complete lines of cars styled in this naval manner, longer in wheelbase, roomier, and more powerful. These are qualified by the manufacturer as (1) "a low-priced high-production De Luxe Torpedo of 119-inch wheelbase," (2) A "daring new Streamliner Torpedo of 122-inch wheelbase," and (3) an "ultra-smart Custom Torpedo" of 122-inch stretch.

The Pontiac stylists seem even to have created a special pantheon of colors for the edification and double-enrichment of the American public: e.g.—Indiana Beige, El Paso Beige (you have to see these Beiges to tell them apart), Thetis Green, Sea Nymph Green, Alandale Green, and so on. All of which should be highly enlightening to those who are color-psychic. It should be pointed out, of course, that you can get these colors mixed to taste: body and fenders, for example, in Saratoga Grey; fender stripe in Paddock Grey; wheels in Tattle-Tale Grey.

A new method of mounting the 1941 bodies offers many advantages. Door sills have been lowered, without sacrifice of road clearance; and individual door steps have thus been enabled to be enclosed, making it impossible, as the Pontiac people say, in a rather unchummy way, "for unwanted persons to jump aboard."

* * *

The Chrysler family has extended its "Fluid Drive with Simplimatic Transmission" to DeSoto and Dodge, as well as the Chryslers. Without going into the technical details of "Fluid Drive" at this late date, after the world has had a year to assimilate a miracle, it suffices to say that once you've put your car into gear, you forget about shifting.

The new Chrysler bodies have been re-designed. They are longer, wider, and lower, with larger curved rear windows. They are also "belled out at the window line," giving them the upstairs roominess of a Swiss chalet. This year the new Chrysler body again picks up the famous name "Airflow," apparently in celebration of the dynamic influence on motor car styles exerted by the original "Airflow" of 1934. And, though greatly enhanced and enlarged, this newest Chrysler body does bear a strong resemblance to that pacemaker of yesterday.

Plymouth, Chrysler's member of The Big Three, brings into the lowest-price field a new Get-Away Gear, which is their term for their new second speed that gets you away, as it were, from a standing start. This means two-speed shifting for all normal driving, with first still there but now in a position to be called the Forgotten Gear, which it is until you need it for an uphill start or for pulling out of mud.

Despite such rugged attributes of physique, Plymouth nevertheless chooses to emphasize luxury as the dominant note in presenting its two new lines, the regular Plymouth and its Special De Luxe.

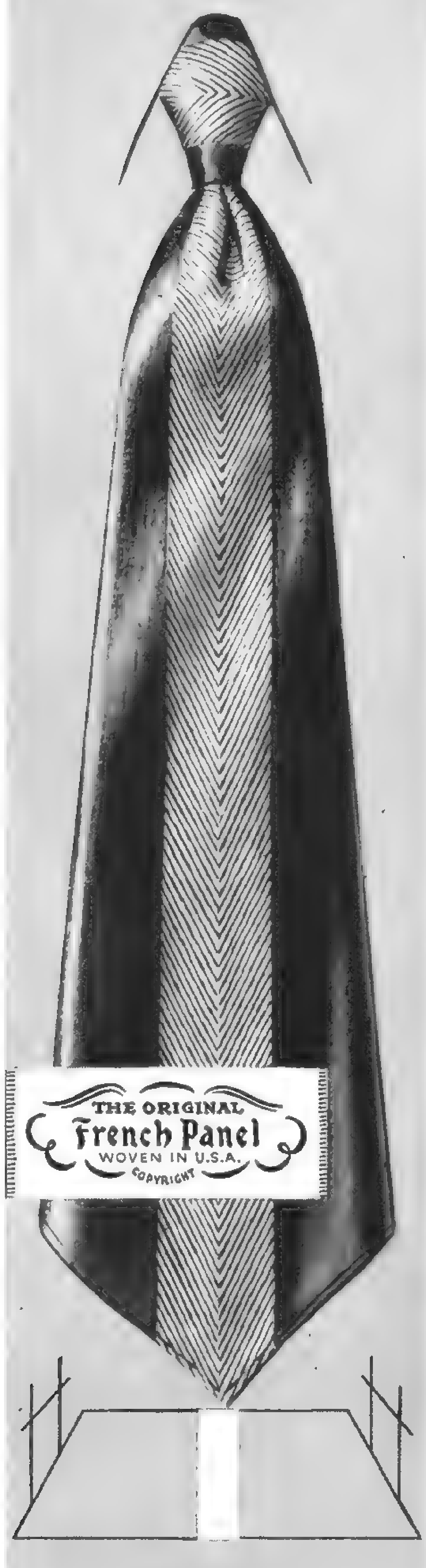
Dodge has, among a host of new expansions, enlargements and general improvements, one new wrinkle that while not the most important is certainly the most intriguing—a hood that locks from the inside so nobody can tinker with your car's innards when it's parked locked.

In keeping with the general trend, the DeSoto also features lowered and expanded lines. Rocket Styling is their term for it, which includes a neat trick of lowering the whole car a good inch and a half without loss of headroom. A marked innovation, however, in all Chrysler-manufactured cars—and a big feature of DeSoto and Plymouth—are the "Safety Rims" on all wheels. These rims prevent a punctured or blown-out tire from being thrown off the wheels. As a matter of fact, with these rims under you, you can keep on driving your fifty or sixty miles an hour, and practically forget about the puncture.

These rims are a pet of Chrysler's Fred Zeder, a man sold completely on the crusade for safety. With his deep, booming voice, Zeder recalls friends of his who in times past were inadvertently wrapped around trees—and proudly retraces the pioneering steps Chrysler has taken (all-steel bodies, four-wheel hydraulic brakes, etc.) to make motoring safe.

* * *

A much noised about new development is the engine on the 1941 Buick. Dubbed "The Fireball" engine, this new power plant features a dome-type of piston, effecting unusually high compression without detonation. (Or at least until the compressed mixture gets the orthodox hot foot.) Combined with this is a kind of Siamese-twin carburetor arrangement—one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carburetor for the low speeds, another for the fast ones; with an automatic change-over which relieves you of the responsibility of deciding which one you are going to use.

The efficiency story on this new engine is interesting. On the smallest car, indicated as "Series 40," available horsepower with twin carburetion (at extra cost) is 125, as compared with 107 in 1940. The larger engine, on the so-called Series 60, 70, and 90, offers 165 horsepower, as against 141, last year—making this the most powerful pusher in any stock American car, bar none. And despite the increase in power, the Buick engineers claim an improvement in operating economy of at least two miles per gallon.

Other changes on the new Buicks include what is somewhat obliquely called "Mass-streaming," which is supposed to mean tear-drop treatment, leading you on to a tapered tail—like a mermaid's. Harley Earle, G. M.'s styling director, leads the public to innovations, step by step.

* * *

Nash, this season, is entering a car in the lower-priced competition—a so-called Nash 600. Seats in this job are claimed to be nearly five feet wide. Several innovations spring out in the "600": one is the substitution of coiled springs for the conventional leaf spring—on all four wheels. Another is the introduction of a new engine, delivering 25 to 30 miles per gallon—with 75 so-called "honest" horsepower. This engine is imaginatively named "The Flying Scot."

You can also have a choice of backs—a conventional "Deck" back, or a more dramatic "Torpedo."

The other 1941 Nash models are available in "Sixes" or "Eights"—featuring in-line valve-in-head engines with twin ignition systems. As in the past, the beds that made this car a mobile hotel are available on all models.

Another Nash feature, worthy of mention is an optional "passing" gear. If you feel you're not making enough progress, just slip into this: you'll spurt like a jackrabbit.

* * *

Hudson's big talking point this year is "Symphonic Styling" by which is intended "basic color harmony . . . not only in exterior body color . . . but down to the last detail of upholstery, headlining, trim, carpets, floor mats, and instrument panel." This is somewhat reminiscent of the famous widow, who, in mourning, was most decidedly in mourning.

The new Hudsons—some of which overlap into the lowest price ranges—have a number of striking features. One is an instrument panel covered with a long, slender lens of Lucite—the lens itself extending from one side of the car to the other. Now Lucite, as all followers of the exotic know, has the peculiar property of carrying light —even around bends. That's why so many people are using it to examine their friends' stomachs, locating lost gallstones, Fool's Gold, and other interesting minutiae. On the dashboard, this strange substance offers a pleasant and continuous glow—like a steady version of the Northern Lights.

A special safety feature is a combined form of hydraulic and mechanical brakes. It is in admiration rather than otherwise that one is compelled to reflect that this added innovation puts Hudson drivers in the class of foreminded folk who practice the foolproof habit of combining suspenders and belt!

* * *

Chevrolet has dropped its Master 85 series, now offering two lines, both De Luxe, the Special and the Master. Height is fractionally lower while wheelbase has been stretched three inches. Engine power has been stepped up, while even greater economy is claimed. Chevrolet also has the concealed step instead of a running board.

If you would like to know something about the new Fords and Lincoln-Zephyrs, just step over to the nearest showrooms and try them out. You have a surprise in store; and so have we. At the time this issue went to press, these lines were still preserving state secrets, and not in a position to expose them before Guy Fawkes Day. Meanwhile, rumor is rife that both Ford and Lincoln-Zephyr show a bumper crop of interesting new developments.

An eye should be turned toward the new Willys, which threatens to threaten the lower-income market. Willys is offering for 1941 a wholly new four cylindered car, carrying the slogan "America's lowest price full-sized automobile." The Willys engine has been re-designed, power has been stepped up, and a mileage of from five to eight per cent better than thirty miles a gallon is predicted.

The new car has been streamlined to a greater extent than last year's model, sound-proofed, and made roomier.

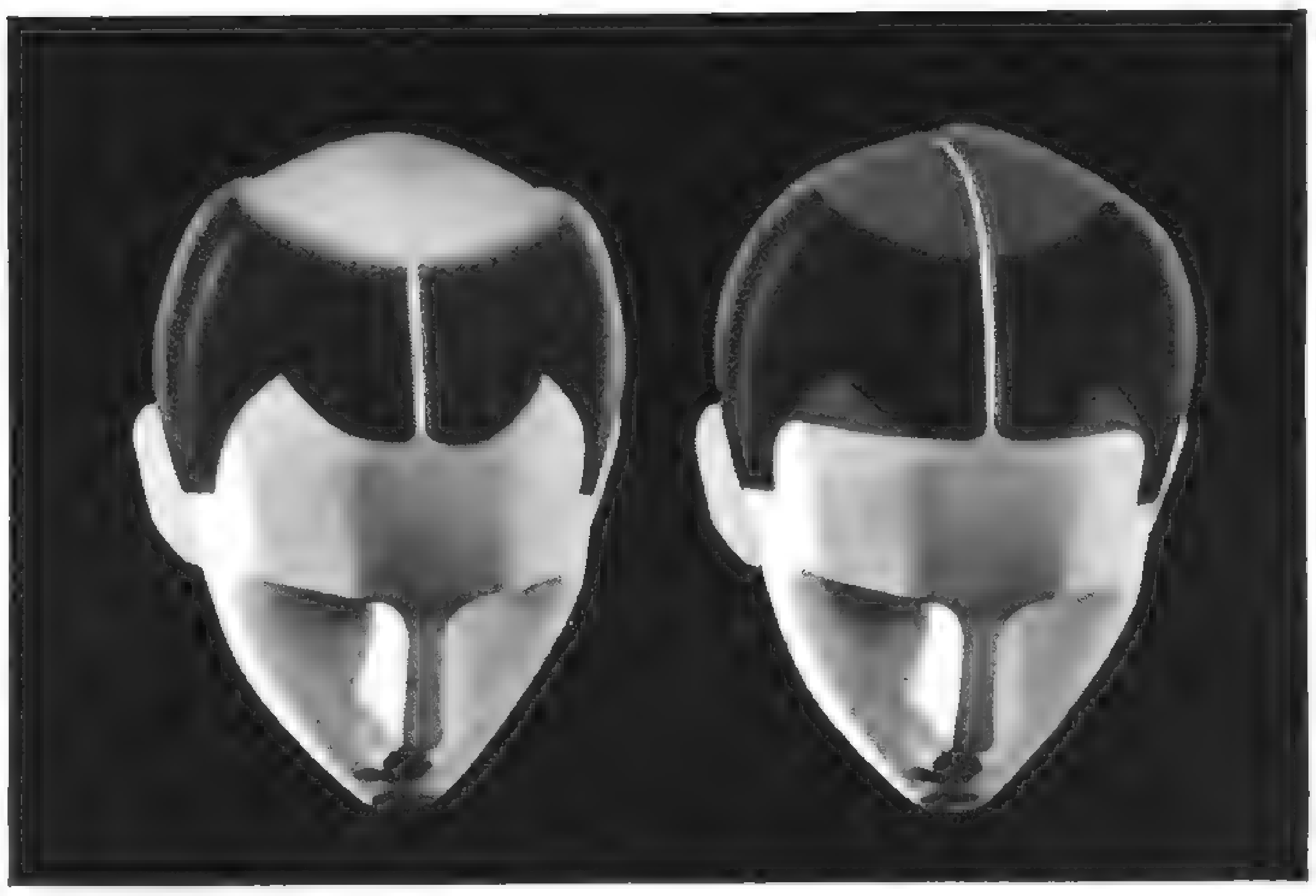
* * *

The summing up, for 1941, is this: this year, more than ever before, we have an example of "the more the change, the more everything is the same thing."

American cars have reached a temporary zenith in technical perfection. Standardization of parts and design, and mass production have gone a long way toward giving the consumer if not actually something for nothing, at least a great deal for very little.

But in the process marked distinctions have been lost. Time was when one car ran by steam, another by gas, and another by hook or crook. A car, in those days, was a millionaire's item—to be bought the way you bought a musical show. If it folded up in Keokuk, you charged it up to primrose paths and derring-do.

Well, cars don't fold up any more. And any man who can afford baked beans at the Automat can own one. #



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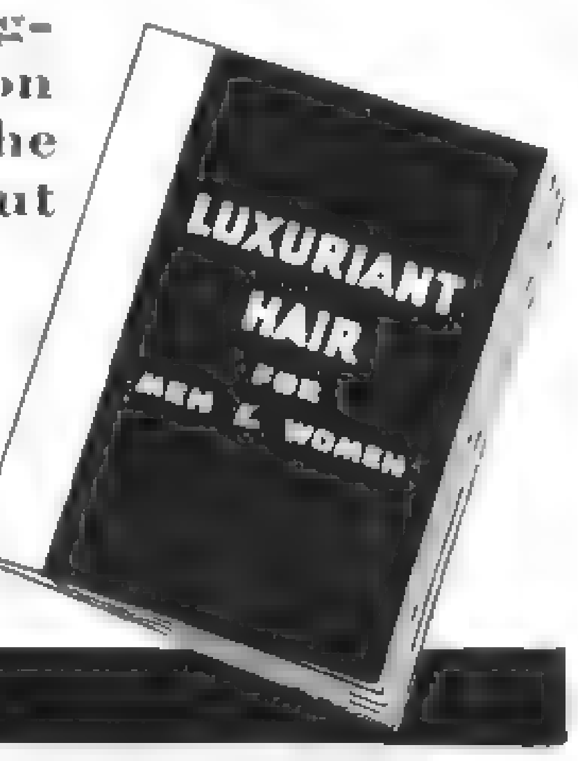

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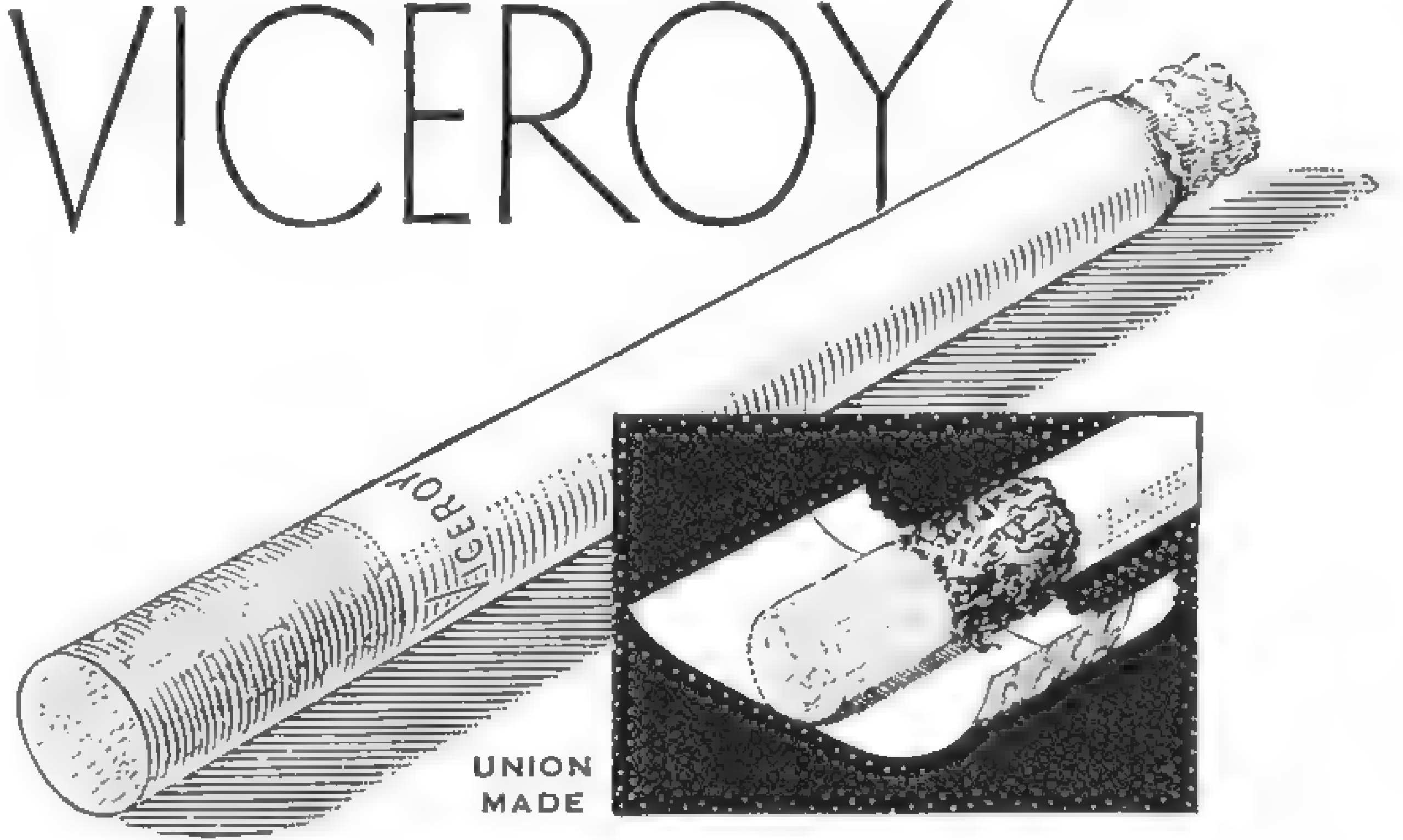

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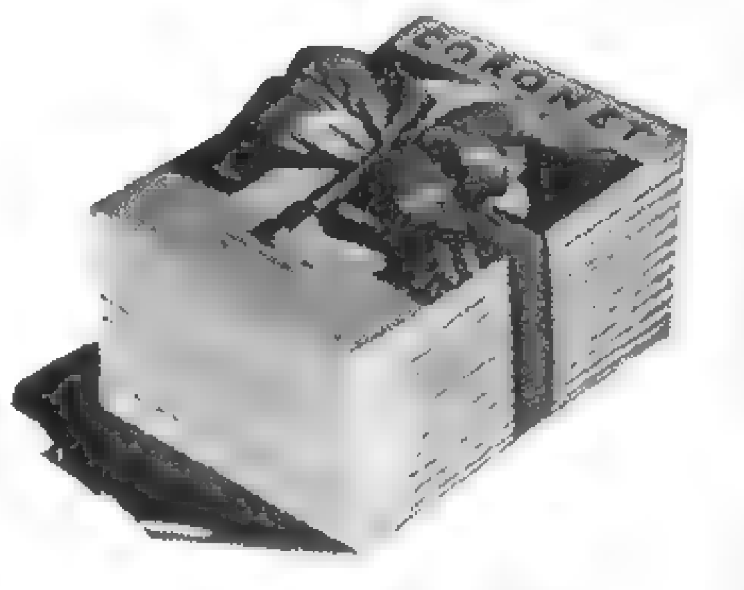

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New features to watch for in the next few issues include a 24-page party Game Book . . . a colorful score sheet for predicting and checking the Presidential election . . . a 32-page Anniversary Portfolio of Photography (in addition to the regular 32 pages) . . . plus a rollicking Christmas song book and an original Christmas carol by the internationally famous Raymond Scott.

Yet the above is but a brief outline of Coronet's new attractions. See for yourself by writing to Coronet, Dept. R, for a sample copy of a recent issue. But mail your own and your Christmas gift orders today to:

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 86

among others, the Theatre Guild, the Group Theatre, Sam Harris, Max Gordon, Martin Beck, Bela Blau, the Shuberts, John Golden, William Harris, Jr., Jed Harris, Lee Strasberg, Chester Erskin, Herman Shumlin, A. H. Woods, Morris Green, Sam H. Grisman, Morris Gest, the Labor Stage, Oscar Serlin, Jules Leventhal, one half of the Playwrights Producing Co., Billy Rose, Laurence Schwab, etc.

Among the scene designers and costumers on the index expurgatorius: Aline Bernstein, Irene Sharaff, Boris Aronson, Lee Simonson, Lawrence L. Goldwasser, Mordecai Gorelik, Jo Mielziner, Nat Karson, Samuel Leve, etc.

Theatres which, because of their ownership, lesseeship or management, would be closed: the Alvin, Ambassador, Barrymore, Bayes, Martin Beck, Belasco, Biltmore, Booth, Broadhurst, Cort, Empire, Forrest, 44th Street, 46th Street, 49th Street, Fulton, Golden, Guild, Imperial, Little, Longacre, Lyceum, Majestic, Mansfield, Mercury, Miller, Morosco, Music Box, Plymouth, Ritz, Shubert, Windsor, and Winter Garden. In other words, all the New York legitimate theatres but six, and the exact status of two of these six would be open to some doubt.

George M. Cohan, its president, and the entire membership of the Catholic Actors' Guild would be closely watched by the Gestapo, and let any Catholic playwright try to put on any such Jesuit play as *The First Legion* and the house would be raided.

Among foreign playwrights living and dead who, because of race and the Nuremberg laws, would be unable to have their plays produced on the Nazi-controlled American stage would be Arthur Wing Pinero, Arthur Schnitzler, Hermann Bahr, Franz Werfel, Ferenc Molnar, Alfred Savoir, Henri Bernstein, Georges de Porto-Riche, Eugène Brieux, Alfred Sutro, Alfred Capus, José Echegaray, Hermann Heijermans, Israel Zangwill, Tristan Bernard, Ludwig Fulda, Frank Wedekind, Herbert Eulenberg, Stefan Zweig, Max Halbe, Karl Rössler, Max Dreyer, Felix Salten, Edward Knoblock, Robert de Flers, Melchior Lengyel, Georg Hirschfeld, Georges Feydeau, Paul Lindau, Maurice Donnay, Romain Coolus, Bert Brecht, Sil Vara, Paul Apel, Thaddeus Rittner, Karel Capek, Ernst Toller, Georg Buchner, Rudolf Beiser, Ferdinand Bruckner, Georg Kaiser, Jacques Deval, Edmond Sée, Benn Levy, Louis N. Parker, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Henri Becque, François de Curel, Sholom Asch, Raoul Auernheimer, Bruno Frank, Julius Bab, Max Maurey, Henri Duvernois, Lion Feuchtwanger, Ossip Dymov, James Elroy Flecker, Jean-Jacques Bernard, Herbert Farjeon, Ludovic Halévy, Edmond Fleg, Catulle Mendès, Fernand Nozière, André Pascal, Carl Sternheim, Pierre Wolff, Karl Zuckmayer, Lorenzo da Ponte, Siegfried Trebitsch, Arnold Zeig, Anatoly Lunacharsky, Walter Hasenclever, etc.

Theatre orchestras under the Nuremberg or marriage laws would further be prohibited from playing the music of Mendelssohn, Milhaud, Paul Dukas, Edmund Eisler, Franz Lehar, Emmerich Kalmann, Oscar Straus, Camille Erlanger, Baron Frédéric d'Erlanger, Henri Herz, Anton Rubinstein, Karl Goldmark, Reynaldo Hahn, Robert Stolz, Jacques Halévy, Benoit Hollander, Fritz Kreisler, Isidore de Lara (*The Light of Asia*, etc.), Gustav Mahler, Liza Lehmann, Ignaz Moscheles, Jacques Offenbach, Leo Ornstein, Giacomo Meyerbeer, Sir Landon Ronald, Camille Saint-Saens, Moritz Moszkowski, Henry Russell (*Cheer Boys Cheer*, *Life on The Ocean Wave*, *Woodman, Spare That Tree*, etc.), Arnold Schönberg, *et al.*

Under the same racial regulations, anybody caught singing the Jewish John Howard Payne's *Home, Sweet Home* would be hustled off to a concentration camp.

Floradora, *The Geisha*, *San Toy* and other such famous musical comedies, since they were written by the non-Aryan Owen Hall and Edward Morton, would be forbidden revival at any time. No ballet showing the designs of Leon Bakst (*né* Rosenberg) would be allowed a showing. Elisabeth Bergner could never again appear on the American stage. The portrait of Sarah Bernhardt presently hanging in the lobbies of two theatres would be ordered removed instanter. The Guild Theatre bookstall would be forbidden to sell James Agate's biography of Rachel. The reproduction of Rosa Bonheur's *The Horse Fair* in any program advertisement of White Horse Cellar whiskey would have to come out. If a Salvation Army band started to play on the curb during an intermission, it would, because of the race of the mother of its founder, General William Booth, be beaten up by the Storm Troopers.

Louis N. Parker's *Disraeli* would obviously never have been allowed on the stage, Arliss or no Arliss in the leading role. If any such orchestra conductor as Walter Damrosch, Gustav Mahler, or Bruno Walter telephoned the box office for seats to a dramatization of any book by Anatole France, Max Beerbohm, Bret Harte, W. L. George, Leonard Merrick, Louis Golding, Alfred Neumann, Marcel Proust, E. Phillips Oppenheim, William Clark Russell, Jacob Wassermann, Olive Schreiner, Philip Guedalla, or Gertrude Stein (God forbid!), none of whom under the Nuremberg edict could have their books dramatized, much less have their books—if, to repeat, any such conductor presumptuously tried any such thing, he would not, because of the same Nuremberg laws, be able to get them and

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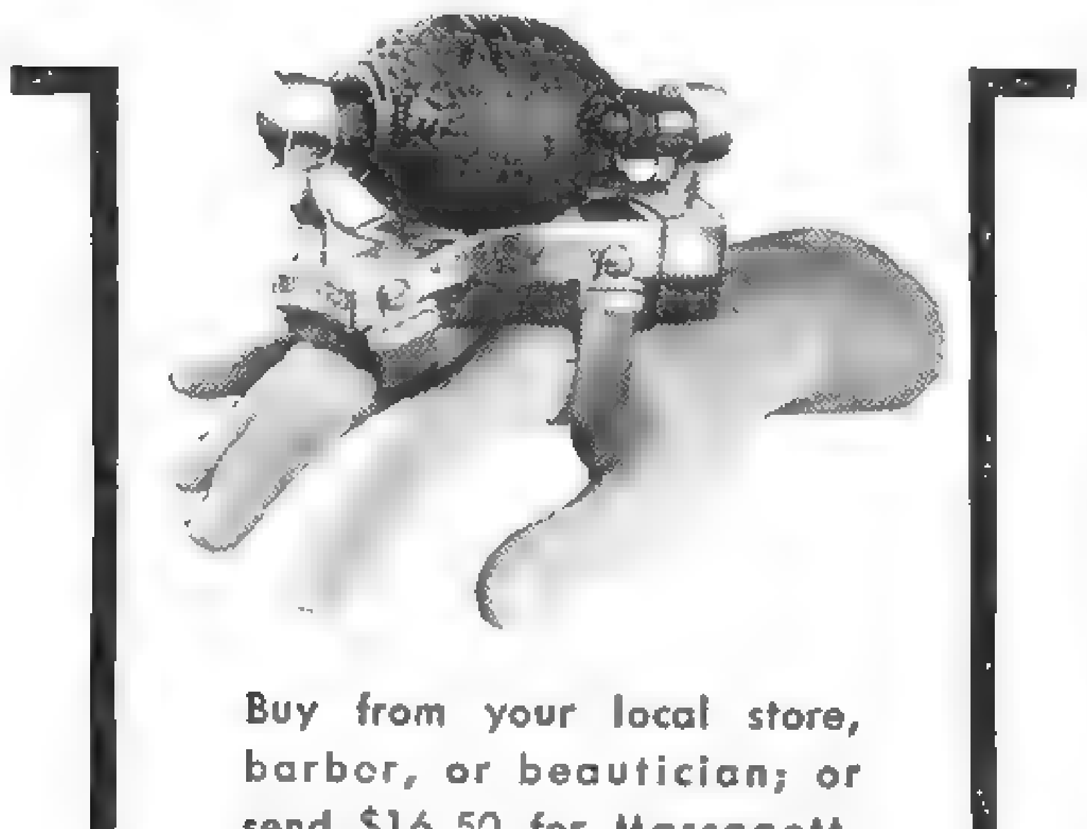

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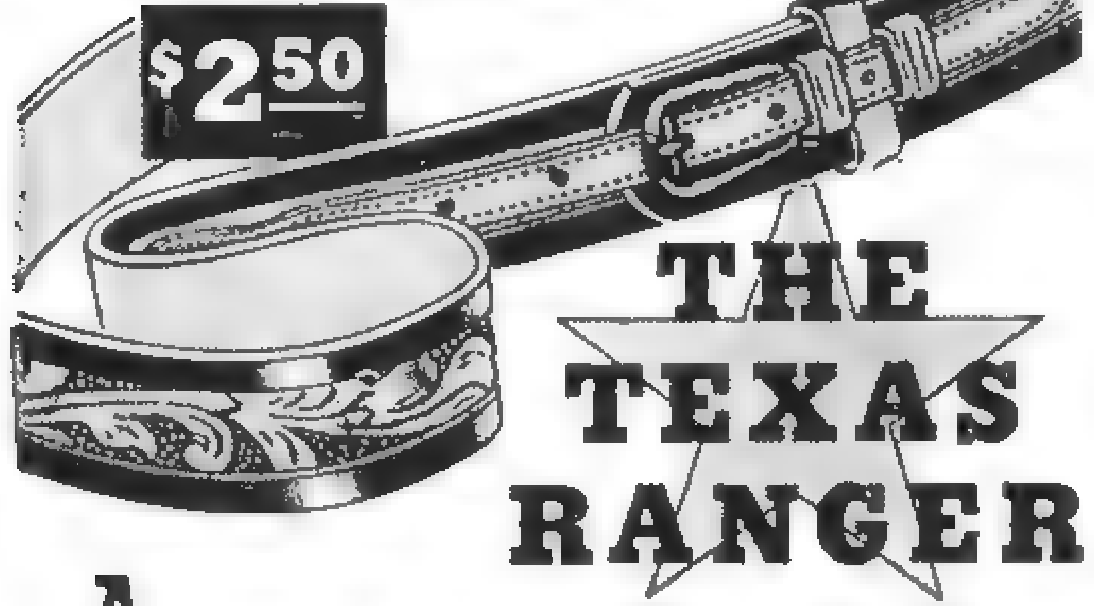

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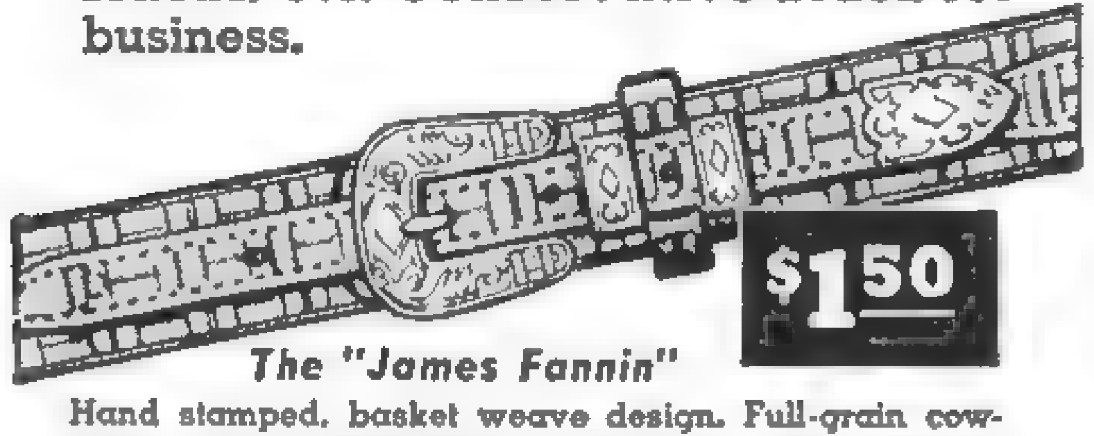

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no picture of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree would be permitted on display in any lobby, nor would any of Adah Isaacs Menken who, though born McCord, married a Jew and adopted his faith. And prompt arrest would follow the whistling of any such old non-Aryan composed tunes as *After The Ball*, *On A Bicycle Built For Two*, *There'll Be A Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight*, *Under The Bamboo Tree*, or *Poor Butterfly*.

Representative American plays written by Aryans which would never under any circumstances have been allowed a stage hearing are, among numerous others, the following:

Stallings' and Anderson's *What Price Glory?* (because of the sympathetic treatment of the Jewish soldier character).

O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra* and *Strange Interlude* (they fall clearly into the Nazi catalogue of "degenerate art").

Steinbeck's *Of Mice And Men* (ditto).

Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln In Illinois* (imagine Adolf's reaction to Abe's philosophy of democracy and non-oppression).

Sherwood's *Idiot's Delight* (so Adolf, the war-maker, is an idiot, is he? Schnell, Paul, put that playwright in a concentration camp or, better still, shoot him!)

Anderson's *Valley Forge* (no tributes, surely, to such theoretical heroes as George Washington).

O'Neill's *Marco Millions* (no ridicule of a fellow-countryman of friend Benito permitted).

Paul Green's *Johnny Johnson* (no ridicule of war).

Green's *In Abraham's Bosom* (no Negro dramas).

Barry's *The Animal Kingdom* (no "degenerate" sex drama).

Reed's *Yes, My Darling Daughter* (immoral).

Abbott's and Dunning's *Broadway* ("degenerate" melodrama).

Clare Boothe's *The Women* (females presented as loathing motherhood).

The Heywards' *Mamba's Daughters*.

Kirkland's and Caldwell's *Tobacco Road* ("degenerate art").

Sinclair Lewis' *It Can't Happen Here* (it might have put ideas into Americans' heads).

Anne Nichols' *Abie's Irish Rose* (comment unnecessary).

Plays proscribed because of their Catholic subject matter: Carroll's *Shadow and Substance* and *The White Steed*, O'Neill's *Anna Christie* and *Days Without End*, Barry's *The Joyous Season*, Lavery's *Monsignor's Hour*, Doherty's *Father Malachy's Miracle*, etc.

Plays, irrespective of authorship, prohibited because of the manner in which they present Jewish characters: Behrman's *Rain From Heaven*, Galsworthy's *Loyalties*, Schnitzler's *Professor Bernhardi*, Wolf's *Professor Mamlock*, Bowers' *Where Do We Go From Here?*, Smith's *A Tailor-Made Man*, Glass's *Potash and Perlmutter*, Morton's *The Yellow Ticket*, Manners' *The House Next Door*, etc.

Proscribed American anti-war plays: Irwin Shaw's *Bury The Dead*, Howard's *The Ghost of Yankee Doodle* and *Paths Of Glory*, Sklar's and Maltz's *Peace On Earth*, to say nothing of such well-known others of foreign origin as *Miracle At Verdun*, *For Services Rendered*, *Flowers of The Forest*, *The Good Soldier Schweik*, etc.

Proscribed Communist drama: O'Casey's *The Plough And The Stars* above all others.

Anti-dictator plays good for life sentences in concentration camps: Rice's *Judgment Day*, Deval's *Lorelei*, Capek's *Power And Glory*, Macowan's *Glorious Morning*, Reade's *The Shattered Lamp*, Toller's *Pastor Hall*, Wolfson's *Bitter Stream*, Shaw's *Siege*, Hecht's *To Quito And Back*, etc.

No plays, of course, on Jesus Christ or Joan of Arc, save they were derisive.

The names of the following, among many others, could not be mentioned on any stage, nor could a playwright quote from them even if their names were not specified: Spinoza, Heine, Montaigne, Karl Marx, Alfred Adler, Freud, Bergson, Paul Ehrlich, Albert Einstein, Maximilian Harden (*né* Witkowski), Sir John F. W. Herschel, Sir William Herschel, Bela Kun, Karl Liebknecht, Ferdinand Lassalle, Sir Sidney Lee (*né* Levy), Jacques Loeb, Alexis Carrel, Elie Metchnikoff, Sven Hedin, Sir Francis Bond Head (*né* Mendez), Sir Henry Newbolt (*né* Solomon), Luis Ponce de Leon, Walther Rathenau, etc.

In no stage library set could there be displayed, among others, any of the books of Georg Brandes (*né* Morris Cohen), Emin Pasha (*né* Eduarde Schnitzer), Stephen Hudson (*né* Sydney Schiff), Jules Janin, Sarah Gertrude Millin, André Maurois (*né* Emile Herzog), G. B. Stern, Siegfried Sassoon, Gilbert Cannan, Harold J. Laski, Gilbert Frankau, Elie Halévy, Emil Ludwig (*né* Cohn), Arthur David Waley, Francis Turner Palgrave (*né* Cohen), Max Nordau (*né* Simon Sudfeld), Humbert Wolfe, etc.

Among the prize-fighters who under the non-Aryan ethic could not appear at theatrical benefits are Jack Dempsey, Max Baer, King Levinsky, Barney Ross, Maxie Rosenbloom, etc.

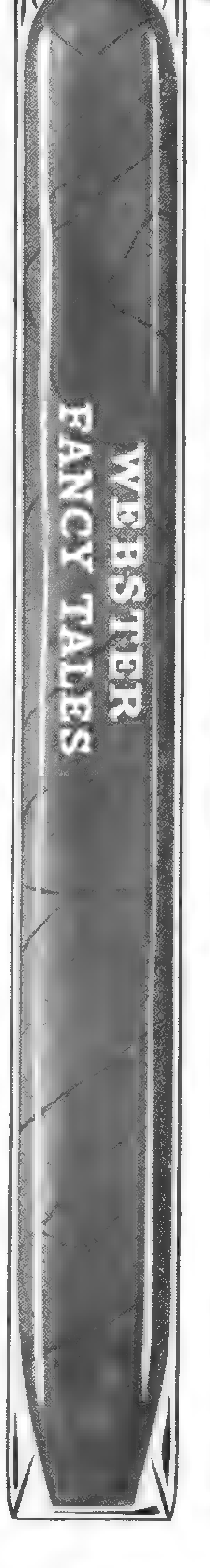
The Pulitzer prize would obviously, because of its donor's race, have to be abandoned, and so would the American flags currently used in stage productions, since most of them are manufactured by L. K. Fineberg and Co.

So much for the theatre. Now a glance or two at the films.

Since Chancellor Hitler seems to be a man of some artistic taste, as witness his admiration of Wagner and American dancing girls, it is unlikely he would condescend to give much personal attention to the movies and would leave their disposition to Dr. Göbbels, who goes in for film cuties on a big scale. What, then, would the screen be like under Göbbels' control?

That at least two-thirds of all the Hollywood executives, includ-

Continued at top of page 186



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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 86-185

ing the Messrs. Goldwyn, Mayer, Selznick, Schenck, Zukor, Warner, Cohn, etc., would be canned instanter goes without saying. And that at least half the better known producers, directors, studio officials and scenario writers, including the Messrs. Wanger, Hornblow, DeMille, Lubitsch, Zukor, von Sternberg, Krasna, Hecht, Jesse Lasky, Harry Rapf, Lewis Milestone, Erich Pommer, Irving Pichel, Sol M. Wurtzel, B. P. Schulberg, Ralph Cohn, William Wyler, Mervyn Le Roy, Robert Riskin, Irving Briskin, Allen Rivkin, J. Walter Ruben, Albert Lewin, Fritz Lang, Benjamin Glazer, Anatole Litvak, Garson Kanin, David Loew, Jules Levey, Arthur Lubin, Joe Pasternak, Vicki Baum, Sam Katz, etc., would be similarly excommunicated is equally obvious.

What else? Among the old silent movies that would be ordered destroyed would be all those of the Talmadge sisters, Douglas Fairbanks, Theda Bara, Sarah Bernhardt, Edmund Lowe, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, Elliot Dexter, Louis Wolheim, Louis Mann, Charlie Chaplin, etc.

Under the Nuremberg laws, among the numerous present film players who would be forbidden further appearance on the screen would be, among any number of others, Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Edward G. Robinson, those lovelies, Joan Bennett, Constance Bennett and Paulette Goddard; Leslie Howard, Ricardo Cortez, Sari Maritza, Gregory Ratoff, the Marx brothers, the Ritz brothers, Mischa Auer, Francis Lederer, Benny Rubin, Martha Raye, Ida Lupino, Frank Reicher, Hugh Herbert, George Stone, Luise Rainer, Tony Martin, Henry Kolker, Parkyakarkas (*né* Harry Einstein), etc.

And among the proscribed band leaders would be Benny Goodman, Eddie Duchin, Vincent Lopez, Abe Lyman, Meyer Davis, and Ben Bernie, along with Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway and all the other colored gents.

In fact, it looks as if hardly anybody would be left in either the theatre or Hollywood but Tallulah Bankhead, Bobby Clark, James Cagney, Mickey Rooney, Mae West and Jimmy Durante. And even so far as Jimmy is concerned, that nose would leave Göbbels and Hitler in considerable doubt. ⌗

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 92

Washington Irving. It will be interesting to see what he does with it. Professor Stanley Williams' monumental (that is the right word) *Life of Washington Irving* I call the biography of a second-rate author by a first-rate scholar.

In the present book the author says "It may strike some readers that I have made too much of Boston, too much especially of Harvard, at the expense of other New England centers." This is a modest disclaimer, but whether readers may or may not complain or dissent, no one could say that in the previous volume he made too much of the village of Concord. For Concord in American literature is like Weimar in German, even though Mr. Brooks dislikes this comparison. Concord contributed more in quality to American literature than either New York or Boston, and Weimar contributed more to German literature than either Berlin or Leipzig.

Those who believe that Howells has either vanished or is vanishing, may revise their opinions when they see the amount of space he fills in these pages; and even Holmes, whose biography of Emerson was once called the life of a thrush written by a canary, receives due tribute. I am pleased to see praise given to a great scholar without ambition, Thomas Sergeant Perry, whom I knew intimately (I have several hundred of his letters). His influence on Henry James, Howells and others was deep; and he did a great deal to make the Russian novelists, especially Turgenev, well known. Mr. Brooks might have mentioned Eugene Schuyler, whose translations of Turgenev, especially *Fathers and Sons*, came very early and exercised a wide influence. That is the best novel I have ever read on the eternal theme of the Younger Generation. I am also glad to see high praise given to the novels of John W. De Forest. His work should be enjoyed by readers of this magazine, because Mr. Brooks says he failed to achieve popularity because he was a Man's Novelist. It is worth noting here that his *Miss Ravenel's Conversion*, edited by Professor Gordon Haight of Yale, has appeared in a new edition in 1940.

The great writers of America had been brought up on the Bible and the Greek and Latin classics; nothing has ever been found to equal their cultural foundation value. When they faded, Mr. Brooks believes (as I do) that the new ideal, efficiency, was a poor substitute. Perhaps he does not express it too strongly when he says "civilization was losing its soul, as education had lost its soul already." In a footnote to the same page (105) he cites the remarkable statement by Professor S. E. Morison of Harvard, on the effect of president Eliot's leading the way in dropping required Greek and Latin. "It is a hard saying, but Mr. Eliot, more than any other man, is responsible for the greatest educational crime of the century against American youth—depriving him of his classical heritage."

While I myself immensely admire president Eliot for many things, I cannot imagine anything

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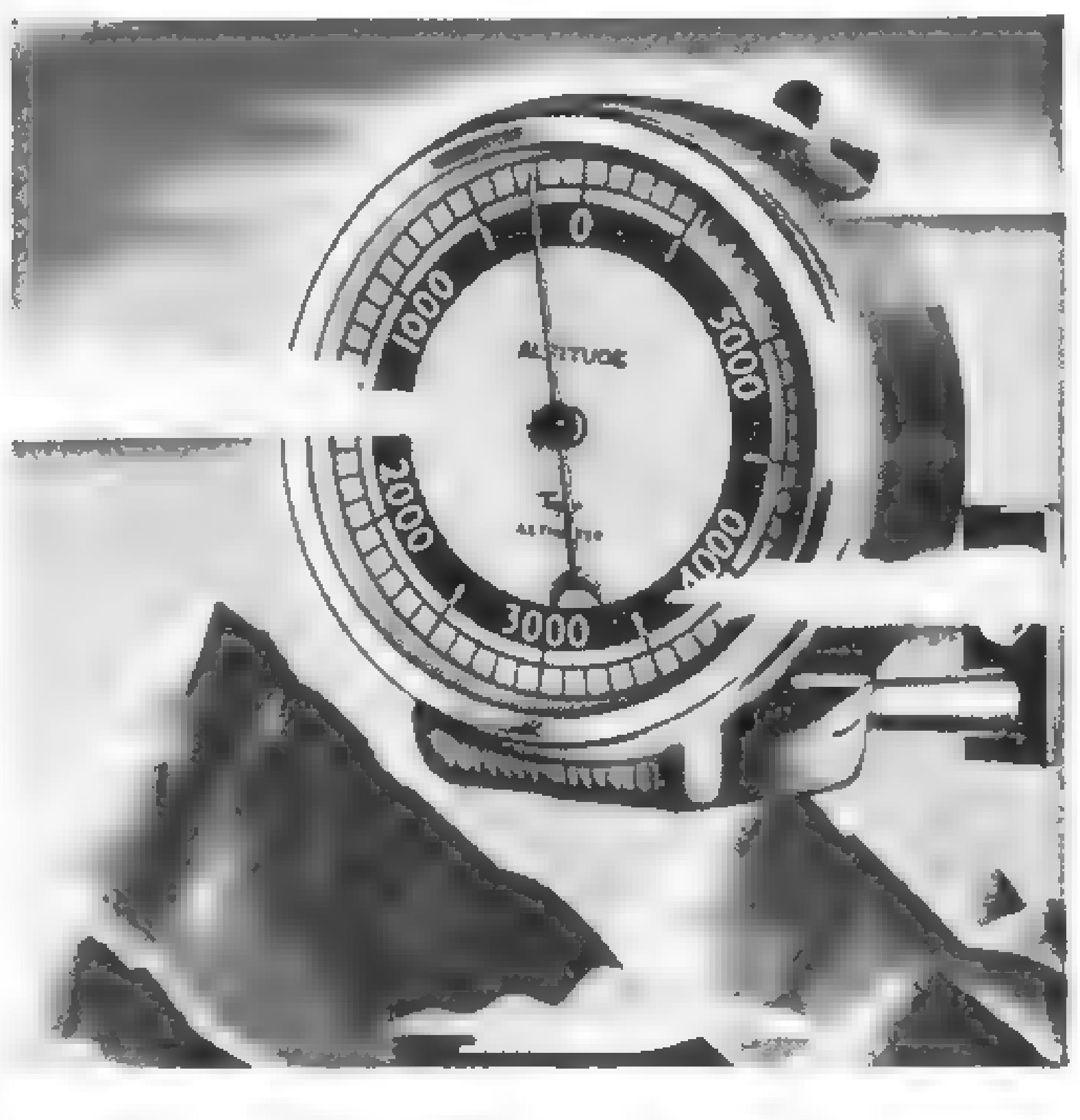

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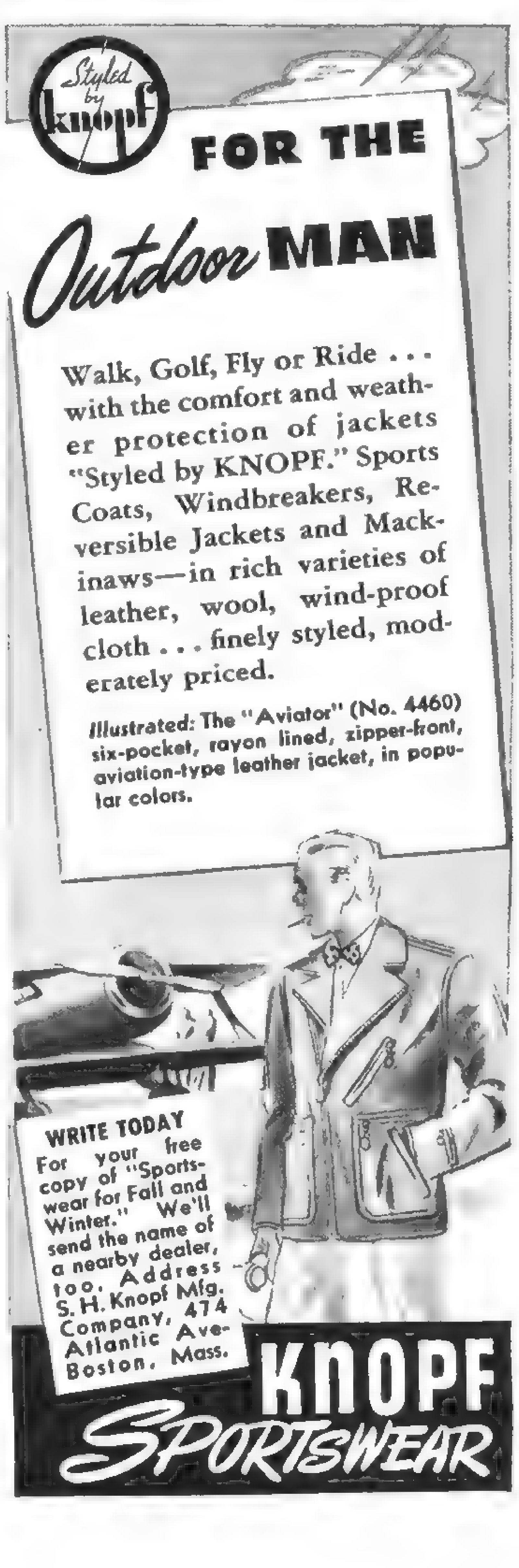

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SEE PAGE 103

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* * *

Comparing our age with that of mid-nineteenth century, an unashamed British Victorian, E. E. Kellett, in a new book *Ex Libris, Confessions of a Constant Reader*, says: "modern poetry is obviously bad: and the inferiority of modern novels to those of the Victorian Age is too manifest to need demonstration: it is as patent as the decline of oratory since the days of Gladstone and Bright. In fact, there are not many points in which the present age does not halt behind the past."

St. John Ervine says that whereas he has always been able to read different kinds of poetry produced in various ages of past time, he cannot read "modern" poetry at all, because it is incomprehensible. A more disarming way of putting it is Maurice Baring's, who says he does not wish to pass any critical judgment, but that he prefers poetry like that of Poe's *Annabel Lee* to the "modern" kind. With reference to novels, there is no novelist today equal to Dickens.

In the case of women, curiously enough, the situation in Great Britain is exactly the opposite of what it is in America. When women had no freedom (1850), there were in England George Eliot, Emily and Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Browning, Christina Rossetti—a group superior to any British feminine group today. Whereas in America, with the one exception of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, women writers then were inferior to Willa Cather, Pearl Buck, Ellen Glasgow, Edith Wharton, Edna Ferber, and Edna St. Vincent Millay. And what does that prove? Nothing. The wind bloweth where it listeth.

* * *

I do not specialize in books for children; but I wish to call attention to an American humorist and writer for children whose reputation is growing so rapidly that soon he may be a household favorite all over "these States." This is Paul Titus Gilbert, a natural-born humorist and consummate literary artist. His Bertram Juvenile illustrated books are rising in popularity like a tide. Bertram is an original creation; the children love him and it does them good to laugh with him, for everything Mr. Gilbert produces is diverting, charming, and without a trace of vulgarity. And now he has produced a new kind of comic strip, *Bertram and the Tapir;* I consider every newspaper fortunate which secures it.

A writer of remarkable promise has produced a fairy story full of originality, beauty and imagination. This is Mary Crary and her book, beautifully illustrated, is called *Daughters of the Stars.* I hope she will continue to write in this or in a similar vein.

An amusing and cheerfully exciting book for children is *Raffy and the Honkebeest*, story by Rita Kissin, pictures by Charles E. Bracker. The scene is South Africa, and we are told that travelers crossing the veldt often observe giraffes racing with automobiles. That inspired this story. I do not believe anyone, no matter how old or young, will begin this tale without finishing it. Competitive struggles interest everybody. This giraffe-hero pleased me particularly, because last June, at Ringling Brothers Barnum-Bailey Circus, the greatest of its kind I ever saw, I had the pleasure of feeding Edith the giraffe and her infant son.

* * *

Mary Anderson De Navarro died at her English home on May 29 and when the news came to America, many people felt a personal loss. She was eighty years old and she retired from the stage permanently at the age of twenty-eight. There have been other women (not too many) in history who are remembered for their beauty; but "Our Mary" as she was affectionately known all over the United States, was unique. Only a very few years on the stage, she illuminated it both in America and in England. I saw her as Rosalind and her radiant loveliness was literally breath-taking; for when she made her first appearance, one could hear in the audience something like a gasp.

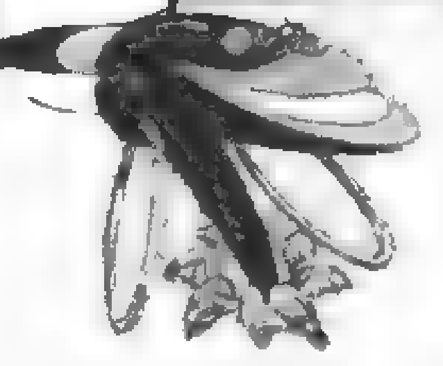
* * *

Two new recent books, one a novel of the land and one a description of the Father of Waters, are so absolutely American that they deserve nation-wide circulation. Jesse Stuart's *Trees of Heaven* gives in the form of a continuously interesting story an enormous amount of detailed information concerning farm life in Kentucky. His characters are sharply individualized; but the chief impression made on me was the author's amazing knowledge of multitudinous facts. I call no man ignorant because I have never met any man or woman who did not know something unknown to me. I have especial respect for farmers, because they know so much more about nature than I; but the case of Jesse Stuart is peculiar in that he is a professional school teacher, a poet and a novelist, a wide reader, and yet possesses and can draw freely on a treasure house of facts. It is unusual to see a man so cultural and so agricultural.

And here is a book on the mighty Mississippi that I read with pure delight and wished it were twice as long; I mean *Big River to Cross*, by the accomplished Ben Lucien Burman, who knows this river as Mr. Stuart knows his farm. However, it is the secondary title that gives contemporary importance and value. Mississippi Life Today makes the title-page astonishing. Nearly everything written on the Mississippi is of the past; this is of the present. When I was a boy in Hartford in the late seventies and eighties, I used to see Mark Twain come out of his house where he had been engaged in writing not about the life around him but about ante-bellum days

Continued on page 188

NEW FALL congo ties



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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 92-187

on the Mississippi. I heard him read in public from *Tom Sawyer* the very year it was published and from *Huckleberry Finn* in manuscript. He filled the river with legends; a later novel that came nearest in spirit to his genius was *Partners of Providence*, by Charles D. Stewart of Wisconsin. This story will some day be rediscovered.

Since so many thousand boys and youths are familiar with Mark Twain, I have often wondered why some of them do not spend the long vacation in floating down the river on a raft. I had supposed that with the exception of Mardi Gras time, it was almost impossible to find any other means of traveling on the river from St. Louis to New Orleans, not to mention St. Louis to St. Paul.

Besides the railway travel across the Mississippi, I have stood on its banks in Minnesota, at Keokuk, at Hannibal, at St. Louis, at Memphis, at New Orleans; but some years ago, when I happened to be at Carbondale in southern Illinois, I asked Mr. Black, Superintendent of Schools, to give me a chance to see the river in its naked glory. He drove me in his Ford seventeen miles and there without a town or even a house in sight, I stood and gazed in wonder. It was April; the trees on the Missouri side were in what George Moore would have called a shrill green; the river in front of us was a mile wide, forty feet deep, and running silently seven miles an hour. Only two years ago, with Bill Haverstick and Ned Hidden of St. Louis, I stood at the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi, and found out for the first time why the city was not built there.

But neither there nor at any other place had I seen any steamer engaged in regular traffic. Thus Mr. Burman's new book is to me a complete surprise. The towboats and the packets have come back. In this volume, with attractive illustrations by Alice Caddy, he tells us of his three recent voyages—from St. Louis to New Orleans, from New Orleans out to the Gulf, and most wonderful of all, from St. Louis to St. Paul. I have never believed the saying "Familiarity breeds contempt"; it breeds contempt only in contemptible minds. I like Mr. Burman's book because, although no one knows the whole river from St. Paul to the Gulf better than he, his enthusiasm for it increases. In *Big River to Cross* he gives his personal experiences in various portions of the stream, he describes the people along its banks, the picturesque superstitions of the Negroes, the Southern mansions full of ghosts. Captain Donald Wright, who supplies a brief Introduction, does not exaggerate when he says:

"Ben Lucien Burman has written a purely descriptive book about the Mississippi as it is today, and I am here, proudly, to pronounce it genuine. In *Big River to Cross* the author brings the river and its men and women to life. No novice could do this: Mr. Burman himself could not have done it ten or fifteen years ago before he had fully succumbed to the river's spell and had begun to live so much of his life upon it.

American newspaper men will be interested in the autobiography by Edwin F. Edgett, called, *I Speak for Myself*. For more than forty years he worked on the editorial staff of the *Boston Evening Transcript*, first as dramatic editor but most of his life as literary editor. Thus the secondary title of the book *An Editor In His World* defines his career in five words, while the first title is equally true, because it is unusual to see a man pronounce with such uncompromising fervor so many unpopular opinions. What I like best about the book is that it proves that nothing is more exciting than a congenial *routine*. Those who seek excitement only outside of their work are to be pitied. Every day Mr. Edgett went to his desk with glowing excitement; there were no dull days. Excitement depends not on external adventures, but on temperament. *I Married Adventure* says Osa Johnson, and so she did, and proves it in an exceedingly entertaining book. Yet Mr. Edgett, who traveled very little geographically, found the daily newspaper routine continually exciting; and Mary Ellen Chase, in *A Goodly Fellowship* proves that daily teaching can be as adventurous as associating with wild animals and partly perhaps for the same reason.

In 1902 the late Owen Wister produced a best-seller called *The Virginian*. Its immediate success was not a flare, because it continued to sell and is selling today. Early in the book he coined a phrase "When you say *that, smile*." A good phrase and deserves its popularity; I like the book and remember it with keen pleasure. Only I submit that the origin of this phrase and the emotions it aroused, as expressed by the speaker, are untrue to life. First, it is incredible that the man who heard one call another by that name while he was laughing, could for a moment have supposed that the other would resent it; and it is incredible that the recipient of this appellation when it came from another man in anger, could have made such an academic and stilted remark as "When you say that, smile." It might possibly have described his thoughts, but not his expression of them. The more intimate friends are, the worse are the names they jestingly call one another. While Othello was still in love with his wife and had no intimation of the coming tragedy, he called her: "Excellent wretch!"

When he said that, he smiled. How totally different was expression on his face when later, he exclaimed: "Damn her, lewd minx!"

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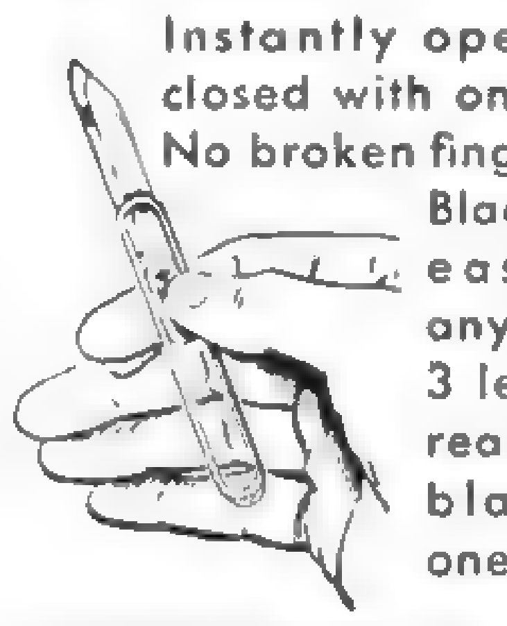

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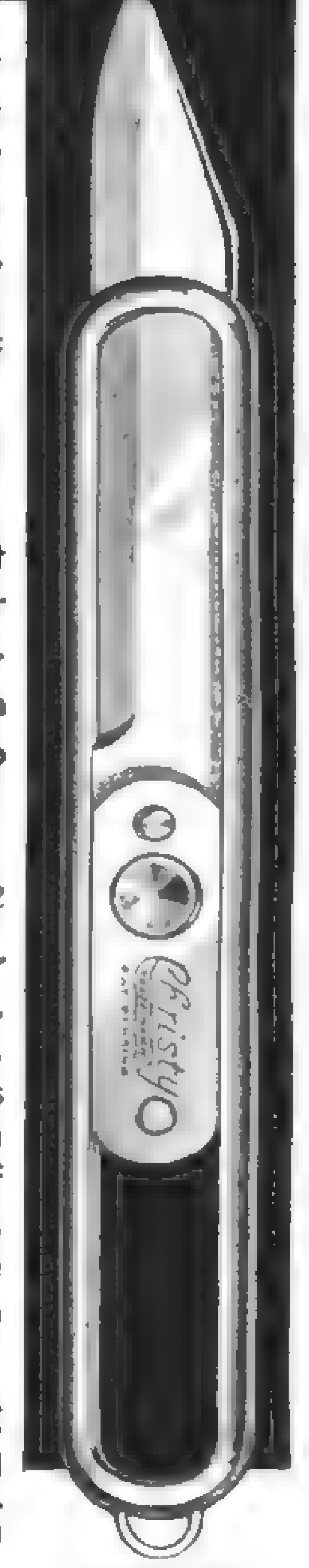

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The use of such names requires no footnote.

In a beautiful scene in *King Henry IV*, the affectionate domestic intimacy between Hotspur and his wife is shown by her remark "Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh," and in the same scene Glendower calls jestingly his own daughter a "peevish self-willed harlotry."

In addition to *Inquest*, by Percival Wilde, which seems to me the best and most original murder story of the year, I recommend for their continuous thrills *The French Key* by Frank Gruber, which is wildly exciting and also full of humor and unexpected situations, and *Account Rendered* by Patricia Wentworth. She has written many mystery stories, every one of which I have found exciting except *Rolling Stone*, which is dull.

If any readers care to see if they can "spot" the titles of these books, here is a list.

1. Old Lover's Ghost.
2. The Good Shepherd.
3. Inherit the Earth.
4. Primrose Path.
5. Joy in Heaven.
6. Fatal Interview.
7. Look Homeward, Angel.
8. Too Dear for my Possessing.
9. The Happy Highway.
10. Of Human Kindness.
11. They That Take the Sword.

My observation near the close of the political campaign: Too many political orators are hot air-conditioned. #

The House of Pain

Continued from page 95

for such a healthy-looking boy."

"Yes, Ma'am," Philip said, rigorously holding his head steady, his gaze up.

"It was so good of you to think of me for it," Miss Gerry said, leaning forward even further, her eyes liquid and grateful enough to project to the third row balcony. "I've practically been in retirement for three years. I thought nobody even remembered Adele Gerry any more."

"Oh, no," Philip said, gallantly. "I remembered you." He saw that this was bad but was sure that anything else he might add would be worse.

"The Theatre Guild is going to do your play, Mr. Bloomer?" Miss Gerry asked fondly.

"Oh, no. I didn't say that. I said somebody I knew up there thought it might not be a bad idea to send it around, and since you'd had the play for two months . . ."

Some of the interest fled from Miss Gerry's deep eyes. "I haven't a copy of your play, Mr. Bloomer. My director, Mr. Lawrence Wilkes, has it." She smiled beautifully at him, although the wrinkles showed clearly then. "I was interested in seeing you. I like to keep an eye on the new blood of the theatre."

"Thank you," Philip mumbled, feeling somehow exalted. Miss Gerry beamed at him and he felt his eyes, unable to withstand the full glory of her glance, sinking to her bosom. "Mr. Wilkes," he said loudly. "I've seen many of his plays. You were wonderful in his plays. He's a wonderful director."

"He has his points," Miss Gerry said coldly. "But he has limitations. Grave limitations. It is the tragedy of the American theatre that there is no man operating in it today who does not suffer from grave limitations."

"Yes," Philip said.

"Tell me about your play, Mr. Bloomer. Tell me about the part you had in mind for me." She recrossed her legs comfortably, as though preparing for a long session on the sofa.

"Well," Philip said, "it's about a boarding house. A low, dreary, miserable boarding house with bad plumbing and poor devils who can't pay the rent. That sort of thing."

Miss Gerry said nothing.

"The presiding genius of this boarding house," Philip went on, "is a slatternly, tyrannical, scheming, harsh woman. I modeled her on my aunt, who keeps a boarding house."

"How old is she?" Miss Gerry asked, her voice small and flat.

"Who? My aunt?"

"The woman in the play."

"Forty-five." Philip got up and started to stride up and down the room as he talked of his play. "She's continually snooping around, listening at keyholes, piecing together the tragedies of her boarders from overheard snatches, fighting with her family, fighting with . . ." He stopped. "Why, Miss Gerry," he said. "Miss Gerry . . ."

She was bent over on the couch and the tears were dropping slowly and bitterly from her eyes.

"That man," she wept, "that man . . ." She jumped up and swept across to the phone, dialed a number. Unheeded the tears streamed down through the mascara, eye-shadow, rouge, powder, in dark channels. "That man," she wept, "that man . . ."

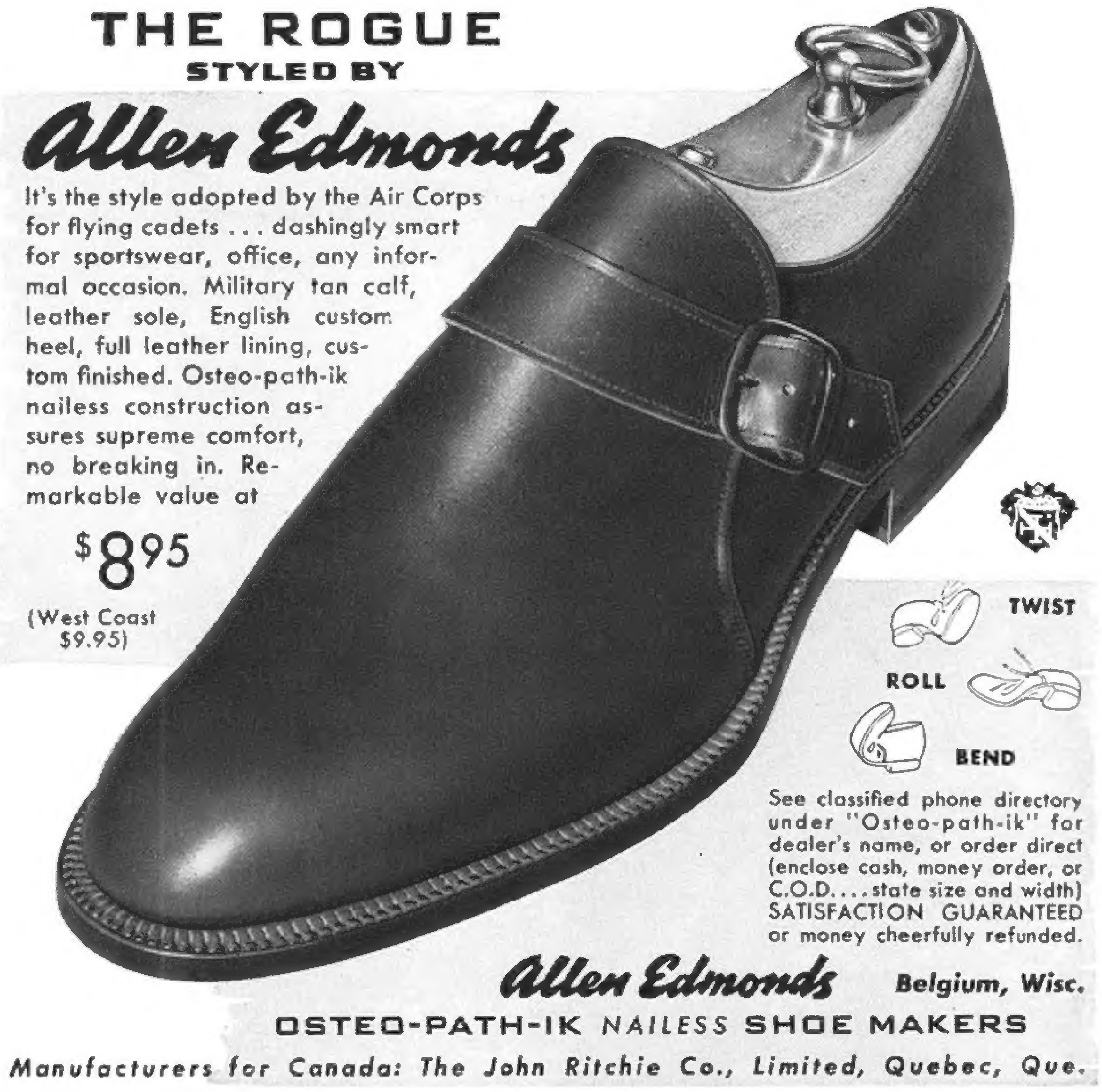
Philip backed instinctively against a wall between a table and a chest, his hands spread coldly out behind him. Silently he stood there, like a man waiting an attack.

"Lawrence!" she cried into the phone. "I'm glad you were home. There's a young man up here and he's offered me a part in his play." The tears coursed bitterly down the dark channels on her cheeks. "Do you know what part it is? I'm going to tell you and then I'm going to throw the young man right the hell out of this hotel!"

Philip cowered against the wall.

"Keep quiet, Lawrence!" Miss Gerry was shouting. "I've listened to your smooth excuses long enough. A woman of forty-five," she wept, her mouth close to the phone, "a bitter, slatternly, ugly, hateful, boarding-house keeper who listens at keyholes and fights with her family." Miss Gerry was half bent over in grief now and she gripped the telephone desperately and clumsily in her two hands. Be-

Continued on page 190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The House of Pain

Continued from pages 95-189

cause her tears were too much for her, she listened and Philip heard a man's voice talking quickly, but soothingly, over the phone.

Finally, disregarding the urgent voice in the receiver, Miss Gerry stood straight. "Mr. Bloomer," she said, her teeth closing savagely over the name, "please tell me why you thought of me for this rich and glamorous role."

Philip braced himself weakly against the wall between the chest and the table. "You see," he said, his voice high and boyish and forlorn, "I saw you in two plays."

"Shut up, for the love of God!" Miss Gerry called into the phone. Then she looked up and with a cold smile, spoke to Philip. "What plays, Mr. Bloomer?"

"*Sun in the East,*" Philip croaked, "and *Take the Hindmost.*"

A new and deeper flood of tears formed in her dark eyes. "Lawrence," she sobbed into the phone. "Do you know why he's offering me this part? He saw me in two plays. Your two great successes. He saw me playing a hag of sixty in *Sun in the East* and he saw me playing the mother of a goddam brood of Irish hoodlums in *Take the Hindmost.* You've ruined me, Lawrence, you've ruined me."

Philip slipped out of his niche against the wall and walked quickly over to the window and looked out. Twelve stories, his mind registered automatically.

"*Everybody's* seen me in those parts. Everybody! Now, whenever there's a play with a mother, a crone in it, they say, 'Call up Adele Gerry.' I'm a woman in the full flush of my powers, I should be playing Candida, Hedda, Joan, and I'm everybody's candidate for the hero's old mother! Boardinghouse keepers in children's first efforts!"

Philip winced, looking down at Madison Avenue.

"Who did this to me?" Miss Gerry's tones were full, round, tragic. "Who did it? Who cajoled, pleaded, begged, drove me into those two miserable plays? Lawrence Wilkes! Lawrence Wilkes can claim the credit for ruining the magnificent career of a great actress. The famous Lawrence Wilkes, who fooled me into playing a mother at the age of thirty-three!"

Philip hunched his shoulders as the deep, famous voice crowded the room with sound.

"And now you wonder," even at the phone, her wide gesture of shoulder and arm was sharp with irony, "now you wonder why I won't marry you. Send me flowers, send me books, send me tickets to the theatre, write me letters telling me you don't care if I go out with other men. From now on I'm going out with the entire garrison of Governor's Island! I'll eat dinner next to you with a different man every night! I hate you, I hate you, Larry, I hate you . . ."

Her sobs finally conquered her. She let the phone drop heedlessly, walked slowly and with pain over to a deep chair and sank into it, damp, bedraggled, undone, like a sorrowing child.

Philip breathed deeply and turned around. "I'm sorry," he said hoarsely.

Miss Gerry waved her hand wearily. "It's not your fault. I've been getting this for three years. You're the agent of events, that's all."

"Thank you," Philip said gratefully.

"A young woman like me," Miss Gerry moaned, looking like a little girl, miserable in the deep chair. "I'll never get a decent part. Never. Never. Mothers! That man has done me in. Don't ever get mixed up with that man. He's an egotistical maniac. He would crucify his grandmother for a second act curtain." She wiped her eyes in a general smear of cosmetics. "He wants me to marry him." She laughed horribly.

"I'm so sorry," Philip said, feeling finally, because that was all he could say, like a farm boy, a dairy hand. "I'm so, so sorry."

"He says go up and get your script," Miss Gerry said. "He lives across the street in the Chatham. Just call up from the desk and he'll bring it down."

"Thank you, Miss Gerry," Philip said.

"Come here," she said, the tears departing. He walked slowly over to her and she pulled his head down to her bosom and kissed his forehead and held his ears with her two hands. "You're a nice, clean, stupid boy," she said. "I'm glad to see there's a new crop springing up. Go."

Philip limped to the door, turned there, meaning to say something, saw Adele Gerry sitting in her chair, looking blankly at the floor, with her face a ruin of sorrow and mascara and age. Philip softly opened the door and softly closed it behind him.

He went across the street, breathing the cold air deeply, and called Lawrence Wilkes on the phone. Philip recognized Wilkes when he got out of the elevator with a copy of *The House of Pain* under his arm. Wilkes was neatly and beautifully dressed and had a Hit running and had just been to a barber, but his face was worn and tortured and weary, like the faces of the people in the newsreels who have just escaped an air raid but did not hope to escape the next.

"Mr. Wilkes," Philip said softly.

Wilkes looked at Philip and smiled and put his head forgivingly and humorously to one side. "Young man," he said, "in the theatre you must learn one thing. Never tell an actress what type of part you think she can play." And he gave Philip *The House of Pain* and turned and went back into the elevator. Philip watched the door close on his well-tailored, tortured back, then sprang out into the street and fled across town to the Theatre Guild. ⧺

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FLAVORING INGREDIENTS

Awarded Gold Medal, Paris
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LEROUX & COMPANY, INC.
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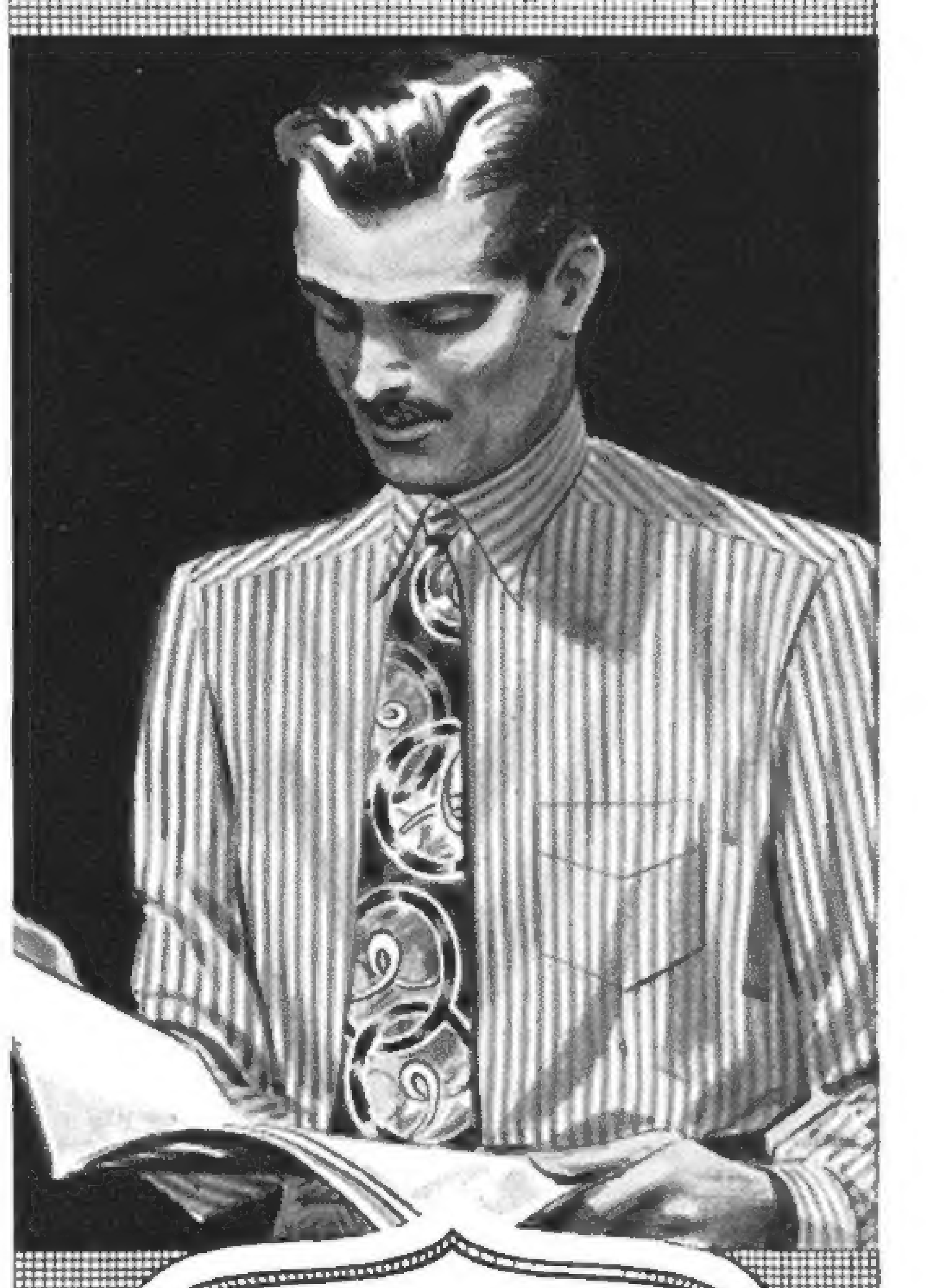
Available at
better bars and package stores

WILSON-EXCLUSIVE
Shirts



REGENT STRIPES
$2
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DON'T let ordinary mass production shirts conceal your personality. Get shirts which do you justice, shirts that express *your own* tastes.

You will see a definite affinity with fall fashions in the related patterns and colorings of Wilson-Exclusives, style that completes your fall ensemble.

WEDGLOCKE TIE
SHOWN ON SHIRT, $1

Wilson Brothers
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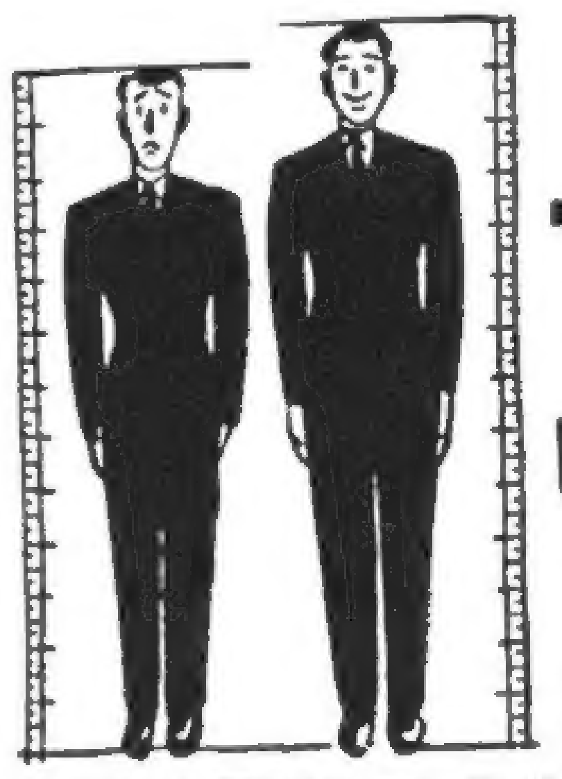
**at the lowest
price in history
. . . a gift for *all*
the family!**

see page 184



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More Than in Ordinary Shoes

STATURAID SHOES

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Build-up feature is cleverly concealed from outside view, makes you taller by 1, 1¼, 1½, 1¾, 2 or 2¼ inches, as you specify. Improves posture. 50 smart styles for sport, town, country and university wear. *Staturaids are custom-made, by hand.* One week delivery. Send today for **free illustrated catalog,** sent sealed. Write Dept. 34.

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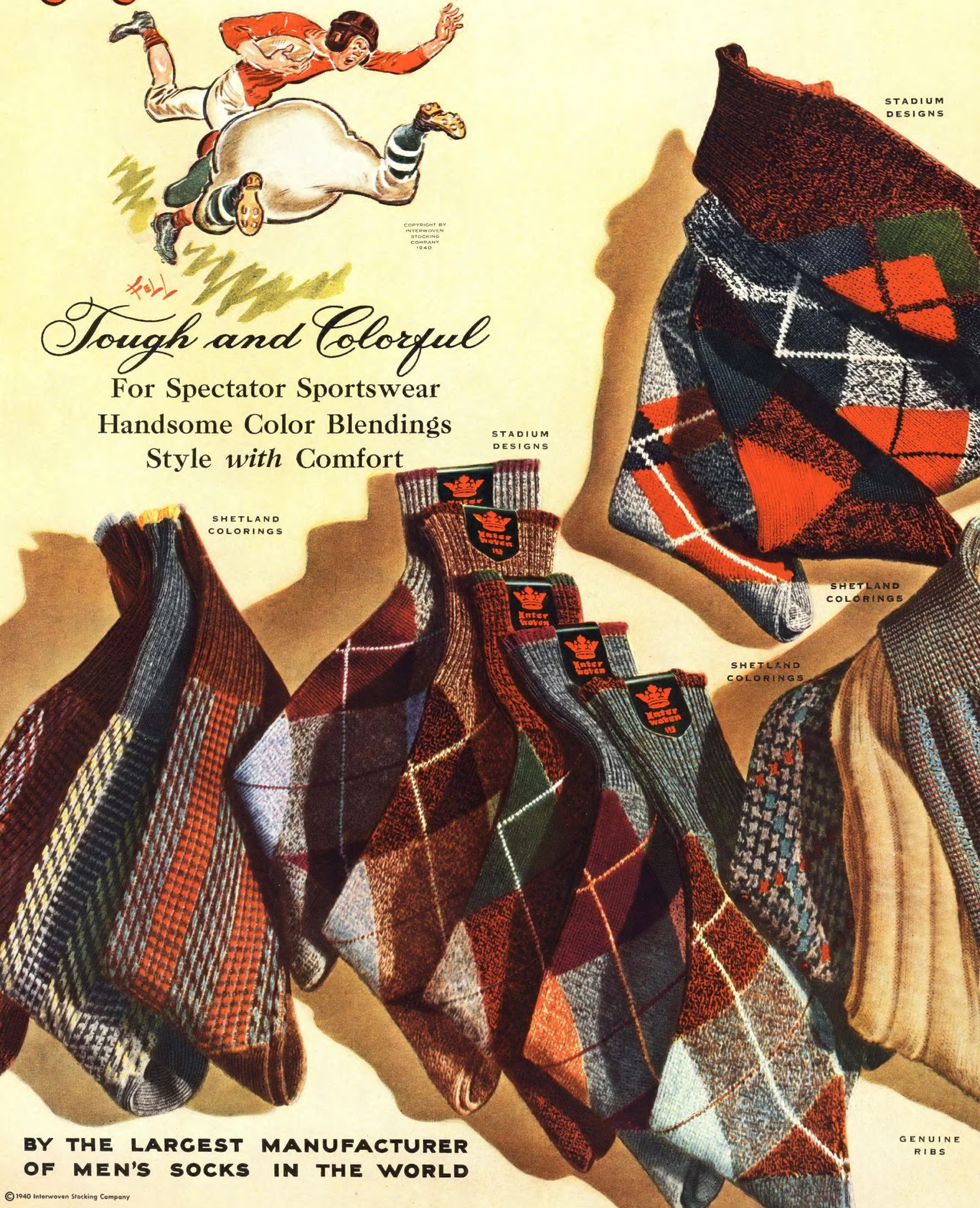
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GENUINE RIBS
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Tough and Colorful

For Spectator Sportswear
Handsome Color Blendings
Style *with* Comfort

BY THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S SOCKS IN THE WORLD

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LUCKY STRIKE
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Actual color photograph—Otis Rucker, tobacco auctioneer, inspects an unusually fine lot of ripe, golden leaf.

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!

FINER TOBACCOS—for you who smoke, those two words have a world of meaning.

First, they tell you why most independent tobacco experts smoke Luckies.

Second, finer tobaccos are the big reason why Luckies have a lower nicotine content.

Yes... authoritative tests reveal that for more than two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands—less than any one of them.★

You see, Luckies analyze tobacco before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is not only rich and mellow, but milder—naturally low in nicotine.

The more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of genuine mildness. So try Luckies for a week. Remember—with independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

★ NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940
Lucky Strike has averaged

9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

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Luckies—the smoke tobacco experts smoke